Commentary

Volume Fifty-four, Number One, July 1972

The Constitution AND THE WAR

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

PORTRAIT OF A SOVIET ZIONIST
Judd L. Teller

BANFIELD'S "HERESY"
T. R. Marmor

AN EXCHANGE ON BUSING
Nathan Glazer & Critics

THE WHOLE EARTH PEOPLE
Sonya Rudikoff

AUGUST 1939 A MEMOIR
Joan Colebrook

KEEPING UP WITH THE CORLEONES
William S. Pechter

A CALL TO DUBIOUS BATTLE
Norman Podhoretz

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Roger Wertheimer / Robert Chazan / Stanley Rothman / Edward Grossman / Lucy S. Dawidowicz

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A Call to Dubious Battle

Norman Podhoretz

THE description by T. R. Marmor (p. 86) of the "intemperate and intimidating atmosphere in which the discussion of social policy has come to be conducted in America" acquired an added resonance for me the other day when I happened to read a paper entitled "The Assault on Equality" by Professor William Ryan, chairman of the psychology department at Boston College. This paper served as the call for two "action-conferences," one in Boston and one in New York, sponsored during the spring by *Social Policy* magazine; and it is scheduled to be published as a guest editorial in a special issue of *Social Policy* devoted to the same theme. Given all this, it would seem reasonable to take Professor Ryan's paper as being not only a personal statement, which of course it is, but also as reflecting the attitudes of a significant sector of what Mr. Marmor calls "the social-policy community." As such, it perhaps tells us even more than the particular case Mr. Marmor selects for detailed examination—the reception of Edward Banfield's *The Unheavenly City*—about the source of the hatred Banfield himself and several other writers have inspired in the very heartlands of that community.

WHAT it tells us, I would say, is this: that the utopians and the extreme environmentalists in the field of social policy, having in the past ten years been given a chance to put many of their ideas into practice and having failed to deliver on one promise after another, are now attempting to discredit every rival school of thought in the field in the hope of fending off the discredit into which their own general point of view is deservedly falling, not only in the eyes of others but evidently in their own eyes as well.

Consider: since 1963, federal spending on the new poverty programs which came in with the "Great Society" has risen from $1.7 billion to $35.7 billion. Unlike the $74.9 billion (up from $28.4 billion in 1963) which is now being spent on older programs like social security, welfare, and veterans' benefits, and which largely goes to the beneficiaries themselves, this $35.7 billion of poverty-program money mainly goes not into the pockets of the poor but into services designed to help the poor in ways other than actually supplementing whatever income they may already command. Much of it goes, that is, into the financing of ideas conceived by professionals like the group around *Social Policy* magazine and then executed and run by people under their tutelage and influence.

The results, as almost everyone now agrees, have been negligible. Every week, it seems, another evaluation is published exposing the failure of yet another hopeful program; and now even the Brookings Institution, a principal refuge for architects of the Great Society, has issued an authoritative report pronouncing what the New York *Times* does not hesitate to call the "epitaph" of that entire effort.* No wonder, then, that the *Times* can talk of "the harsh disillusionment with federal social programs that has increasingly infused Washington," invading even the offices of the poverty workers themselves. And no wonder that their teachers in the academic world should also be suffering, in the words of Professor Ryan, from "acute melancholia," from an "epidemic of depression," and from "despair and disarray."

TO BE sure, Professor Ryan does not attribute this terrible collapse of morale to any disillusionment his professional colleagues may be experiencing with their own ideas and works, or any sense of failure they might humanly be expected to feel at the failure of ideas and works for which they themselves were so largely responsible. In his view they are "on the run" because, in response to the "Equality Revolution" toward which they have been working, a "counterrevolution" has now developed. The leaders of this counterrevolutionary "assault on equality" are, of course, Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell, but they are being furnished with ideological ammunition by such members of the academic community as Edward Banfield, Arthur Jensen, Richard J. Herrnstein, Nathan Glazer, and Daniel P. Moynihan. Much given to military metaphors, Professor Ryan exhorts all "intellectuals who are committed to the Equality Revolution" to "return at once from their cynical or anti-intellectual or countercultural trips and get back into uniform" so that they can take up the fight against "the ideological shock troops who are assaulting the idea of equality."

In other words, instead of engaging in a period of reflection during which they might begin to reconsider some of the ideas that led them astray, the intellectuals of Professor Ryan's party (or rather, army) are to devote their energies to "demolishing" everyone who has ever been so brazen as to challenge on any ground

* *Setting National Priorities: The 1973 Budget*, by Charles L. Schultze, Edward R. Fried, Alice M. Rivlin, and Nancy H. Teeters, 468 pp., $8.95 (clothbound), $3.50 (paper). This report is also the source of the figures cited above. It is worth stressing, and will come as a surprise to many, that the federal government spends *more* on social welfare than it does on defense, space, and foreign affairs put together. The comparative totals for 1973 are $110.6 billion (or 43 per cent of the total budget) for social welfare, as against $88.0 billion (or 34 per cent of the total) for defense, space, and foreign affairs.

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whatsoever the simplistic utopianism which dominated the discussion of social policy in the 60's, or who has suggested that the problems of poverty may be more intractable than the conventional environmentalist wisdom of the period so confidently assumed. For the issuance of one such challenge or another is the only thing uniting the five very different writers who are marked by Professor Ryan for polemical assassination (the image is his—he even brags of being such an assassin himself) in the "big fight . . . ahead."

So MUCH for Professor Ryan's characterization of the situation in the world of ideas. As to the situation in the world of policy and law, it is certainly true that everyone is disheartened with the war on poverty and that some people are more or less secretly convinced that its failures are the fault of the intended beneficiaries themselves—just as, on the other side, the failures are doggedly blamed on underfunding. But fewer and fewer people, I think, are disposed to assign these failures to anything other than the leading assumptions on which the programs were designed and executed. That the Nixon administration shares in this estimate of the situation is reasonably clear. Yet far from being goaded by it into an "assault on equality," the administration has in fact done exactly the opposite in proposing the establishment of a guaranteed annual income for the first time in American history. That this wholly unexpected effort to advance the "Equality Revolution" has so far failed is in no small measure a consequence of the bizarre war which has been waged against it by the same "troops" Professor Ryan is summoning "back into uniform" to do further battle in the name of that very revolution. If, then, there are counterrevolutionaries to be "demolished" in this particular "skirmish," Professor Ryan and his friends can most easily find them not by traveling to Washington, or by searching through the works of their more skeptical academic colleagues, but merely by looking in the mirror.

The rest of us, meanwhile, would do well to ponder the fact that a man like Daniel P. Moynihan, who believes, along with Nathan Glazer and others, that there are limits to social policy and that neither individuals nor institutions are as malleable as the extreme environmentalists would like us to think, ends up by conceiving and then very nearly realizing the most radical proposal for the redistribution of income ever to have issued from the White House, while the practical result of believing in the kind of doctrines Professor Ryan and so many of his friends are pleased to call equality is that they have done everything in their power to prevent the enactment of this proposal for the furthering of equality and to vilify those who have been trying to bring it to pass. ■

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Letters from Readers

Busing, the Courts, and the Politics of Integration

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one of the attorneys for the NAACP in the recent San Francisco school desegregation case, I was shocked at the inaccuracies in Nathan Glazer's "Is Busing Necessary?" [March]. . . . The factual errors by Mr. Glazer are as follows:

1) That San Francisco has a "larger measure of integration probably than most Northern cities" is a statement I cannot comprehend. At the time our suit was filed, in June 1970, 80 per cent of the black elementary-school children in San Francisco attended 27 schools—out of a total of 102—whose enrollment was from 47.3-per-cent to 96.8-per-cent black. I hope that Mr. Glazer will provide some statistical evidence to support his claim.

2) The desegregation case filed by the NAACP eight years ago, and defended by Mayor Alioto as a private attorney, has as much to do with the present case filed in 1970 as *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* had to do with *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. Eight years is a long time. During the interval the law has evolved so as to recognize that public officials may violate the Constitution by subtle and indirect means. No longer is it necessary for complaining parties to prove that a board of education met, moved, and formally resolved to segregate children. It has long been a rule of law that a person—including a public official—is responsible for the natural and probable consequences of his actions. Cases dealing with fundamental constitutional rights have now recognized this rule as being applicable. In San Francisco, segregation in the schools has increased during the past decade. The court found the San Francisco Board of Education to be responsible for this increase because of its official acts and omissions. During this interval, there have been numerous in-depth studies and reports concerning racial matters conducted by both the school district itself and the Stanford Research Institute. . . . Of course, this material was not available when the earlier case was filed.

3) Whatever happened in the earlier case, no one with knowledge of the facts "assumed that this disposed of the legal issue." Under the federal Constitution the legal obligations of a Northern school district to eradicate school segregation remained unclear. Under guidelines adopted by the California State Board of Education, as enunciated by the California Supreme Court in 1963, California school districts have the affirmative duty to take steps to relieve racial imbalance which exceeds 15 per cent of the district average for any racial group. . . .

4) The postponement of one of the two elementary-school complexes (clusters or groupings of eight and twelve schools each) was not the sole cause of the present lawsuit, although Mayor Alioto's rantings and ravings about the school board's intention to desegregate two of the 27 predominantly black elementary schools certainly affected our decision—we hoped to move before Mayor Alioto could completely poison the atmosphere. . . . "Money problems" was the reason given by the Board of Education for postponing the implementation of one of the complexes, but we alleged, and the court found, that there were adequate funds available to desegregate both complexes. . . .

5) Judge Weigel did not "charge" the school board with unlawful conduct, . . . he "found" that the present board and its predecessors had taken certain actions and omitted to act under circumstances where they were under an obligation to act. The result was a denial of equal protection of the law. If Mr. Glazer does not agree that the actions of the school board violated the law, that is his privilege. His argument, however, is not with Judge Weigel, but with the dozens of federal judges who wrote the opinions upon which Judge Weigel relied for legal precedents.

6) I understand that Mr. Glazer is only visiting the San Francisco area this year. . . . This brief period of residence may excuse his reference to a "liberal school board appointed by a liberal mayor, in a liberal city with a black president of the school board." The black became president *after* the case was submitted for decision. Mayor

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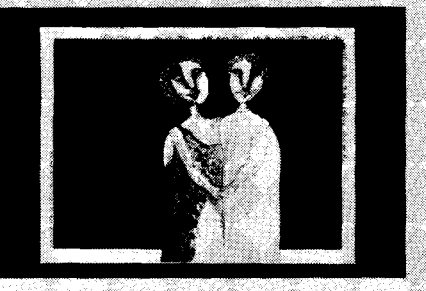

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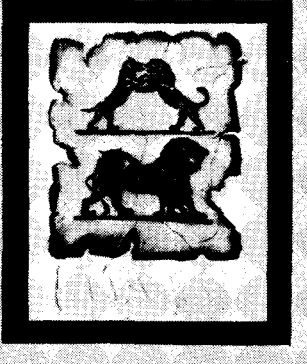

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Alioto is as liberal on integration as Governor George Wallace, and because he openly advocated disobeying Judge Weigel's final judgment, he came within a hair's-breadth of being the first Northern official to be cited for contempt of a federal school-desegregation order. We had the papers typed and ready to take to court when Mayor Alioto finally, a few weeks before school was ready to open, called for obedience to the law, and said that the fight would be carried on only in the courts. The "liberal board" showed its commitment to integration by voting 4-3 to appeal a federal court order requiring them to desegregate their schools, despite the fact that the board had long officially maintained a policy favoring integration. Only last April the board voted not to desegregate its junior high schools, thereby deciding to send children in desegregated elementary schools to segregated secondary schools this fall . . .

7) For Mr. Glazer to report that "there were no all-black schools in San Francisco" but "some almost all-black schools" is deceptive. The distinction, if any, is meaningless. As of June 1970, when the case was filed, black enrollment in some of our schools was: 96.8 per cent, 96.1 per cent, 95.9 per cent, 95.8 per cent, 93.7 per cent, 92.3 per cent, 92.2 per cent, 91.7 per cent, 91.2 per cent, 90.2 per cent, 89.9 per cent, 89.9 per cent, 88.0 per cent, 85.7 per cent, 84.7 per cent, 84.0 per cent, 81.2 per cent, 75.4 per cent, 74.9 per cent, 72.9 per cent, 71.8 per cent, etc.

8) Judge Weigel did not "try to protect" himself by "pointing to some action by the school board that . . . might make the situation *de jure*." If Mr. Glazer, or his researcher, had taken the trouble to read the complaint and a detailed list we prepared pointing out the acts of *de jure* segregation perpetuated by the school board, he would have seen that Judge Weigel ruled on the charges laid before him. The massive material presented in court would fill a library table. The judge could have reached no other decision.

9) The district judge in San Francisco did not rule that Chinese and Spanish-surnamed (*not* "Spanish-speaking") pupils "must be conscripted to create an environment which, he believed, would provide equality of educational opportunity for black children." Judge Weigel ruled only that a plan be prepared with the objective of achieving a ratio of black children to white children that would be substantially the same for each school. This standard was the starting point in drafting a remedy which was approved by the Supreme Court in the *Swann* case. The desegregation plan which was implemented last fall was prepared by a Citizens' Advisory Committee appointed by the Board of Education from among the various racial and ethnic groups in the city. The Citizens' Advisory Committee, and ultimately the Board of Education, decided that, as a matter of educational policy, they would integrate the Asian and Latino children as well as blacks and whites. The proposed elementary-school complexes, prepared long before the present litigation started, also sought to achieve an ethnic mixture of Asians and Latinos, as well as of blacks and whites. . . . There is no legal right to attend a neighborhood school, as claimed by Mr. Glazer. Chief Justice Burger has stated that "school desegregation plans cannot be limited to walk-in schools." Thus the "freedom" Mr. Glazer mentions in connection with neighborhood schools must spring from a source other than the law.

10) Mr. Glazer also erroneously implies that Judge Weigel's order somehow prevents bilingual classes. In fact, the order specifically provides that bilingual classes are not proscribed; they are still part of the educational program in the schools. . . .

11) Every child in the San Francisco elementary schools was not "placed in one of four ethnic or racial categories." Since 1964, the San Francisco Unified School District has made annual surveys of the various ethnic groups in the city and has used classifications such as Spanish-surnamed, Other White, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, etc. These figures and the racial classifications of *blacks and whites only* were used by the court for reference. Does Mr. Glazer know of any means of determining the racial composition of a school district other than by the use of statistics? . . .

12) The bond issue for the new school in Hunter's Point (a predominantly black area) was supported by the NAACP. So what? If the schools were segregated (as they were), why shouldn't the black community demand its share of new schools? Public support, by the NAACP or anyone else, does not relieve a school district of its constitutional obligation not to construct new schools or additions to existing schools in such a fashion as to increase or perpetuate segregation. The *Swann* case clearly recognized this principle. So did Judge Weigel. . . .

No matter what the requirements of the Constitution, men of good will may disagree on the merits of school desegregation and integration in general in our society. Many, and perhaps most, educators believe it to be advantageous. In San Francisco this past year, the integration effort has proceeded relatively smoothly, and according to early reports, the educational opportunity for black children is improving. It is still too early to make definitive findings. We think that with a little statesmanship on the part of our public officials . . . our problems can be worked out.

Mr. Glazer is entitled to his opinion, but he is not entitled to make such gross misstatements of the facts as he has done in his article. He owes both Judge Weigel and your readers an apology.

ARTHUR BRUNWASSER
San Francisco, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Since I have been involved for some time in the San Francisco case, as legal counsel for a racially-mixed group of parents who were allowed to intervene in the case before Judge Weigel for the purpose of opposing the NAACP, I have some personal knowledge of the matters about which Mr. Glazer writes so well. The San Francisco school district was required to implement the busing of over half (about 21,000) of its elementary-school pupils, notwithstanding the fact that appeals of Judge Weigel's order were made and are still pending. In one sense, therefore, the events of the past year are now of greater importance to others than to San Francisco parents and their children; but . . . it is still of some comfort to know that by virtue of Mr. Glazer's efforts others will be forewarned.

I believe, however, that several comments may be in order: First, there are two important matters in the San Francisco case which add additional . . . weight to Mr. Glazer's conclusions about the desegregation cases; and, second, I do not share Mr. Glazer's optimism

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that the dilemma posed by busing can be solved in the political arena alone.

The two matters which add to Mr. Glazer's case are Judge Weigel's unwillingness even to consider preserving the 19 to 30 San Francisco elementary schools which were clearly "integrated," and the meaning of a 1953 NAACP case in San Francisco against the San Francisco Housing Authority, *Banks* v. *San Francisco Housing Authority* (1953) 120 Cal. App. 2d 1, certiorari denied (1954) 347 U.S. 974.

The uncertainty over the number of integrated schools in the city before busing was caused by differences about which racial-balance standards were to be used to measure integration. No one was excluded upon racial grounds from any of San Francisco's elementary schools. Judge Weigel determined that 16 elementary schools were integrated, three more were integrated according to the racial-balance standards used by the Judge to make this finding, and a great many more were integrated if one measures integration by the variance in racial balance allowed in the "desegregation" plan. Most unfortunately, a great many of the pupils withdrawn from San Francisco's public schools were taken out of integrated schools. As nearly as we can determine, San Francisco's public schools have lost about one-eighth of their elementary-school pupil population as a direct result of the implementation of Judge Weigel's order.

Banks is another poignant irony for San Francisco, the sort of irony which has long since become a familiar story in many Southern school districts. In the early 1950's the San Francisco Housing Authority sought to impose racial quotas upon San Francisco public housing. These quotas approximated the proportions of "poor" Negro and "poor" white residents in San Francisco: 30 per cent Negro; 70 per cent white. After these quotas were struck down in *Banks*, the racial proportions in San Francisco public housing shifted markedly. Most of the 27 elementary schools which, in 1971, Judge Weigel found to be predominantly black (over 47.5 per cent) served the same neighborhoods that were served by the housing projects in *Banks*. The "predominantly black" composition of most of these schools was a direct result of the rejection in *Banks* of "benign" racial quotas in public housing. . . .

Mr. Glazer dissects rather well the "damned if you do, damned if you don't" characteristic of "rules" applicable to school desegregation. It is not possible for school administrators, whatever efforts they make in good faith, to adhere to rules which do not exist. Such patent discrepancies as resting the Detroit case upon schools too small and the San Francisco case upon schools too large could be enumerated almost indefinitely. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Glazer fails to see the import of his analysis for the legal process. The absence of rules is the absence of law; and the absence of law is inevitable when courts become wholly oriented to result. And that implication of the desegregation cases is far more disturbing than the busing controversy, for the growing tendency of courts to subordinate principle to expediency is not limited to desegregation cases. . . .

It would, in short, be unfortunate if the major lessons of the school desegregation cases went unremarked: it seems likely that when a few men are allowed to dispose of the rights of the person wholesale, such action will sooner or later lead to gross inequity. . . . The function of courts should be to step in to protect the person when legislative "wholesaling" gets out of hand. But this function is difficult, if not impossible, for the courts to perform when they are doing the wholesaling themselves, too often . . . at the insistence of a growing number of "legal lobbying" organizations whose object almost always is the furtherance of a cause and not the protection of personal liberty. . . .

Mr. Glazer's solution—let the courts simply step back and allow the political process to operate—. . . I no longer believe to be either feasible or a solution. It ignores the rights of the person and it necessarily entails legitimizing racial classification by government. . . . To the member of a racial group excluded by a quota already filled, it makes little difference whether the quota is a result of . . . a legislature, a school board, or a court. The courts *cannot* simply step back and allow racial quotas to the detriment of the person to be imposed through the political process. Sooner or later, the United States Supreme Court will have to

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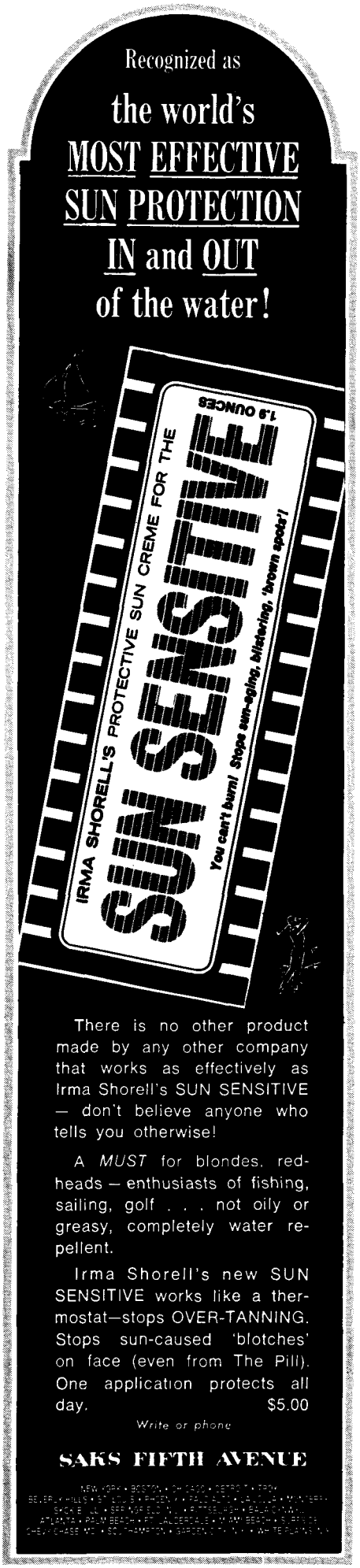
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decide whether *Brown* v. *Board of Education* forbade racial classification by government, or forbade it only for a purpose deemed at the moment inexpedient.

But as long as there are scholars like Mr. Glazer to help us, we lawyers may continue to hope that we can after all move our law away from such shameful episodes as the United States Supreme Court's approval of the relocation of American citizens solely because of their Japanese ancestry (*Korematsu* v. *United States* [1944]323 U.S. 214) and toward the promised land in which government may not judge a man—or a child—by the color of his skin.

WILLIS HANNAWALT
San Francisco, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I must confess I was disappointed and dismayed to see your influential and respected journal placing its imprimatur on the anti-busing, anti-desegregation sentiments expressed in Nathan Glazer's article. I was equally distressed to see such sentiments espoused by a social scientist of Mr. Glazer's stature. . . . As president of a group of moderate and liberal Republicans, I feel compelled to dissent from the position Mr. Glazer has taken.

The first and last paragraphs of Mr. Glazer's article indicate a faith in our political leaders that seems misplaced in the light of the events of the past few years. It is true, as Mr. Glazer suggests, that between, say, 1965 and 1968, school desegregation was largely taken out of the hands of the politicians and entrusted to professionals—lawyers, judges, and federal civil-rights officials. As a result, by the time of the Supreme Court decision in *Green* v. *County School Board of New Kent County, Virginia* (May 27, 1968), there was a growing consensus in the South and in the nation that school desegregation was inevitable and that it was time to turn to the business of quality education for all children regardless of race.

What went wrong was that the politicians got their hands on the issue again. President Nixon's promises to the South during the 1968 campaign were implemented over the next three-and-a-half years by a series of administration actions that rekindled the desegregation issue and inflamed it to new heights of emotionalism and irrationality. . . .

The administration's antics failed to reverse the legal trends in the area of desegregation; its efforts in 1969 to delay desegregation orders in 33 Mississippi cases, for example, resulted in a blunt Supreme Court decision that all such school districts were required to desegregate "at once" (*Alexander* v. *Holmes County Board of Education*). But each grandstand play raised hopes among those still resisting desegregation, and made it more difficult for responsible candidates and public officials to lay the issue to rest. It seemed, though, in April 1971, that the utter finality of the Supreme Court's 9-0 decision in the Charlotte and Mobile cases (*Swann* v. *Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education*), upholding busing as a means of desegregation, might settle the question once and for all. As in 1968, the reaction from the South was not anger, but acceptance; but the administration, once again, would not let the wound heal.

On August 3, 1971, the President issued an unexpected and divisive statement on the Austin school case and busing in general, in one breath disavowing HEW's *Swann*-type plan for Austin, announcing an appeal of the district-court decision rejecting the HEW plan, and indicating that he did not accept the principles thought to be settled by the *Swann* decision. There followed a series of increasingly dangerous and irresponsible amendments to the administration's pending $1.5 billion desegregation-assistance bill, most at least tacitly supported by the White House; proposals for a constitutional amendment to end busing; and finally, the President's deceptive and probably unconstitutional legislative package presented to the nation March 16, 1972, in a TV address that plumbed new depths of demagoguery. . . .

Nowhere is Mr. Glazer's blurred vision more evident than in his identification of three "critical" questions. "First," he asks, "do basic human rights, as guaranteed by the Constitution, require that the student population of every school be racially balanced according to some specified proportion, and that no school be permitted a black majority?" If this question is intended to be an expression of what the courts are now requiring, it is extremely misleading. The Supreme Court held in the *Swann*

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case, and Justice Burger reiterated in the *Winston-Salem / Forsyth County* case, that

> [t]he constitutional command to desegregate schools does not mean that every school in every community must always reflect the racial composition of the system as a whole.

In fact, the court said, though all-black or all-white schools deserve judicial scrutiny, it might be that "some small number" of such schools would be constitutionally permissible even in a system obliged to eliminate the effects of past segregation. Thus the answer to Mr. Glazer's first question is No, but the question itself is off the point.

Next, Mr. Glazer asks, is "this" —meaning his inaccurate characterization of legal requirements— "the only way to improve the education of black children?" As his first question overstates what courts have ordered in desegregation cases, Mr. Glazer's second question overstates the educational arguments for desegregation. No one has ever claimed that desegregation is "the only way" to help blacks. But the Coleman report, cited by Mr. Glazer, concluded that racial and socioeconomic integration produced a "beneficial effect" on student achievement. If subsequent reanalyses of Coleman's data indicate that this effect is less substantial than first believed, they do not demonstrate that desegregation is useless, or that it should be abandoned. Rather, they illustrate the difficulty—and the urgency—of trying, by any method, to overcome the effects of centuries of discrimination and neglect.

Finally, Mr. Glazer asks, "is this . . . the only way to improve relations between the races?" Again, no one is claiming that school desegregation is the only way to effect racial reconciliation. It is true, however, that the public schools, because they so intimately affect so many children and because they are under control of authorities within the reach of the Fourteenth Amendment, present a logical place to begin in eliminating the racial divisions in American society. It is not enough to say, as have comfortable liberals like Dr. Benjamin Spock, that residential segregation is the key and that fair housing will solve the problem of school segregation. Such comments ignore the relation between schools and housing

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patterns (if Middle Americans could not get away from blacks by moving to the suburbs, the migration would quickly dwindle), and they reflect an irritating patience where the rights of minorities are concerned. This same resignation to the deprivation of other people's rights, unfortunately, permeates much of Mr. Glazer's approach to the desegregation issue.

In this connection, I refer to Mr. Glazer's incredible discussion of "freedom," his unabashed longing for the days of freedom-of-choice plans, when "the freedom of white children was in no way limited" (and when little or no desegregation was ever accomplished). The effort to expand the freedom of black children, Mr. Glazer writes, has resulted in "as drastic a restriction of [the] freedom [of others] as we have seen in this country in recent years." Mr. Glazer's observation is accurate only in the sense that the "freedom" being infringed is that of white children not having to go to school with blacks. Historically, before desegregation, there was no "freedom of choice"; children were, and are, assigned to particular schools for reasons of residence, age, sex, grade level, area of specialization, ability, and, in many cases, for the purpose of maintaining segregation. Why is assignment for the purpose of integration the only type viewed as a restriction of freedom? If Mr. Glazer is saying that children from well-to-do-families are entitled to a better education than other children, I cannot sympathize with that position. Indeed the courts, in the wake of the California Supreme Court decision in *Serrano* v. *Priest*, are hastening to eliminate educational variations based on wealth, on grounds that have nothing to do with the question of race. . . .

Another of Mr. Glazer's reasons why the San Francisco schools, at least, should not be desegregated is the concept of "community control." Unfortunately, the warmest endorsements of this most worthy idea have occurred in the context of attacks on desegregation. Communities, especially in large urban districts, do not now exercise meaningful control over their schools, and are not likely to do so in the near future. None of the proposals advanced as an alternative to busing, including President Nixon's, would do anything to make the schools more responsive to the people they serve; why is segregation without community control any better than desegregation without community control? Does the black community, in any event, gain very much if it secures some measure of control over a school that, because it is all or nearly all black, remains rundown, underfinanced, and understaffed? And does the "community" which controls the school have to be the residents of the immediate neighborhood? Should not the school, ideally, be responsive to the needs of the "community" of students and parents it serves, regardless of their residence? In other words, desegregation and community control are not mutually exclusive alternatives now, and there is no reason why they should be in the future.

Let me attempt, finally, to clarify the regrettable confusion in Mr. Glazer's article between *de jure* and *de facto* segregation. Only *de jure* segregation, resulting from state law or state action, is within the purview of the Fourteenth Amendment or within the remedial powers of the federal courts. The crucial distinction does not lie, as Mr. Glazer seems to suggest, in whether the school district is Northern or Southern or in the historical context of alleged segregation. The question is whether school officials, by their actions, created or contributed to racial segregation. If segregation was required in a particular district by state law prior to 1954, this of course facilitates the task of proving a *de jure* case; but the burden of proof is the same in every Fourteenth Amendment case.

Thus Judge Weigel's order in the San Francisco case was not particularly unusual, despite Mr. Glazer's fervent belief that "a liberal school board, appointed by a liberal mayor, in a liberal city" can do no wrong. The judge's statement of the law, firmly based on past *de jure* cases, was unquestionable.

The law is settled that school authorities violate the constitutional rights of children by establishing school-attendance boundary lines knowing that the result is to continue or increase substantial racial imbalance. The law is settled that school authorities violate the Constitution by providing for the construction of new schools or the enlargement of existing ones in a manner which

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continues or increases substantial racial imbalance. The law is settled that school authorities violate the Constitution by assigning black teachers and teachers of limited experience to "black" schools while assigning few, if any, such teachers to "white" schools.

The evidence in this case makes it unquestionably clear that, as to the San Francisco elementary schools, the San Francisco school authorities have done all of these things persistently and over a period of years. . . .

If a school board has drawn attendance lines so that there is a reasonable racial balance among the children attending a given school and if, thereafter, solely due to movement of the neighborhood population, the school attendance becomes racially imbalanced, the segregation thus arising is then *de facto*. On the other hand, if the school board, as in this case, has drawn school-attendance lines, year after year, knowing that the lines maintain or heighten racial imbalance, the resulting segregation is *de jure*. . . .

Mr. Glazer, like so many others in his position, cannot bring himself to believe that good Northern liberals can be guilty of the same charges they have been leveling for years at Southern racists. The hard truth, however, is that liberals can be guilty, too, and Mr. Glazer convicts himself with his own words.

HOWARD GILLETTE, JR.
President, The Ripon Society
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I have for seven years been an elected member of the Oakland board of education and . . . I also have two children in the Berkeley public schools. My son, Carl, aged nine, and daughter, Alison, aged seven, have personally experienced integration as it is practiced in Berkeley, and I do not think that either Nathan Glazer or Norman Podhoretz ["School Integration and Liberal Opinion," March] gives sufficient weight to the Berkeley experience.

First, I think the Berkeley statistics, which are available, provide information that there is an improvement in the grades and records of black students who go to school with white children without any corresponding loss in achievement on the part of the white children who go to black schools. Since a major argument

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Mr. Glazer makes is that there is no particular advantage to integration, I think he should reexamine his research materials and bring them up to date. . . .

My second argument is much more personal. In observing my two children, and their friends and acquaintances, I see real exchanges among races, religions, and nationalities which would not be possible if they attended a segregated school. . . .

It is also of value to note that the teaching staff and other persons connected with the schools in Berkeley are also fairly well-integrated so that there are plenty of role models for all children. Initial integration at the junior-high or high-school level was not very successful, particularly at first, but when the children progress from integration at the elementary level, the higher-grade experience is in fact proving successful.

I certainly agree with Mr. Glazer's statement that "it is very likely that decisions to achieve racial balance taken by school boards not under judicial or federal order but because political forces in that district demand it, have better effects than those undertaken under court order by resentful administrations." I am happy to note that the Oakland Board of Education and administration under our excellent superintendent, Dr. Marcus A. Foster, is moving in this direction. But I do not think that strength should be given to the anti-busing forces by conclusions offered by Mr. Glazer and Mr. Podhoretz that integration is probably a waste of time since it does not affect education; that it may be unconstitutional; and that judges should stand back and allow "the forces of political democracy . . . to do their proper work." The elementary schools of our nation are the place where children should start communicating and exchanging the necessary data and feelings so that when they become adults they will be better able to deal with each other without the fears, doubts, and hatreds that so many of us bring into adulthood. . . .

I would be very happy if prestigious publications like COMMENTARY would address themselves to the much more difficult task of attempting to educate and appeal to the conscience of the mass of people in this country to help soften the impact of forced integration and to help create a climate for voluntary integration. . . .

Integration *per se* is not the goal, but understanding, communication, developing a *modus vivendi* for the future . . .—all of these are better served by integrated public education. Let our schools devote their considerable abilities to trying to reach these goals.

SEYMOUR M. ROSE
Oakland, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have considerable difficulty with both the article by Nathan Glazer and the comments of Norman Podhoretz on school desegregation, or as they regrettably phrase the issue, "busing."

I think COMMENTARY is trapped in the same rhetoric which has snared so many liberals on this issue. I would not like to think of myself as a "knee-jerk" liberal or as a zealot without reason. Nevertheless, I must say that I found the articles most disappointing.

Undoubtedly there was, and is, a great need for human-relations education here in Buffalo. Nevertheless, the lack of resolve on the part of our usual friends to make integration work, using busing only as a responsible tool, helped prepare the way for the very sad result of a recent meeting of the Buffalo Board of Education when, in one session, *three* resolutions rejecting busing to achieve racial balance were passed.

The fact that something becomes more difficult does not make it less right. It just means that we must work harder to achieve it. Busing has become a code word around which are rallied the same elements, and others, which have opposed all progress since the *Brown* case. Notwithstanding Mr. Glazer's analysis, my investigation convinces me that desegregation can be accompanied by educational gains for both races. Certainly there cannot be equality of education with our present inner-city school structures. After three years as a member, and one as president, of the Buffalo Board of Education, I am more convinced than ever that our schools are failing an ever increasing percentage of the student population. This includes in even greater numbers blacks and minority-group students. Aside from pious platitudes, and a variety of interesting but not widespread compensatory programs within ghetto schools, little is being done to correct the situation.

We have enough problems these days without losing our friends. I find the abandonment of the field by so many good people at this time to be even more disheartening than the continued confrontation with the usual run of pragmatic opportunists.

ARNOLD B. GARDNER
President, Board of Education
Buffalo, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found "Is Busing Necessary?" a most illuminating piece. . . . While urging greater restraint on the courts regarding school desegregation, Mr. Glazer properly does not undertake to provide any detailed instructions for other agencies which must cope with that complex and charged issue. I think, though, that we should still, wherever possible, continue to explore voluntary approaches of one sort or another, even though some recent judicial decisions do not encourage one to believe they will be found acceptable.

Among such approaches, I for one find especially appealing those focusing on the busing of children of ethnic minority groups from racially imbalanced schools to schools in which children of ethnic majority groups predominate. Such busing, it is understood, would occur only with the consent of the parents of the children concerned, and need not be accompanied by any reverse movement of children from schools where majority ethnic groups predominate to schools where minority ethnic groups predominate. At least such a reverse movement need not occur without the consent of the parents of the children concerned.

While the burden of the busing would fall principally on ethnic-minority children, they presumably would have most to gain. There would necessarily tend to be a waste of school capacity in minority areas, and some new additions to capacity would be needed in non-minority areas. But perhaps that would not be too great a price to pay for integration that conforms to freedom of choice for those concerned.

ABRAM BERGSON
Department of Economics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The current mania of busing

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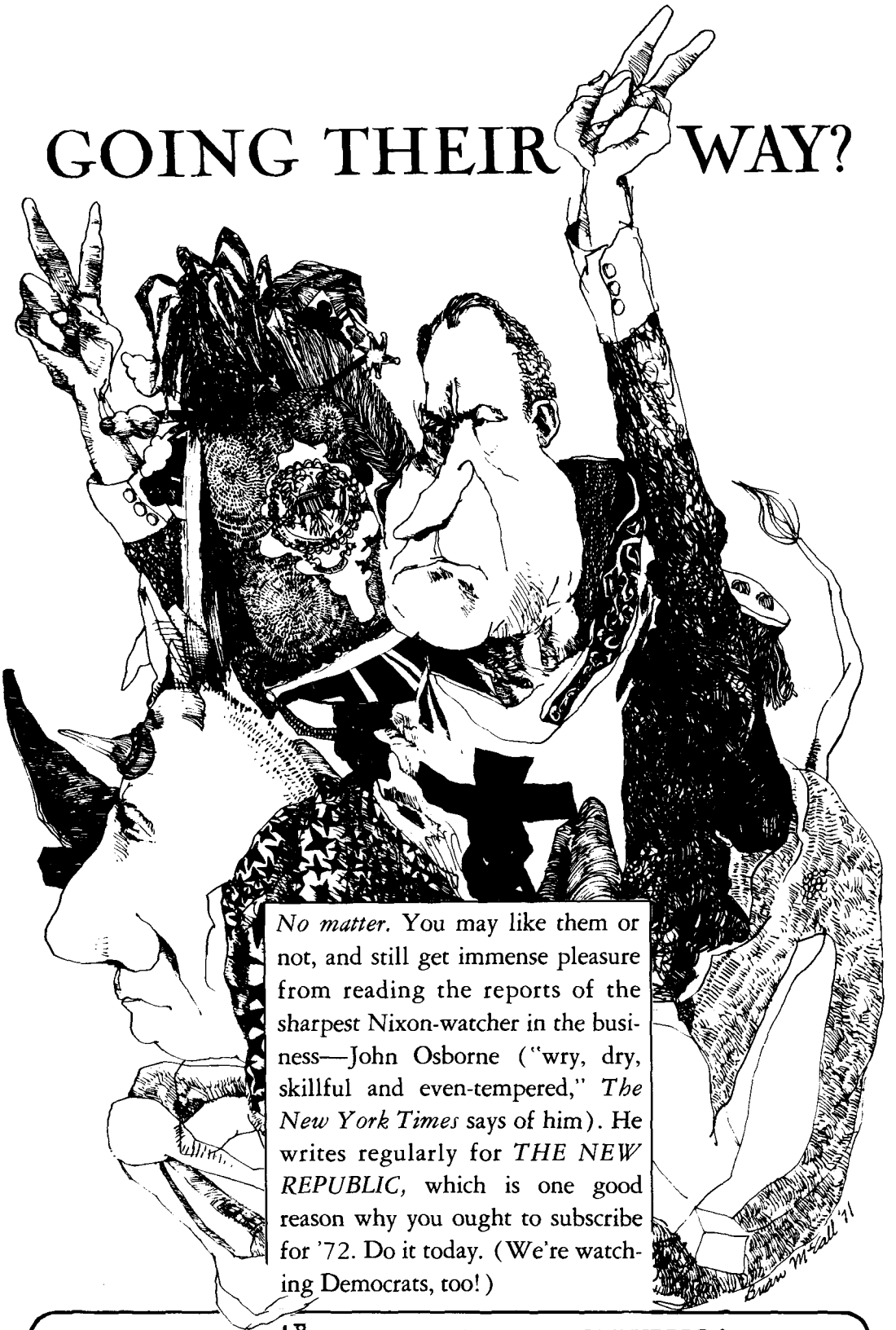

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children to achieve magical racial formulas can be traced to the 1954 *Brown* decision. That decision was based upon the assumption that blacks aspired to assimilate into predominantly white America without preserving their own ethnic culture. (Actually, their ethnic culture was barely visible at the time.) Based upon that assumption, the decision, while a legal monstrosity, was fair and equitable.

The world has changed since the 50's, though, and the attitudes and aspirations of blacks have also changed markedly. Blacks today intensely aspire to preserve their identity and culture. . . .

This changed mood emanates from the grass-roots of the black community, but black intellectual and political leaders, along with their counterparts among doctrinaire white liberals, refuse to acknowledge the legitimacy of these aspirations. These rigid theorists, refusing to admit that the assumptions of the 50's are inapplicable to the 70's, believe that Negro interests can be advanced by imposing fixed racial formulas for each public school within an area. These same theorists, holding themselves out as friends of Negroes, have no qualms about applauding recent federal-court decisions which have reached beyond school districts to impose integration, even though these extreme measures were taken solely to preserve white predominance in each school.

Since practically every "responsible" black spokesman supports forced busing, one would think that blacks overwhelmingly favor it. Yet such is not the case. Significantly, the most intense opposition comes from young black teenagers, the group most directly affected. . . .

It is not simply that blacks constitute a minority in this country, although we have seen many instances of minorities in America becoming all but extinct. Even Jews have certainly lost much of their cultural identity in the process of assimilation. But blacks have been a particularly *weak* minority. . . .

The desire of young blacks for racial identity and pride has resulted in a phenomenon unparalleled in modern American ethnic history. Every previous ethnic group in America has seen its children seeking to lose their ethnic background and become more "American." Among blacks, though, it is the children who seek ethnic rather than "American" identification, while adults continue to urge racial integration by force.

These young blacks, seeking racial pride, find themselves being transported from schools where they can fulfill their racial identity within the framework of their society to schools where they must assert themselves to fulfill it. They observe that their personal experience appears to be part of a pattern of deliberate cultural genocide. Recent court decisions in coastal Palm Beach County, for example, have eliminated all but one predominantly black high school or junior high school. (The one school that retained a bare majority of blacks did so only because 50 per cent of the white students failed to materialize.) . . .

The assertions by young blacks in many cases constitute the driving force behind much of the racial violence in the schools. This, of course, is not the complete explanation for racial discord in schools and it certainly is no justification for violent or unlawful "assertion" rather than proper self-expression. But it should indicate that the "benevolence" of federal judges and bureaucrats is not appreciated by those blacks who bear the burden of such nonsense.

[JUDGE] LEWIS KAPNER
West Palm Beach, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

For Nathan Glazer—bravo! It is indeed an irony of history that precisely at the moment when the most perceptive Americans have come to realize that the melting-pot theory . . . is a false god (see Herbert Gold's "On Becoming a Jew," also in the March issue), the judges of the federal bench have set upon a course designed to melt, melt, melt. . . . Those institutions of local and group control which we have somehow preserved in spite of our own excess zeal for utopian reform in this century . . . are about to be gutted, not by the foolishness of the *demos* . . . but by the ideological blindness of the technocrats. . . .

I am convinced that two schools of thought we liberals and progressives always rejected were more right than we knew. Those who argued that the U.S. and the totalitarian countries were coming closer together through a new interpretation of the gospel of "equality," in effect predicted what we are seeing now, which is not desegregation to protect civil rights but integration of all into one as the new ark of the covenant. And those who argued . . . that in the American federal system there were some questions that were of no substantial federal concern and hence were beyond the reach of the federal courts, were right in predicting that we should one day suffer the consequences of letting down all constitutional barriers. . . .

The American Constitution was purposely designed to create what the *Federalist Papers* called a "compound republic," namely, one which guaranteed not only national supremacy but local control. It was so designed because of the framers' profound understanding of human nature which taught them that the kind of liberty which we have come to call "pluralism" can only be maintained and protected by constitutional devices; barriers, if you will, to excessive zeal even in the pursuit of equality. If the courts insist on ignoring the spirit and letter of the Constitution they are supposed to protect, we will have to find some way to remind them of both. Mr. Glazer does that so well.

DANIEL J. ELAZAR
Director, Center for the Study of Federalism
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

One important point in Nathan Glazer's article should be corrected. Contrary to his assertion, and to much popular belief, big cities do *not* generally "spend much less on their schools . . . than the surrounding suburban areas."

A report published last winter by Senator Walter Mondale's committee on equal educational opportunity presented 1970 per-pupil spending figures for the cities and suburbs in 35 large metropolitan areas. In 17 of them—including the four largest (New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia)—the cities spent more. In 16, the average suburban spending was higher, and in two others, the per-pupil expenditures were the same. The report indicated that in 1957 only seven of these cities spent more per pupil than their suburbs.

Moreover, there are considerable differences among the suburbs. Most of them by no means fit the

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"affluent" stereotype. An analysis by the Urban Institute of school spending in eight states shows that "slow-growth" suburbs do indeed spend more than cities. These districts, among them Scarsdale and Beverly Hills, are usually close-in, with high-priced homes or, in some cases, expensive commercial and industrial property. But there is another, larger category of suburb, which is considerably less well-off. The Institute calls them "fast-growth" areas; they are usually quite far from the city center, with large tracts of medium-priced homes—"little boxes"—and not much else. Their school spending, the Institute found, is considerably less than that of the cities. Moreover, the lowest per-pupil expenditures—below both cities and suburbs—are generally found in rural school districts.

As the Mondale committee reports, the per-pupil costs in most city schools are above the statewide averages. Thus, plans to equalize expenditures—which are the probable consequence of recent court decisions on school finance in California, Texas, and elsewhere—may well provide less money for city schools than they now have.

Furthermore, as the Urban Institute study shows, the property-tax rate for schools in most big cities is less than the statewide average or than the rates in most suburbs. Overall city taxes are high, but this is because of the high cost of police, welfare, and other municipal services, not because of an extra burden for schools. Indeed, because of their high-value commercial and industrial ratables, most cities have considerably more tax wealth per pupil than their surrounding suburbs, permitting them to have both higher school spending and lower school taxes. Equalizing the tax burden for schools thus would raise city taxes, a point which has produced considerable opposition in New York City to a plan for state financing of schools put forward by the Fleischmann Commission. Another notable example of the same phenomenon is Richmond, Virginia, subject to a busing-desegregation order by Judge Robert Merhige. Last year Richmond's schools spent more and its property-owners were taxed less for education than was the case in either of the two suburban counties with which its school system is to be merged.

It is true, of course, that big cities have more black students than the suburbs, and that many of them are poor and do poorly in school. But the problems these children have are not a consequence of having less money spent on their schooling. That simply isn't so. Unfortunately, the belief that it might be so has diverted attention from the problems—of family-structure, values, income, and school curriculum—that do in fact exist.

LAWRENCE W. FEINBERG
Washington *Post*
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Nathan Glazer misunderstands the way school government is organized in metropolitan areas—where the conflict over integration and finance is most acute—and the relationship of this institutional structure to problems like segregation and, more importantly, to the capacity of citizens and elected officials to solve these problems through the political process. . . .

The composition of all-black or racially-imbalanced schools or, indeed, of any schools . . . is not determined, as Mr. Glazer seems to think, simply by patterns of residence or by random population movements. . . . These patterns are in fact directly related to the existence of school districts, the powers devolved upon these districts by the states, and the enormous burden of regulation administered by state education departments. . . . Most metropolitan areas are fragmented into many small districts around one large city district; there are, for example, over 40 districts in Westchester County and over 50 in Nassau County adjoining New York City. . . .

The political process works on fundamentals of local policy only within relatively homogeneous districts where the debate over taxes, expenditures, curricula, and operations takes place. In New York and other large cities, attempts are being made to define this process in sub-municipal districts to achieve a new balance between local and citywide interests, but so far there has been no clear separation, nor is there likely to be one.

Less obvious is the very primitive nature of school-governing arrangements compared with those developed to deal with planning, financing, and managing non-school affairs in fields like transport, sewers, or water supply. . . .

A second allegation by Mr. Glazer against metropolitan school-governing arrangements is "that [they] make impossible one kind of organization that a democratic society may wish to choose for its schools: the kind of organization in which the schools are the expression of a geographically defined community of small scale and regulated in accordance with the democratically expressed views of that community." This is simply nonsense, unless one assumes that existing districts embody this kind of organization and existing territorial boundaries encompass the best or the only possible community of interest. Very few scholars, I believe, would subscribe to the view that the 40-odd districts of Westchester County are either natural or sufficient definitions of community. Recent research on educational finance concludes that the present district structure in most urban states needs wholesale reform if we are to reach equity in the allocation of resources. Also, no judge as far as I know has ruled out the construction of sub-metropolitan units or districts which would exactly match Mr. Glazer's prescription. Indeed, I would go so far as to make individual schools the basic units of performance and accountability around which new units to represent local interest could be organized. All that the judges have done is to open up possibilities and hopefully permit debate on the issue, a debate that has generally been frustrated except in a few cities like New York, where an odd combination of extra-political and extra-professional forces brought about reorganization. . . .

The possibilities of much more differentiation and specialization—within classes, within schools, within types of schools—can easily be perceived for metropolitan areas as long as one does not make the mistake, as Mr. Glazer does, of equating areawide management and policymaking with what goes on in classrooms, the achievement of a common political experience with "homogenization." Ironically, Harold R. Isaacs's "The New Pluralists," in the same issue of COMMENTARY, is a useful discussion of the problem and a warning against Mr. Glazer's optimistic assessment of the advantages of relying upon group interest, as defined by school districts, to work in the larger interest of an integrated society. . . .

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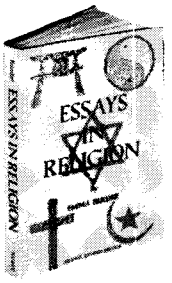

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The walls separating white and black outside the South have grown higher and thicker—and this in the face of the most inspiring manifestoes of state purpose issued by commissioners of education; Mr. Glazer's animus against judicial force as the available instrument of change is unaccompanied by any consideration of what remedies are at hand to prevent the creation of black cities and white suburbs and of black enclaves within white suburbs. . . . I too deplore the sight of judges having to determine matters better left to legislators, since this violates one's sense of the proper workings of the political process. But it is hardly tyranny, and the infringement of freedom that Mr. Glazer warns us against is no different from what he accepts as having been necessary in the South. The states were forced to act then—in 1954 and subsequently—and they must be forced to act now. . . .

JEROME ZUKOSKY

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Nathan Glazer asks the following questions. Does the constitutionally-mandated protection of basic human rights require that every school be racially balanced, and does this, in turn, mean that no school shall have a black majority? . . . Would such racially-balanced schools improve the education of black children? And, under the "equal-protection-of-the-law" doctrine, is it constitutional to order whites, Chinese, Chicanos (i.e., any non-black group) to accept forced busing? Further, can a court proscribe "fleeing" or "escaping" to avoid such busing, just as union shops were once proscribed from fleeing union-controlled areas to non-union towns in the South? Mr. Glazer's conclusion seems to be that in cases of *de jure* segregation, both from a legal and social point of view, any form of busing to achieve desegregation is proper, but he also suggests that in situations of *de facto* segregation, constitutional mandates to enforce racial balance do not apply. The "equal-protection" doctrine, moreover, provides a clear right not to be bused for those who do not wish it. Mr. Glazer also shows that compulsory busing has not improved the education of black children.

. . . But I see no difference in the rights of the family unit of 1971 and its school-attending children who live in a *de jure*-created segregated school area rather than in a *de facto* one. The situation was created by the government long before they became a family unit and long before their children came of school age. In fact the family may even have been opposed to the *de jure* act of their community. Then why are they not entitled to the "equal protection of the law"? Why must they take upon themselves the errors of past governments or past thinking? Must we deny to them the individual right of equal protection of the law, a law we perceive to be a national law and not a village, town, city, or state law?

My second observation is not so much directed to what Mr. Glazer states as to what his statements suggest. It is quite clear that vision, statesmanship, politics . . . in formulating social reform are not enough and that to formulate social reform without a well-thought-out plan (nay a blueprint) for implementation can often prove dangerous and even destructive of the original commendable instinct. . . .

Finally I wish Mr. Glazer had mentioned . . . the fact that black politicians have a stake in keeping their political bases intact and reject the breaking up of the ghettos; there are other black social and economic forces at work which do not favor the "mixing of the races" by integration. It would be interesting to learn the reaction of blacks to an enforced uniform 10- to 15-per-cent proportion of blacks in every village, town, city, and state.

JACOB E. HELLER

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is distressing that COMMENTARY has now joined the broad and often-hysterical alliance against school busing. It is also sad that the spokesman for this position is Nathan Glazer, who in the past wrote sympathetically about integration and ethnic pluralism. . . .

The arguments against busing, including Mr. Glazer's, contain a number of errors which I would like to discuss.

1) *Busing is an innovation in American education.* In fact, two-thirds of American children use either school or public transportation to get to school. In many Southern communities, desegregation has actually decreased traveling distances. . . .

2) *The issue is whether "the*

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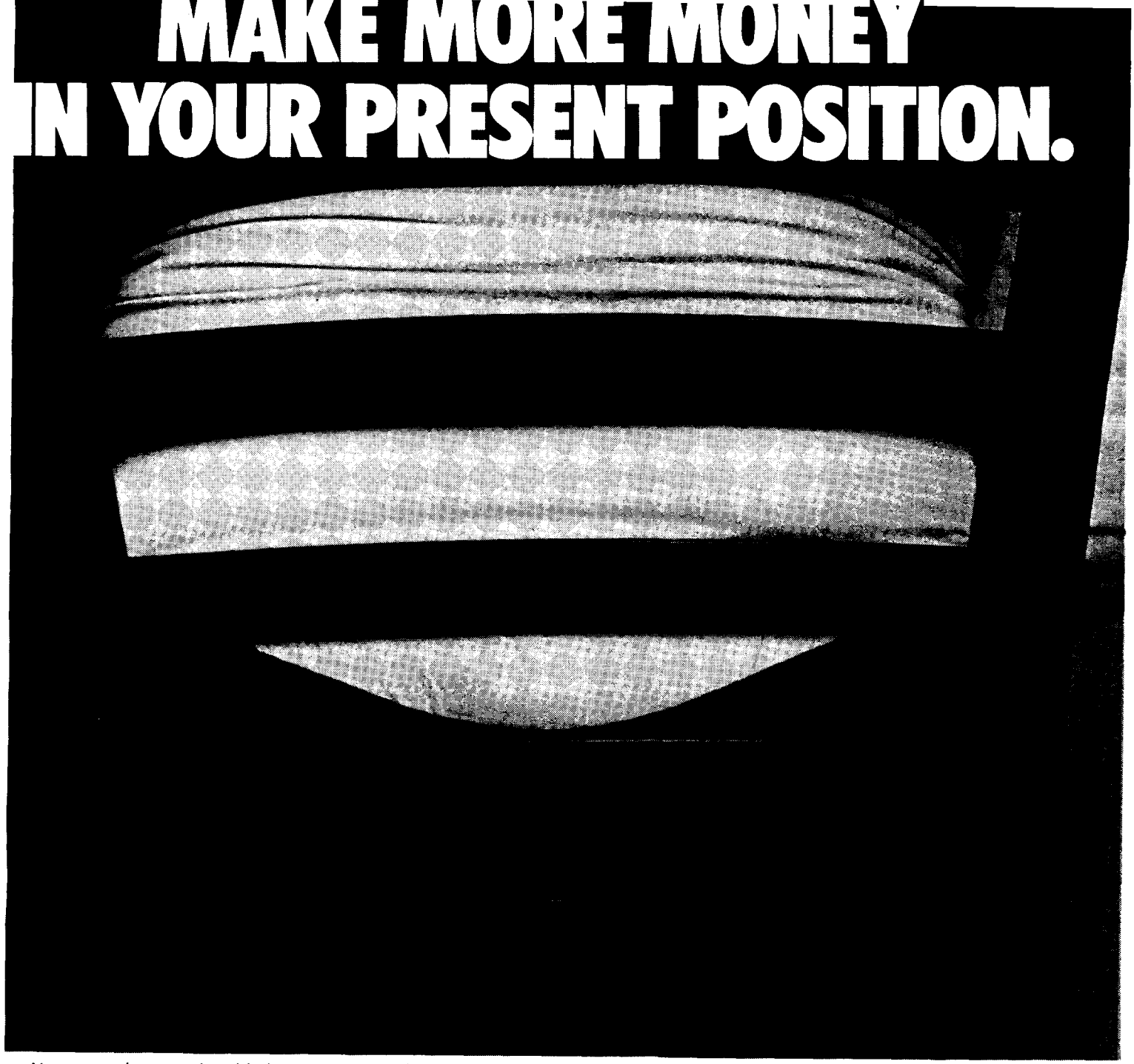

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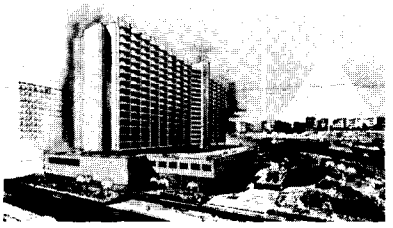

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student population of every school is to be racially balanced according to some specified proportion." But only rarely have suggestions of this sort been made, . . . and the courts have not in fact required precise quotas. . . .

3) *Busing is a limitation on the freedom of "conscripted" white children.* The obvious rebuttal to this point is that schooling itself is a far more severe limitation on the children. The logic of Mr. Glazer's argument is that compulsory-attendance laws be repealed—the very course attempted by some Southern states after 1954. A social scientist should understand that freedom in society is never absolute: e.g., freedom to murder is not permitted. In less obvious cases, society must decide whether restrictions on some individual choices are desirable to increase freedom for others or for the general welfare.

4) *But busing doesn't accomplish anything anyway.* The fact is that integrated schooling achieved through busing has brought gains for both black and white children, although not in all cases. Mr. Glazer seriously misrepresents the facts in Berkeley, for example. There, Senator Mondale found, the achievements of black students increased 60 per cent, and the degree of improvement was closely related to the length of time in integrated schools. That a gap remained between whites and blacks, as Mr. Glazer states, was due simply to the fact that white achievement rose as well. Is that an argument against busing? It is also true that students still remain in ethnic clusters and have not been totally assimilated. But I thought that Mr. Glazer was "beyond the melting pot."

5) *The desirable objective is local community control.* Given the spate of COMMENTARY articles attacking the theory and practice of community control, this position could be regarded as either amusing or hypocritical, but not as a seriously-proposed alternative. As long as housing discrimination is maintained through local practice and political inaction, community control is only a polite defense of segregated schools.

6) *The decisions on busing and school integration should be left to local political processes.* How reminiscent of the old Southern argument that the region should be left free to work out its "Negro problem." That argument was rightly rejected because the political process could not protect the interests of a voteless group, nor did majority rule offer protection to a subordinated minority. Other blockages now prevent a political solution of the current racial problem. There are no local mechanisms for political settlements between black cities and white suburbs, and no one seriously expects that strong metropolitan governments will be created. Given this fragmented political structure, the only possible outcome is black schools in the urban areas and white schools around them. Only the courts and the federal and state governments can prevent such institutionalized segregation.

To be sure, integrated schooling alone will not solve the nation's racial problems, and busing is certainly not the only means to achieve integration. But the truths of 1954 remain, and should be even more evident today. Segregation is an evil, and it affects not only schoolchildren, but the cohesion of the total society. Governmental action promoting segregation is an evil, even if covert and indirect. Fear and distrust of other groups is an evil, particularly when it is supported by distinguished intellectuals.

GERALD M. POMPER
Department of Political Science
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In connection with the discussion of busing, I would like to note some points which do not appear to have been considered by the proponents of either side of this issue.

The decision in the *Brown* case seems to have been elevated to the sanctity of a constitutional provision. This is simply not so. A constitutional amendment must have the sanction of both houses of Congress and must be subsequently ratified by the legislatures of three-quarters of the states. . . . Under our system of government our legislators enact laws. The *Brown* decision, on the other hand, is the judicial interpretation of a Supreme Court appointed by the President. . . .

The *Brown* case was decided under the Fourteenth Amendment which prohibits the states from enacting certain specified areas of legislation. No matter how broadly the Supreme Court may rely on the Fourteenth Amendment for

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the so-called due-process cases, the fact remains that it is but one part of the Constitution—not superior to other portions. If we were to choose one portion of the Constitution as being preeminent, we might choose the preamble: "to . . . insure domestic Tranquility . . ."; this is something to be considered when there is such great controversy in the land. The question could then be posed: "Does busing tend to insure domestic Tranquility?"

JACOB KRISEL

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Nathan Glazer cites the findings of the Coleman report which indicate that there is slight improvement for blacks in integrated schools, a gain the report attributes more to socioeconomic integration than to racial factors. Norman Podhoretz then interprets "slight" improvement to mean no improvement, thus confirming his negative feelings about integrated schooling which date back to the 30's and 40's. He believes that integrated schooling leads to greater animosity and violence. But of course there would be more black-white fighting in an integrated school than in an all-white school! Mr. Podhoretz fails to recognize that friction is the necessary price we must pay for past discrimination and that such "growing pains" are an inevitable part of the development process that would change us from a nation where all blacks are menials and inferiors into a society where blacks could reasonably aspire to become more than janitors and domestics. . . . Inevitably, more racial conflict would come to the surface in an integrated environment, but there would also be better understanding, more development of potential, and greater mutual repect. . . .

AARON KATZ

Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

They kept telling. us, "Work within the system; work within the system." So we did. We tried suburban low-income housing and learned about the spiritual sanctity of property values. We tried the building-trades unions and found that nepotism was akin to holy writ. We were allowed to penetrate only one area—the schools, through busing ordered by the courts.

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Now, if I understand the recent arguments in COMMENTARY, the basic issue is: Does the end—integration—justify the means—court-ordered busing? However, put in another context, the basic issue becomes: Do the means—piecemeal, expensive, long-drawn-out court suits with ensuing hysterical reactions from many white parents—justify the end—using techniques of law and order to work within the system?

The eighteen years since *Brown* v. *Board of Education* have simply been a cruel hoax if all the sweat, blood, and tears involved are to be summarily effaced by legislative fiat.

DAVID B. PERKINS
South Natick, Massachusetts

NATHAN GLAZER writes:

On Arthur Brunwasser: 1) I note only one important issue of "fact" (as I understand fact) raised in Mr. Brunwasser's letter, and on that one he is wrong. According to the HEW school census of 1970, 1.1 per cent of Negroes in San Francisco attended all-black schools. The figures for New York were 11.9; for Los Angeles 8.7; for Chicago 45.5; for Detroit 13.7; for Philadelphia 5.1. San Francisco had 2.9 per cent of its black children attending 99- to 100-per-cent black schools. The cities I have just listed ranged from 32.2 per cent to 74.6 per cent. In the 95- to 100-per-cent category, San Francisco had 26.1 per cent of its black children; the other five Northern cities ranged from 47.2 to 85.4 per cent. In the 90- to 100-per-cent category, San Francisco had 31.7 per cent of its black children, while the other five cities ranged from 57.9 to 89.7 per cent.

2) I don't see what Mr. Brunwasser objects to in my discussion of the earlier NAACP case (I based myself entirely on an article by Professor John Kaplan of Stanford Law School). It is just my point in my article that the "law has evolved" in strange and indefensible ways. It is fantastic that Mr. Brunwasser should believe (or seem to believe) that segregation increased in San Francisco during this period (if it did—the two HEW surveys show that segregation decreased between 1968 and 1970) because of anything the school board did or didn't do. What was happening to school segregation in San Francisco was perfectly clear: as the Negro population increased and the areas of black residence grew, there may well have been an increase in the proportion of blacks attending schools with a high percentage of black students. What else would one expect if children attend neighborhood schools and the black population grows? I don't see the bearing of the Stanford Research Institute study, which showed that one could have integration by transporting the children—which everyone knew eight years ago, too, but which no one quite dared suggest.

3) Mr. Brunwasser has already conceded that "the law evolved" (I would say, the interpretation of the Constitution by the judges changed). Certainly in its condition as of eight years ago, "the legal issue" was disposed of. At that time the plaintiffs conceded there was no *de jure* segregation and allowed the suit to be dismissed. Apparently what was not *de jure* in 1962 became *de jure* in 1971; but it is just this I am arguing against.

4) Mr. Brunwasser says the NAACP was planning the present lawsuit before the postponement of one of the two elementary-school complexes. I accept that. I certainly don't accept his silly dismissal of an argument of no-money as a reason for postponing the second school complex, or his equally naive dependence on a judge's authority to determine whether a school board has money or not. Obviously, under court order, one finds the money—by raising taxes or by eliminating other programs. That does not falsify the assertion by a public body that it has no money to implement a program. It is just this kind of interference by lawyers and judges in the operations of the institutions of a democratic society that I attack in the article. There is no issue of fact or distortion between us, only an issue as to the proper limits of judicial power.

5) I seem to have used the wrong term. I know what Judge Weigel "found." I didn't see what he found in the materials of the case or in his decisions. Perhaps superior courts won't either.

6) If Mr. Brunwasser does not think San Francisco has "a liberal school board appointed by a liberal mayor, in a liberal city. . .," I suggest a brief period of residence in another city.

7) Of 26 "predominantly black schools" (above 47.3 per cent) in San Francisco as of October 1969, nine had more than 90-per-cent black children, and the highest percentage of black children in any school was 96.8. My statement "no all-black schools . . . some almost all-black schools" seems to describe the situation accurately. (I realize these figures don't coincide with those I cited above; but both sets are from official sources.)

8) To Judge Weigel, the fact that the San Francisco school board did not abandon its neighborhood zoning policies for the purpose of getting more integration is an act of *de jure* segregation. The other acts he "found" were of the same order. But that is just what the argument is all about. If Mr. Brunwasser has some better evidence of *de jure* segregation, or thinks the evidence he submitted would look good to the readers of COMMENTARY, he should have given us some samples, rather than insisting that what Judge Weigel found must be so. (I do not have a researcher.)

9) Presumably, the school board could have come up with a plan integrating the 28-per-cent black with the 35-per-cent white, ignoring the 37-per-cent Chinese, Spanish-speaking, etc., in the school system, or leaving them in their own schools. This was one way of responding to Judge Weigel's order, and Mr. Brunwasser is right in pointing out that Judge Weigel only required the integration of the black with the *white* children. Would Mr. Brunwasser and his clients, however, have been content with this rather fantastic solution? "Conscription" is admittedly hyperbole, but a good many of the parents involved would subscribe to the language. Mr. Brunwasser puts "freedom" in quotation marks and I assume that is because he sees no way of differentiating a situation in which parents are free to send their children to the schools they think best for them, from a situation in which they are not. The parents—and indeed most ordinary people—find it very easy to differentiate freedom (no quotes) from compulsion.

10) I implied that bilingual classes are made more difficult when those who need them are distributed randomly. This is true.

11) We agree that the figures on the ethnic and racial classification of schoolchildren are collected, and that they were used in devel-

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oping the integration plan. I have some objection to the collection of the statistics, but my principal objection is to their use for purposes of school assignment.

12) I believe the NAACP was perfectly right in supporting a new school in Hunter's Point, and inconsistent in arguing that the school district must not have any school with more than 47-per-cent-black schoolchildren. Mr. Brunwasser demonstrates the inconsistency.

Mr. Brunwasser and I disagree on one basic point: the degree to which courts may intervene in the democratic process for presumably good social ends. I think integration is better than segregation, but that freedom is the highest value in our polity. I do not see that my facts or my argument are seriously challenged by Mr. Brunwasser. It is rather our values that are at issue, and the demand for apology is, under the circumstances, presumptuous.

On Willis Hannawalt: I have read Mr. Hannawalt's letter—as I have read his briefs in the San Francisco school integration case—with profit. It is subtle and complex, as befits a lawyer whose references in his legal briefs include Aesop and the King James Bible. I have always believed that we need the protection of the Constitution against the excesses of the political process; I would not want to commit myself to the political process alone. It would indeed be best if the Supreme Court were to forbid racial classification by government for any purpose, which is what some of us understood *Brown* to mean. But that is so unlikely a prospect at this moment that my hope is instead that the courts would at least refrain from interference in the political process when it refuses to use racial and ethnic categories.

On Howard Gillette, Jr.: Mr. Gillette misreads me when he says my article indicates "a faith in our political leaders. . . ." It indicates rather a faith in our political *processes*. These processes were leading, in San Francisco, without judicial intervention, to a greater measure of integration in the system, integration worked out through pressure and compromise, and inevitably reflecting—as did the integration of the Berkeley schools, similarly worked out through the political process—what

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was possible and acceptable to the majority of the people involved. As against this, I note that Mr. Gillette seems to have no faith that our political processes will lead to decent results at all.

As someone who did not vote for Mr. Nixon in 1968, and won't in 1972, I nevertheless find the presentation of the political history of the last three-and-a-half years peculiarly distorted, and the role given to Mr. Nixon as the ogre of the piece radically exaggerated. There is one example I am aware of, of federal intervention to slow the pace of desegregation in the South before the *Swann* decision: the 1969 Mississippi case Mr. Gillette mentions. For two years after that I am not aware that the federal government did anything but enforce the law and the judicial decisions, rapidly and effectively, as indicated in the statistics of Southern desegregation. To suggest that desegregation only proceeded from 1965 to 1968, and then under Nixon was fought by the federal government, is a perverse reading of history indeed; one which makes it impossible for Mr. Gillette to explain the enormous progress of desegregation between 1969 and 1971.

Mr. Gillette's suggestion that the *Green* case indicated a "growing consensus . . . and that it was time to turn to the business of quality education for all children regardless of race" is remarkably divorced from reality. The *Green* decision determined what should be done in previously segregated rural and small-town areas: freedom of choice was to be abandoned if it did not lead to integration, and a pattern of geographical zones was to be set up. To suggest that this decision should have settled the desegregation issue is ridiculous. For this decision was accepted, but it could settle nothing concerning what was to be done in Southern and Northern cities where geographical zones already existed without regard to race and did not lead to integration.

Mr. Gillette's argument that political decisions at the center roused the country over school busing is fantastic: what political decisions were necessary to rouse Michigan over the Detroit decision? Mr. Gillette wants us to believe something unbelievable: that we could have instituted—in large cities with no school transportation and neighborhood schools, and in large metropolitan areas with busing only to nearby schools —a new system, one involving the busing of very large numbers of students to distant, out-of-neighborhood schools, and that the citizens would have accepted this quietly, if only the President had kept still.

On my three critical questions: I am as aware as Mr. Gillette is of what Justice Burger said—indeed, in the present situation this is our chief hope. But I am also aware, as Mr. Gillette seems not to be, of what was *done* by the courts, in Charlotte and in San Francisco, and what is on the way, in Michigan and Indiana and elsewhere. And what has been done and what is being done, under the protection of the Supreme Court decision, is to answer the question I put in the affirmative. One rule the lower-court decisions seem to insist upon is that no school have a black majority, and that every school reflect the racial distribution of the system as a whole, even if it is not an exact copy. Why, indeed, if transportation is legitimate, should *any* school be excluded, despite Justice Burger's caution? The answer to my question, as given by most of the courts to date, is yes, with a touch of ambiguity which may save us; and to say that the question is "off the point" is only to demonstrate Mr. Gillette's odd position that critical questions affecting people's lives and freedom are "off the point."

I do not see that we have any argument really over the educational advantages of desegregation —I am for desegregation, and I believe it generally has some educational advantages.

On Mr. Gillette's discussion of the problem of race relations: does he really believe that "if Middle Americans could not get away from blacks by moving to the suburbs, the migration would quickly dwindle"? Are there no other reasons to move to the suburbs—new housing, play space, trees and grass, lower taxes, less crime, etc., etc.?

On the question of freedom: it is deprivation of freedom when a black child is assigned to a school because he is black. It is also a deprivation of freedom when a white child is assigned to a school because he is white, a Chinese child because he is Chinese, etc. This is just what is happening in San Francisco and in other cases, and I have no difficulty in describing them as deprivations of freedom. Apparently Mr. Gillette can

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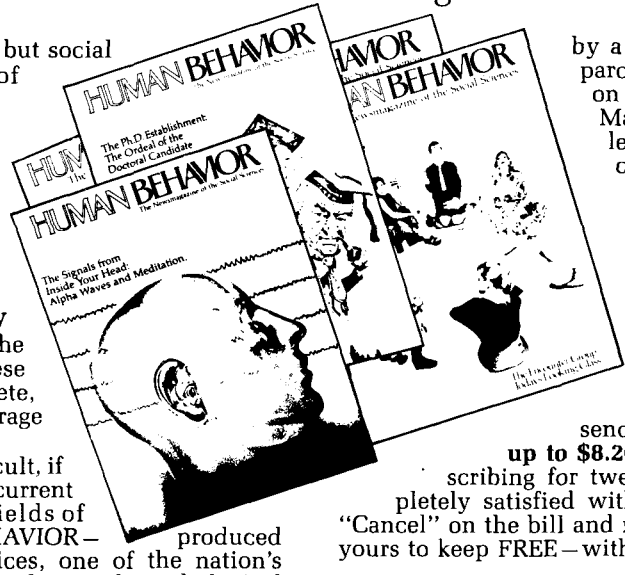
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find a way of distinguishing between acts of compulsion so that one is seen as lack of freedom and the next as freedom. "The 'freedom' being infringed is that of white children not having to go to school with blacks." I think we should properly be suspicious of any man who puts freedom in quotation marks: it suggests that he either does not know what it is or does not care. In San Francisco, at any rate, every white child was going to school with at least some black children. There was a process of choice of schools through choice of residential areas. This to my mind is a meaningful degree of freedom, one which blacks participated in as well as whites, and this freedom was taken away. It was taken away from black, Spanish-speaking, and Chinese as well as from white. As against the cases in the South, where the courts said to school districts, you must not exclude children from this school because of race—a true expansion of freedom—in the North they are saying, you may not go to this or that school because you would upset the racial proportions we are imposing on them, and nothing your elected officials or school boards can do can change the situation. This is a very real restriction of freedom, and I am at a loss to understand why it seems to carry no weight with the president of the Ripon Society.

Mr. Gillette's discussion of community control is marked by profound ignorance. Demands for community control have occurred in many contexts, divorced completely from issues of race and desegregation—for example, in every suburb, where local control of schools has seemed to most citizens a good thing. When he suggests that a black community would secure control over a school "[that] because it is all or nearly all black, remains rundown, underfinanced, and understaffed," he again reveals the fantasy world in which he lives: black schools in our cities are generally better staffed and better financed than white schools in the same cities, and many of them are as new or newer. This is a necessary consequence of federal and other programs providing remedial programs in such schools. I agree that desegregation and community control are not necessarily mutually exclusive alternatives, and the community controlling need not be a geographical one; but under the orders handed down by Judge Weigel and other judges, communities and parent groups inevitably lose power, and central and distant authorities gain power. In my article I gave the reasons why. I am amazed that this should be of so little concern to the president of the Ripon Society.

I will insist on my "regrettable confusion" that there is an enormous difference between Southern dual-school systems, which confined all the children of each race to racially-identified school systems, and the typical situation in the North, where generally none of these features was found. I have read the evidence on which Judge Weigel made his decision, and I know he was convinced that in San Francisco there was *de jure* segregation. But the very figures he relied on (80 per cent of the black elementary-grade children were in schools 47.3- to 96.8-per-cent black, etc.) is to me a demonstration that he was dealing with a *de facto* situation. His references to school-zoning decisions, to school construction, to teacher assignment, and the like all summed up a situation in which a democratically controlled school system dealt with its problems and where the bases of decisions taken generally had nothing to do with race; where they did, the decisions were made to accommodate the desires of different racial and ethnic groups in the city, rather than to "segregate" one group.

Some liberals, in their will to impose on their fellow citizens social arrangements which they feel to be, for some reason, desirable, deride the democratic political process, attribute only evil motives to other Americans, and eventually become incapable of seeing the difference between freedom and compulsion. It is troubling that this should be the point of view of the president of the Ripon Society, from whom I at least would expect a greater measure of fresh thinking and liberal leadership.

On Seymour M. Rose: I have seen the data in the Mondale committee hearings on achievement in the Berkeley schools and I conclude that what they show is modest improvements in both black and white children that unfortunately have done nothing as yet to reduce the gap in educational achievement between white and black.

The part of my article I am least happy about is the section dealing with the potential impact of school integration on race relations, not because of anything I said but because I did not give a fully balanced picture of the problem. One hears many things in Berkeley, but certainly much that one hears confirms the general picture given by Mr. Rose, one in which we find a degree of social contact among children of a number of races that is almost unique in this country, and that owes a great deal to school integration. There is no question in my mind that school integration is infinitely superior to segregation, even if it is *de facto* segregation, and will, whatever the initial difficulties, be repaid ultimately in better relations between the races.

Let me assert this as a ground conviction with which I begin. And yet we must still judge concrete situations. Having lived in Berkeley in 1956-57, and again from 1963, and having seen Berkeley before school-integration-through-transportation as well as after, I would suggest that Berkeley's race relationships were unique in the period *before* the school-integration program too—there was a good deal of school integration, a good deal of contact in social and recreational life, the influence of the University, the Berkeley Cooperative, the Berkeley radical tradition. And committed as I am to the virtues of integration, I must nevertheless acknowledge that integration, even under the best of circumstances, may lead to a good deal of conflict and disorder. It is on faith that one assumes better race relations will eventually develop out of those situations, and I share that faith.

In view of this position, what is it that I oppose, and why? I oppose judicial decisions which upset and alter school arrangements democratically arrived at according to law and which have not been instituted to segregate the races. I oppose this not because such judicial intervention may not in the end lead to better education for black children and to better relations between the races but because this would be to my mind an impermissible judicial intrusion into the proper realm of democratic decision-making. One can think of many things which one might do, if one had the power, that might improve society. The essence of democracy and of liberalism, however, is that, desirable as those

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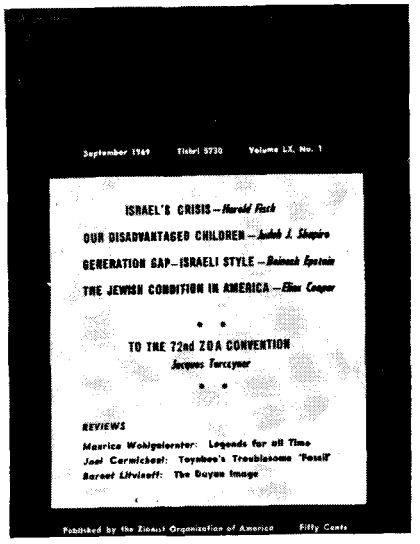
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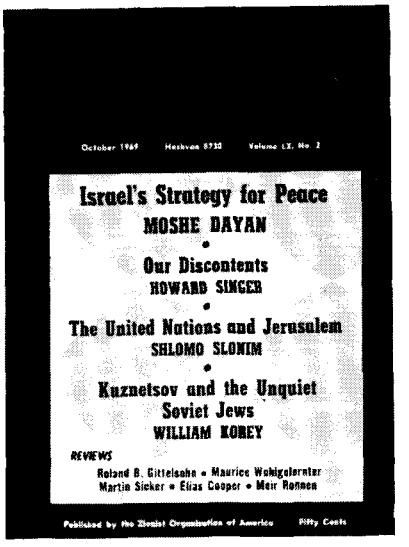
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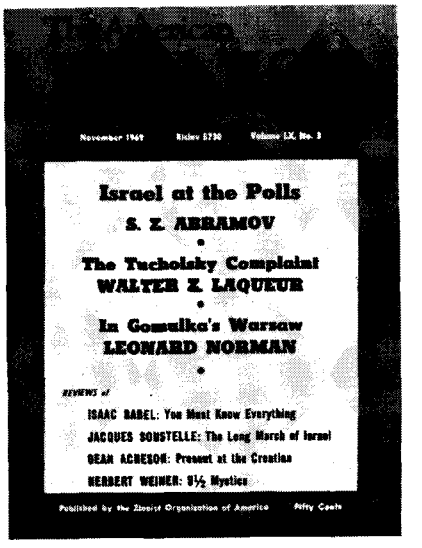
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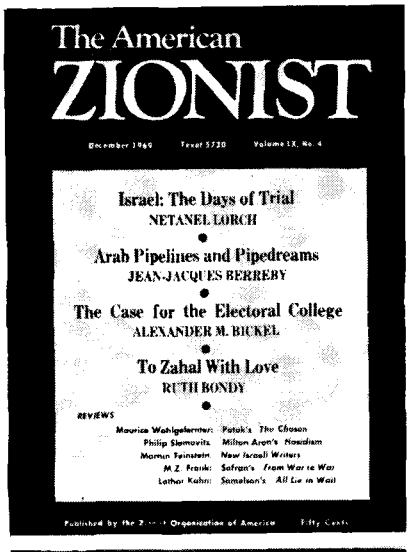
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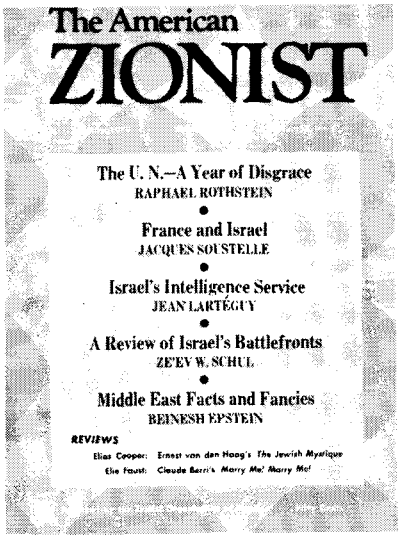

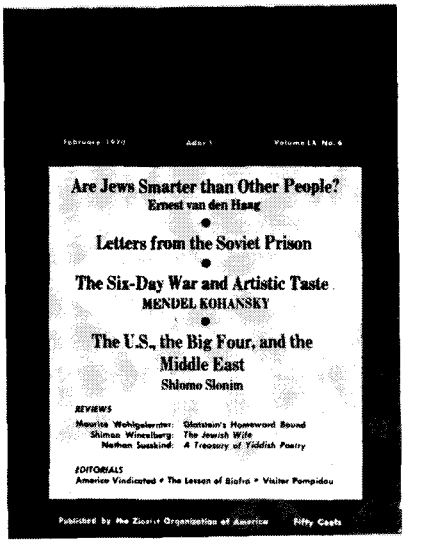
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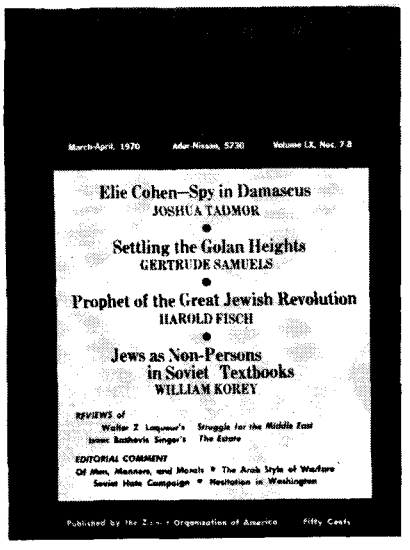
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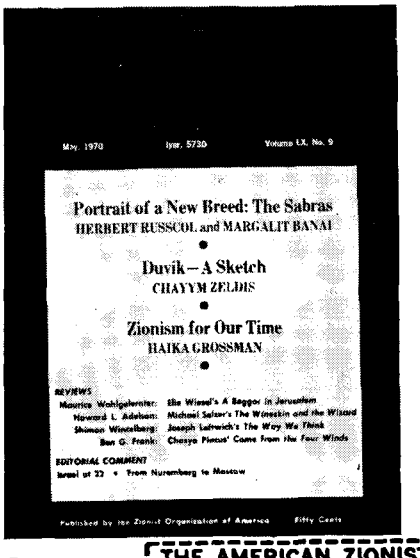
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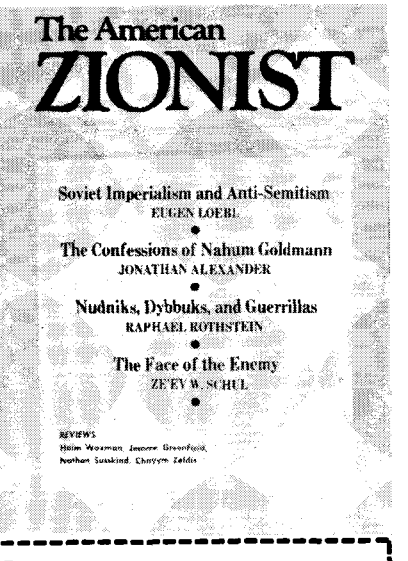

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things may be, it is the people, within the limits of the Constitution, who decide. I believe that the arguments that the Constitution requires the transportation for racial balance of schoolchildren in districts without *de jure* segregation are not founded on the Constitution, nor are they based on a proper interpretation of the Constitution or on a primary concern for the expansion of freedom. They are arguments that some people who find a certain course of social policy desirable are trying to impose on the majority of the people against their will and by a sophistical use of the Constitution.

On Arnold B. Gardner: I think it will do no good for those of us in favor of integration to consider "busing" simply a way of *phrasing* an issue. Things must be labeled for what they are. Busing is not simply a way of making "integration" look bad, as so many liberals seem to think. It is a very concrete reality. The refusal of liberals to face up to the degree of compulsion they were imposing unwillingly on people who had no form of redress is what has contributed to Governor Wallace's victories. I know how hard the task of someone trying to achieve integration in Buffalo—or anywhere else—is. But I cannot believe that the right course anywhere is to compel people to send their children to schools they don't want to send them to.

On Abram Bergson: Busing from schools with a majority of the minority group to others with a smaller proportion of the minority group would certainly reconcile an increase in integration with freedom of choice. This was tried in New York City under open enrollment, a program which seemed to me a highly desirable one, but the development of the law by-passed this as "freedom of choice," and thus this solution can now be challenged as unconstitutional.

On Lewis Kapner: I don't interpret the *Brown* decision the way Judge Kapner does. I think it suggested nothing at all about whether blacks did or did not aspire to assimilate into predominantly white America, nor is it any business of the court whether they do or do not. The *Brown* decision said that racial distinctions for the purpose of schooling were unconstitutional, and it was part of a long line of cases demolishing the error of "separate but equal," whether in bus stations, trains, parks, libraries, theaters, etc. It was part of decades of effort which had attempted to root out completely racial and ethnic and religious distinctions from the action of public bodies, and which reached its zenith in the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the abandonment of ethnic quotas and racial distinctions in the Immigration Act of 1965. This achievement was one of the brightest pages of American history, and we who supported it have nothing to regret. But suppose the courts had gone beyond the abolition of separate but equal to insist that every audience, park, bus, etc. should have some proper proportion of black and white. We would consider this an illegitimate extension of the proper role of the courts or the government. The use of busing in *de facto* segregated situations is this kind of error. And it is this I oppose.

On Daniel J. Elazar: The problem of the proper functions and limits of federalism has all too often been left to *ad hoc* political determinations on the basis of a crude expediency. No task is more important than some principled effort—like the one Professor Elazar is engaged in—to defend and justify federalism, even if one hesitates to be optimistic about how successful it can be in affecting people's behavior.

On Lawrence W. Feinberg: Let me thank Mr. Feinberg for correcting me. I spoke in much too offhand a way about a very complicated problem, and he has shown how careful we must be about too simple solutions.

On Jerome Zukosky: Mr. Zukosky thinks large, metropolitan school districts are better, but he also seems to be saying that New York City should be subdivided, and each school should handle its own affairs. I am not sure I understand how this is to work. I am sure that judges won't—and I fervently hope they won't—be asked to *prescribe* such a system of school government.

Mr. Zukosky must read different court decisions from the ones I do if he can say, "All that the judges have done is to open up possibilities and hopefully permit debate on the issue. . . ." Indeed!

"Very few scholars, I believe, would subscribe to the view that the 40-odd [school] districts of Westchester County are either natural or sufficient. . . ." And few of the people who live in them, too, I imagine; but they would fight to prevent someone from taking away their right to run their school districts. And Mr. Zukosky will have to think of better arguments than he has come up with to change their minds.

". . . [T]he very primitive nature of school-governing arrangements compared with those developed to deal with planning, financing, and managing non-school affairs in fields like transport, sewers, or water supply." I doubt that most people are aware that school-governing arrangements are "primitive" and I wonder in what respect special districts (such as the Port of New York Authority, perhaps?) are superior.

It is clear that metropolitan districts would make it easier to integrate schoolchildren of different races by transportation. But I don't see any arguments that this would be good for education, and I will persist in my backward conviction that if there is no strong reason to give functions of government to the higher and more remote levels, they should be kept at lower levels, closer to the people they serve.

On Jacob Heller: I believe that at some point a formerly *de jure*-segregated district, subjected to court order and government intervention, must be declared desegregated—and at that point, the fact it historically was once *de jure* should not be relevant. However, it would seem to me that in a *de jure*-segregated district remedies could be prescribed that could not be prescribed in districts that did not have dual school systems.

On Gerald M. Pomper: The 60-per-cent figure from Berkeley is a mistake. Figures on school achievement by race and grade are to be found in the Mondale committee hearings, as reported by the Berkeley schools, and nothing in that report (which is too complex to summarize here) suggests where this figure could have come from. I will stick to "modest."

On Jacob Krisel: I prefer Mr. Krisel's interpretation of the Constitution to that of the Supreme Court in recent years. Alas, it is the Supreme Court's interpretation which prevails.

On Aaron Katz: In the end, I be-

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lieve integration will improve race relations. But I think the proviso of early social scientists who did research on integration in the army and in housing projects—that it had best be contact between members of the races who were not of too greatly divergent social status—is worth remembering.

On David B. Perkins: It is just such pointless rhetoric that is a good part of our problem. The dual school systems of the South no longer exist. To Mr. Perkins, however, "the eighteen years since *Brown* . . . have simply been a cruel hoax," unless busing can be imposed on all the school systems of the North. If one wants an example of success from working within the system, nothing is more impressive than the revolutionary change in the position of Southern blacks in the last ten years. Yet to Mr. Perkins this is as nothing.

American-Jewish Poetry

To the Editor of Commentary:

Harold Bloom's tin ear ["The Sorrows of American-Jewish Poetry," March] is as big as a Jewish mother's heart, and as uncritically partisan. What gets through doesn't seem to bear much relation to what must have entered, that is if he's reading the poems he cites. Or the difficulty may be in Mr. Bloom's transmission. What he says about poems, his judgments, suggest that he's either listening to another drummer, or that someone's convinced him the drummer is a string quartet. . . .

I find myself looking at the incisive imagery of Blake and the blurred impressionism of the Isaac Rosenberg shard quoted and wondering whether Mr. Bloom is putting us on. Let us indeed compare the exactness of Blake's "The invisible worm / that flies in the night, / In the howling storm," with Rosenberg's "incestuous worm, / Who lured her vivid beauty / to his amorphous sleep." What's an amorphous sleep? A sleep lacking definite shape or form? The term is inapplicable literally. As figure, it is difficult or impossible to interpret. . . . Did Rosenberg mean "uncertain," or "restless," or "ambiguous"? Whatever he meant, we'll never know, barring the discovery of a new version. It's conceivable he may not have *meant* anything, may well have been filling the line with a fashionably resonant sound rather

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Henry J. Tobias

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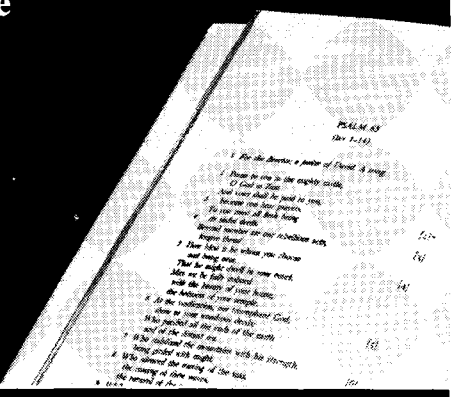

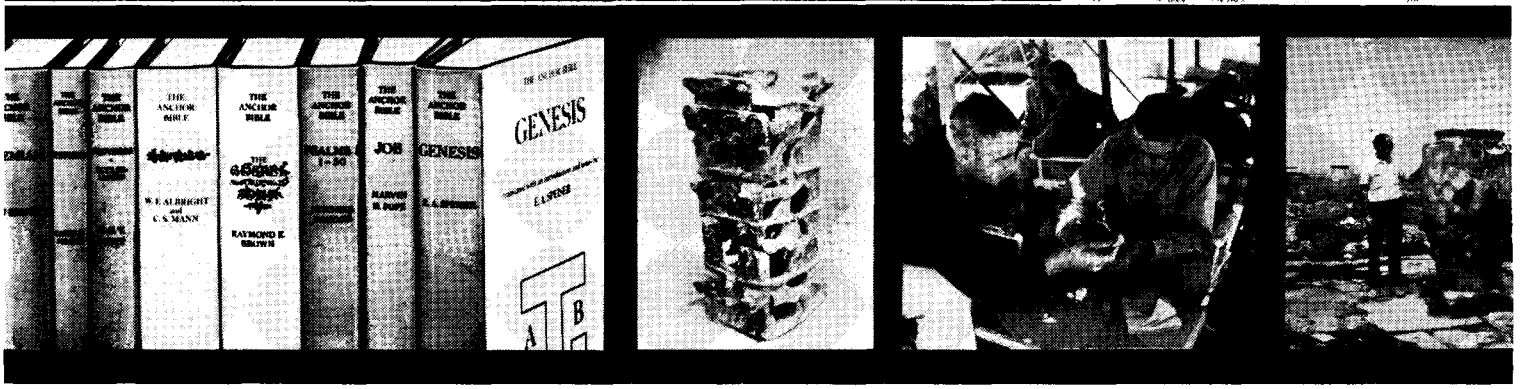

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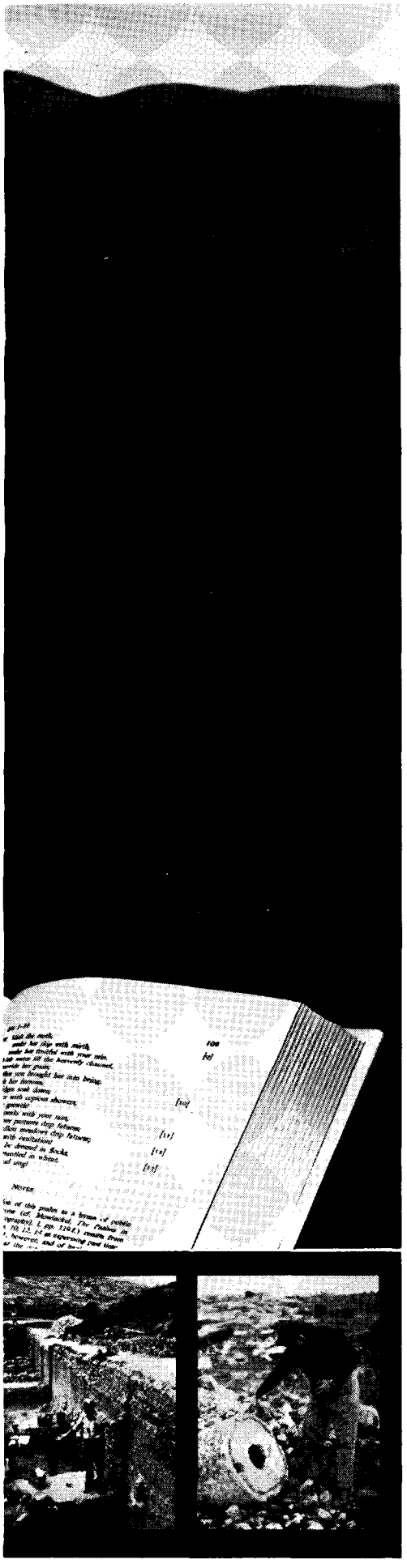

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than a meaning. Mr. Bloom writes that "The poem turns on the fine play between 'amorphous' and 'amorous,'" but he doesn't attempt to explain the meaning we should assign those terms, where the play occurs, and how, what the turn is from and to specifically, and how that develops meaning. The impressionistic poem, or fragment, doesn't scintillate except under the radiant criticism Mr. Bloom lavishes on it.

The author's remark that "The formal inadequacy [of Samuel Greenberg's verse] is clear enough" seems the most astute judgment of the article. Passages such as "its senses that grasp your heart / That travels through speechless awe" and

The violent colors through the glass
Throw up little swellings that appear
And spatter as soon as another strikes
And is born

blunder into walls, but even so the poet has found it necessary to lace the lines with "and," "that," "through," and "as" to keep the syllable count, whatever the sound. In fact, "formal inadequacy" doesn't quite get to the awesome ineptitude of the verse. . . .

I think that Robert Mezey's "On the Equator" comes closest to the dignity and intensity Mr. Bloom wants from his poets. The cadences of "I am your wandering son / Who has cast his lot like a prophet / In the desert of his days" respect the colloquial while ordering the language in terms of sound and syntax so as to reinforce and vivify the meditative poignance. Allen Ginsberg, by the way, doesn't succeed in recovering his faith, it's true, but he does succeed in mourning its loss and the loss of innumerable other intangible and tangible values: innocence, family, place, and so on. Ginsberg may be irrelevant to the achievement Mr. Bloom wants to sketch. He may, also, however, be central to far more relevant concerns. He doesn't back away from the present, a procedure Mr. Bloom seems to advise, though he does look back, fearfully, and almost helplessly, at the inferno which spat him out. . . .

STUART SILVERMAN
University of Illinois at Chicago Circle
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was distressed to see that Harold Bloom overlooked the poet Samuel Menashe in his article on Jewish poets. Certainly if his article intended to be a survey, untouched by the taint of fashion, Mr. Menashe's work deserves not merely mention but extended examination. After all, how many American-Jewish poets have elicited the sort of praise which Stephen Spender felt moved to express when reviewing Menashe's book, *No Jerusalem But This*, in the *New York Review of Books* on July 22, 1971?

But let me quote Spender: "Samuel Menashe is a poet of entirely Jewish consciousness. . . . He is not of the prophets, concerned with exodus, exile, and lamentation: but he is certainly a witness to the sacredness of the nation in all circumstances—in life or in death. His poetry constantly reminds me of some kind of biblical instrument—tabor or jubal—and the note it strikes is always positive and ever joyous." I hate to think that a mere literary magazine could beat COMMENTARY on its supposedly home ground, that is, hearing the deepest notes of Jewish culture in its existing expression and telling others about that experience. But it seems it has. Ah well.

RAYMOND ROSENTHAL
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

How did Harold Bloom achieve the reverse miracle of not mentioning the work of David Ignatow and Philip Levine in his essay on "The Sorrows of American-Jewish Poetry"?

STEPHEN BERG
The American Poetry Review
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Harold Bloom inexplicably neglects to mention the very fine Canadian-Jewish poet, A. M. Klein. Unlike the overrated Isaac Rosenberg, Abraham Klein has produced much more than "a handful of quasi-biblical fragments"; unlike Charles Reznikoff, Delmore Schwartz, and others, he has fashioned a language superbly "appropriate to [his] desired stance." Were it not for the fact that A. M. Klein comes from supposedly provincial Canada, he would long ago have received the recognition he deserves, as "the most distinguished Jewish poet writing in English in this century." It is distressing to find him

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omitted from Mr. Bloom's survey.

LEON SLONIM

Toronto, Canada

HAROLD BLOOM writes:

I can't reply to any of these letters, as none of them raises a substantive argument, and no one engages my article's two points—that American-Jewish poetry just isn't very good, and that this *may* be because of a certain problem caused by the very process of poetic influence.

"The Pottinger Papers" (Cont'd)

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Here is another document to be added to "The Pottinger Papers" [Letters from Readers, May, commenting on Paul Seabury's "HEW & the Universities," February]. This is a job description sent to the placement office of the Association for Jewish Studies; its authenticity has been verified.

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1. *Name and address of institution:* State University of New York at Albany, Albany, N.Y. 12222
2. *Contact:* Jerome Eckstein, Judaic Studies Department, Chairman
3. *Position available and brief description of duties:* The department is searching for a Biblical scholar who is either female or a member of a minority group (Black, American Indian, Spanish Surname, or Oriental-American). If possible, we would like this person to be capable of chairing our Department—but this is not an essential requirement.
4. *Rank and salary:* not stated
5. *Effective date:* Sept. '73
6. *Competency and preparation required:* stated in #3.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I thought you might be interested in the following correspondence. As a matter of professional ethics, I have deleted the name of the institution and the department chairman. The problem of reverse discrimination is so widespread, I don't think one man or school should be made a whipping boy.

RICHARD J. LARSCHAN

University of California

Berkeley, California

_____ COLLEGE

Department of English

January 10, 1972

Dear Mr. Larschan:

I have received your letter of January 4 regarding your candidacy here.

It is quite true that we have an opening here and that I have examined your dossier. It is very impressive indeed, and I wish I could invite you to come for an interview. At present, however, our department is interested in the appointment of a woman so we are concentrating on interviews of this kind.

I appreciate very much your interest in the College, and I know that with your excellent qualifications you will find a position of your choice. Naturally, I shall keep you in mind should any changes occur.

Best wishes to you for success.

Sincerely yours,

_____

Chairman

May 21, 1972

Ms. Bernice Sandler
Executive Associate and Director
Project on the Status and Education of Women
Association of American Colleges
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ms. Sandler:

Knowing your high regard for the truth (amply demonstrated—or at least proclaimed—by your letter in COMMENTARY rebutting Paul Seabury's article), I was certain you would appreciate seeing the enclosed letter from _____ College. It was you, was it not, who wrote:

> Well-qualified males will now have to compete with well-qualified women and minorities. Hiring that is in line with the government's policy is on the basis of ability; the best-qualified person is hired regardless of sex or color or national origin, even if that person turns out to be white and male. The intent is not to give preference to any group, but to see that all groups are considered equally.

After my Acting Instructorship runs out, I should have plenty of free time to spend on making sure that the courts uphold "the intent" of which you have so eloquently spoken.

Sincerely,
Richard J. Larschan
Acting Instructor

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Why does Elliot L. Richardson, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, leave out religious heritage when he lists in his letter those things over which victims of discrimination have no control? HEW should be protecting victims of religious as well as racial and sex discrimination (1964 Civil Rights Act, Section 703), but one would never know it from the agency's actions.

Last October HEW conducted an investigation into discrimination in faculty hiring at Princeton University. Though it is well known in the university community that Princeton's English department will not hire Jewish professors, the affirmative-action plan which was developed mentioned women, blacks, and Orientals, and ignored the problem of anti-Semitism. In addition, the New York HEW has so far refused to respond to my pleas for an investigation into religious discrimination in faculty hiring at Princeton.

There is, apparently, discrimination not only in the universities but in civil-rights enforcement as well.

ARTHUR COOPER

Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I have recently observed the subtle, or not-so-subtle, effects of affirmative-action programs in the personnel pages of scholarly journals. For example, a recent issue of a prestigious American scientific weekly contained three classified advertisements, out of a total of 17, which boasted references to the academicians' added "qualifications": "Female Planetologist," "Minority Group Ph.D.," "Physiological Psychologist, Ph.D., Chicano." . . .

An *equitable* meritocracy is salubrious *both* to its members and to society as a whole; discriminatory affirmative-action programs are only a stop-gap measure . . . and they will in the long run benefit no one. . . .

JEFFREY GUSTAVSON

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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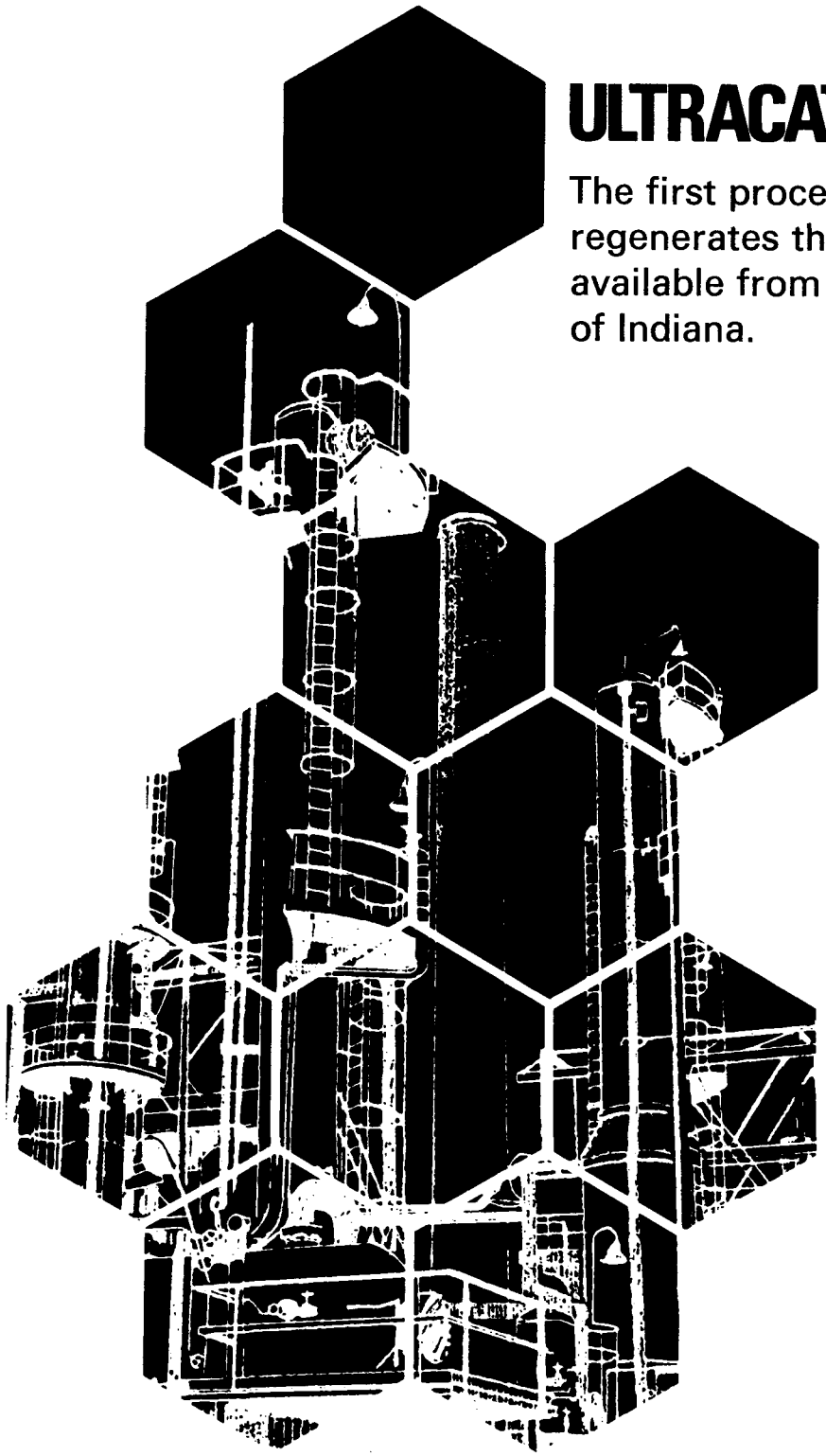

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The Constitution and the War

Alexander M. Bickel

IT IS frightening when out of the privacy of the Oval Room or of Camp David a decision emerges to invade Cambodia, bomb Laos or North Vietnam, or, as most recently, mine the harbor at Haiphong and risk a clash with the Russian navy. Made privately, the decision is irrevocable, and by the time it is announced, it has been implemented. One man makes it, as freely as any dictator or emperor. Have we come these thousands of miles and hundreds of years to be governed in so old a fashion? Can this be in accordance with the American Constitution?

In wartime or in face of a threat of attack on our territory or our forces, the answer is yes, it is in accordance with the American Constitution. Commanders are dictators, and the President is Commander-in-Chief. The Constitution says so, and very deliberately. Its framers had cause to know that wars cannot be waged democratically and Presidents have acted accordingly. President Roosevelt, for example, did not ask the permission of Congress to invade North Africa in 1942 or Europe in 1944.

Mr. Nixon came to office as a war President. His policy has been to end the war on certain conditions, but to fight it until those conditions are met. Congress, as I shall point out, has power under the Constitution, subject to the President's veto, to impose a different policy on him: not different tactics or a different strategy for waging the war, but a different policy, requiring him to end the war on different conditions or on no conditions at all. But Congress has not exercised this power.

The closest Congress has ever come was in a hortatory provision of the Military Procurement Authorization Act of 1971, declaring it to be "the policy of the United States" to end the war "at the earliest practicable date" and to undertake a "prompt and orderly withdrawal . . . subject to the release of all American prisoners of war." The President rejected this advice. And advice was all it was. The amendment, said the President, describing its language and the intent behind it with total accuracy, "is without binding force or effect." Congress shied from using mandatory language—"the President shall"—because it shied from the responsibility, and because it tried to evade the constitutional necessity of a two-thirds vote. For had Congress exerted its power and told the President what he "shall" do, it would probably have been met with a Presidential veto, which can be overridden only by a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress.

President Nixon might have concluded that the *de facto* war he found in progress when he came into office was unconstitutional, and should be ended promptly and unconditionally for this reason, if no other. In reaching this conclusion he would have been right, as I shall argue at length. But he was not compelled to reach it. Reasonable men—fairly reasonable, if not altogether dispassionate ones—can differ on the point. No authoritative determination by any institution charged with having the last word exists or is obtainable, and the President is entitled to his own view, however erroneous. The egregious Bella Abzug wants to impeach him for his error. But if every error, even every error in construing the Constitution, qualified as one of those "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" for which impeachment will lie, then Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry Truman, among others, not to mention Earl Warren, would have spent as much time in the dock as in committing their respective errors. Impeachment is not the equivalent of tabling a motion of no-confidence in a parliamentary system. The trial of Andrew Johnson has taught us that.

But President Lyndon Johnson did launch an unconstitutional war, and President Nixon, though entitled to wage *de facto* war until Congress stops him, should know, conservative lawyer that he is, that the war he wages was unconstitutional in its inception. Commencing a war and waging it were very different acts in the contemplation of the framers of the American Constitution.

When the Constitutional Convention was debating allocation of the war power, George Mason of Virginia said that he "was against giving

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the power of war to the Executive, because not safely to be trusted with it; or to the Senate, because not so constructed as to be entitled to it." He was for "clogging rather than facilitating war; but for facilitating peace." Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, later the third Chief Justice of the United States, expressed the same thought. "It should be more easy to get out of war," said Ellsworth, "than into it."

Not only in the policies that two successive Presidents have been permitted to pursue, but in the institutional arrangements that Congress and the people have acquiesced in for many decades, we have managed to reverse the proper order of things. We have managed to clog peace and facilitate war.

The Founding Fathers were no visionaries. They did not believe that it is in truth easier to make peace than to make war. It is in truth, as Ellsworth was careful to say, harder to make peace and simpler to make war. But the framers of the Constitution intended that our institutions and processes should be so arranged as to make it harder to do the easy thing, and easier to achieve the difficult. For this reason, they insisted that the declaration of war not be an Executive prerogative, as it had been under the British Crown. They insisted also that it not be left to the Senate, a single, less numerous chamber which they viewed as capable of more expeditious action than the House or than Congress as a whole. Rather they provided that Congress, acting through both Houses, with the approval of the President, have the sole power to declare war.

The Convention earlier had thought of using another, more comprehensive word, and empowering Congress to *make* war. But this term seemed to vest in Congress the function of conducting a war once it had started, and also possibly to deny the power of the Commander-in-Chief to repel attacks against the United States. Hence the framers said, "declare," not "make." The President was to be Commander-in-Chief, exercise independent tactical control over the armed forces, and see to their safety. The President was to have power also to repel attacks, and—we must say in modern times—to respond to the threat of attacks against the United States or against our forces, when instant action is of the essence.

Yet the framers were extraordinarily wary of standing armies, and of their use by the Executive. They authorized Congress to "raise and support Armies," and then tried to insure that the exclusive power of Congress would be jealously guarded, by providing that no appropriation of money to raise and support armies "shall be for a longer Term than two Years." Moreover, Congress was given the overall, comprehensive power to make "all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution," not only its own powers, but "all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or officer thereof"—a phrase that includes the President! The implied powers of the federal government, most of the unstated powers that inhere in nationhood, almost everything that goes without saying or that is residual—all that belongs to Congress.

The text of the Constitution and its history thus plainly limit the President. Yet the law of the Constitution under our system is not only defined by the text; it is also influenced by usage. The earliest practice conformed to the division of war-making powers intended by the framers. Later practice, however, in this century, and on occasion in the 19th, has tended to enlarge the scope of independent Presidential initiatives.

The practice grew up through a series of episodes, many of them bearing exotic names, and not many to be counted among the glories of American history. A short list would include General Jackson's pursuit of the Seminole Indians into Spanish Florida on President Monroe's authorization in 1818; President Polk's move to the Rio Grande, where the Mexicans not unnaturally —since they claimed the territory—attacked his forces, thus beginning the Mexican War, which Congress subsequently could not help but declare; President McKinley's intervention in China as part of the Boxer Expedition; numerous interventions in the Caribbean, as by Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, and Coolidge; President Wilson's bombardment of Vera Cruz and pursuit of Pancho Villa into Mexican territory; Korea; and the dispatch of troops by President Eisenhower into Lebanon, and by President Lyndon Johnson into the Dominican Republic. (This list omits President Lincoln's actions at the start of the Civil War, and lesser instances of the domestic use of troops, as by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, because whatever questions might be raised about Lincoln's authority, the issue is different. The President is charged by the Constitution to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, meaning that the authority and integrity of the government be maintained, and he must act on his own, at least so long as Congress has not by statute prescribed the means he may or may not use.)

Yet even against the background of prior Presidential foreign ventures, the decisions made in the first half of 1965, and executed thereafter, to commit the nation to full-scale war in Vietnam, represented an extraordinary extension of Presidential power. Certainly the power of the President in matters of war and peace has grown steadily for over a century, since before the Civil War. The decisions of 1965 may have differed only in degree from earlier stages in this process of growth. But there comes a point when a difference of degree achieves the magnitude of a difference in kind. The decisions of 1965 amounted to an all but explicit transfer of the

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power to declare war from Congress, where the Constitution lodged it, to the President, on whom the framers refused to confer it.

Prior Presidential initiatives have been fitted —at least variously plausible attempts were made to fit them—into theories that fall short of complete repudiation of the constitutional division of war-making power between Congress and the President. Essentially the President's power has been justified as necessitated by, and arising in, emergencies. The President has been viewed as entrusted with a reactive, not a self-starting, function; as possessing the power to respond to an emergency, not the affirmative, ultimate power to commit the material and moral resources of the nation to full-scale war.

The decisions and actions of 1965 outran such theories. There was no sudden attack aimed at or endangering forces of the United States, of the sort that can be deemed to require instant response and thus to make resort to Congress impossible if effective action is to be taken. Nor were we in any sense, as in some of our Latin American ventures, interposing our forces in a foreign country to protect American citizens and property, while remaining neutral with respect to conflicts there.

The Korean action had no doubt stretched Presidential emergency power to a prior extreme. But the invasion of South Korea from the North was sudden, and it did threaten to succeed quite rapidly and irrevocably, thus affecting the position of our own forces in neighboring Japan. This is not to maintain that President Truman's independent action in Korea should necessarily be viewed as falling within the President's legitimate power. It is merely to emphasize the sudden nature of the emergency to which President Truman responded, and consequently the measure of plausibility, however faint, with which his action might be made to fit the established sudden-attack theory of Presidential power. Again, there is a measure of plausibility in the attempt to fit the dispatch of troops to Lebanon by President Eisenhower before 1965, as well as President Johnson's intervention in the Dominican Republic later, into the neutral-interposition theory. But no such fits are possible for the round-the-clock bombing of North Vietnam, which began in February 1965, or for the sending of 50,000 troops to fight in South Vietnam, by a single decision that President Johnson announced on July 28, 1965, with the comment, "This is really war."

It was really war. It raised the American troop level to over 100,000, soon of course to be multiplied five times over, and it committed, as President Johnson had said some two weeks earlier, on July 9, "our power and our national honor"—by a deliberate decision, considered over an extended period of time, not forced by sudden events: a decision functionally and in every other way amounting to an initiative for war. If *this* decision was not for Congress to make under the Constitution, then no decision of any consequence in matters of war and peace is left to Congress. This time, no justifications drawn from sophisticated theories would do. The constitutional division of powers had been repudiated in the sincere but misguided conviction that it no longer suited modern conditions.

It is said that President Johnson acted in fulfillment of an obligation we undertook under the Southeast Asia treaty (SEATO) of 1955. Whatever else the obligation we incurred then may or may not amount to, it was in terms of the treaty itself no more than a commitment to "act to meet the common danger in accordance with [our] constitutional processes." Language such as this was missing in the draft of the earlier North Atlantic treaty (NATO) as it came to the Senate for ratification, and the treaty was not ratified until assurances were given by the Secretary of State that it placed the United States under no obligation to go to war automatically, other than by following the processes required by our domestic law.* (Of course, under our law, the powers of the President are considerable in case of sudden attack.) In order to avoid this point of contention, the Southeast Asia treaty included the language I have quoted, providing that each signatory would act in accordance with its constitutional processes. Whether or not the treaty imposed any sort of obligation on us in Vietnam, therefore, it did not authorize the President to discharge such an obligation on his independent initiative. Rather, the treaty relegated us to the division of powers provided for in the Constitution. And it is, in any event, most improbable that any treaty could override the Constitution of the United States so as to change the allocation of powers among branches of the federal government.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON relied heavily on the Tonkin Gulf resolution of August 1964 as a source of authority, although the Nixon administration abandoned it, and Congress repealed it in December 1970. The terms of that resolution are so extraordinarily broad that it can be read to have given away anything and everything. Although the text does express the intention to make the resolution "consonant with the Constitution of the United States" as well as with the Southeast Asia treaty, and although portions of the brief debate that attended passage of the resolution support this intention, other passages in the debate do sound as if Congress had indeed given away anything and everything. Yet the first

* See *"North Atlantic Treaty," Report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate* (81st Congress, 1st Session, 1949); *A Decade of American Foreign Policy, Basic Documents 1941-49*, at 1337 (Doc. No. 123, Senate Foreign Relations Committee, 81st Congress, 1st Session, 1950).

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wisdom in the construction of statutes, the first lesson in the uses of legislative history, is that the intent of the legislature is to be understood against the background of facts and circumstances to which the legislature was addressing itself. Congress addressed itself to the relatively trivial Tonkin Gulf incident—if there was a Tonkin Gulf incident—and intended to approve, if it intended anything, a reaction commensurate with that incident and incidents of that sort. If the resolution is read to have done more, the question arises whether it is within the power of Congress to give prospective approval to actions that would not, without such approval, conform to the Constitution.

In other contexts, the Supreme Court has held that Congress has no power to give away its power by delegating it to the President without standards, for use in the future in indefinite circumstances. And the doctrine that delegation without standards is unconstitutional is no mere technical teaching. It is concerned with the sources of policy, with the crucial joinder between power and broadly based democratic responsibility, bestowed and discharged after the fashion of representative government. Delegation without standards short-circuits the lines of responsibility that make the political process meaningful.

United States v. *Curtiss-Wright Corp.** is often cited as indicating a modern development of independent Presidential power, which cuts across, it is said, what would otherwise be the requirements of the doctrine of delegation. The case is a rather eloquent, if not grandiloquent, opinion by a Justice (Sutherland) whose eloquence was usually reserved for decisions constricting rather than enlarging the power of the federal government. The opinion has, therefore, the impact of the unexpected. But it is really quite a limited holding. Congress had, by joint resolution, authorized the President to prohibit sales of arms and munitions to countries then engaged in a specific armed conflict in the Chaco, whenever the President found that such a prohibition would contribute to the re-establishment of peace between those countries. The President used this authority, and the joint resolution was attacked as an instance of excessive delegation. The Court assumed without deciding that the delegation would have been excessive if applicable to internal affairs, and then upheld it anyway on the ground that in foreign affairs the rules were different. But the assumption about domestic affairs was probably not valid even at the time. Little more was delegated to the President than the power to establish a necessary factual condition precedent. The joint resolution closely defined what the President was to do, namely stay out of war, not get into it, and where he was to do it—a far cry from the Tonkin Gulf resolution. This was hardly a vast delegation, and this was all the Court upheld.

The Tonkin Gulf resolution, it must be realized, was proposed and enacted by men who readily accepted an expansive view of independent Presidential power, or at least did not care to challenge it, even though many were later surprised to find just how expansive a view of Presidential power could be taken and acted upon. The resolution makes use of the treaty, therefore, to produce the studied ambiguity suitable to a document which is not intended to resolve a prickly issue. We will, says the treaty, act "in accordance with our constitutional processes." Then comes the resolution. Let the President act as necessary, it says, in accordance with our treaty commitment (which calls for constitutional processes), and consonantly with the Constitution. We are left, and were meant to be left, in a circle.

The Tonkin Gulf resolution was put forward and passed because it had come to be the fashion since Korea to associate Congress and the President in a show of unity. But everyone vaguely assumed that if the President wanted to, he could act on his own anyway, and that in any event he was being authorized to act only insofar as under the Constitution he was authorized to act. Hence it was in the national interest to grant him a show of support. When a President proposed a resolution such as Tonkin Gulf, he made no concession of power to Congress. He made a concession to appearances, chiefly for external ears and eyes. It seemed not to matter, therefore, just precisely what the supposed treaty obligation meant, or just precisely what Congress was prospectively approving. The responsibility for action was the President's. His was the will. Congress was a witness, little more. This attitude also explains repeated appropriations of money by Congress to support the President's war. Far from ratifying anything, Congress, at least in part, appropriated and continues to appropriate under the misapprehension that it is in principle obliged to extend general support, even if free to make its own judgments on questions of detail, and that in any event it is assuming no general responsibility by extending support.

It is asserted also in defense of independent Presidential action that Congress is authorized by the Constitution only to declare war, and in modern circumstances, that is, after all, often not what is wanted. A declaration of war may be too much, and since too much is all that Congress has authority to do, it must be for the President to do anything less, which in present world conditions is generally what is required. The argument is altogether fallacious. There may actually be some sort of difference between the war we have waged in Vietnam and a war that Congress might have declared, although the difference, if any, is metaphysical. But there is utterly no reason to think

* 299 U.S. 304 (1936).

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that Congress has only the megapower to declare war in the exact terms of the constitutional clause that authorizes declarations of war, and no minior intermediate power to commit the country to something less than a declared war. Congress, as I have emphasized, has the power to do anything that is necessary and proper to carry out the functions conferred upon it, and upon any other department or officer of the government. If in the conditions of our day it is necessary to carry out the power to declare war by taking measures short of a declaration of war, everything in the scheme of government set up by the Constitution indicates that Congress has the needed authority.*

The strongest and most searching argument in support of the constitutional power of the President to do what President Johnson did in 1965 relies essentially on the idea of organic constitutional growth. Granted that President Johnson carried the practice of a century forward, granted even that he extended it by some additional degrees; but usage, gradual changes by successive degrees to a point where a change in kind may be perceived—these, it is said, have been the life of the American Constitution. "Our Constitution," Justice Brandeis once wrote, "is not a straitjacket. It is a living organism. As such it is capable of growth—of expansion and of adaptation to new conditions."

Now, Brandeis was talking about the growth of the great open-ended provisions of the Constitution—chiefly the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment—which were intentionally framed in general terms, precisely so as to leave open the possibility of their evolution over time, in light of new conditions. Constitutionalism also implies, however, the stability of structural arrangements, the binding nature of the rules of the game, which may be changed only by express amendment. We would not think, for example, that we could change the length of the President's term, as fixed in the Constitution, or abolish the electoral college, otherwise than by reaching a new consensus through the difficult amendment process, and writing new provisions into the Constitution. To be sure, the allocation of the war-power is more subject to interpretation and evolution than the length of the President's term. But if the Constitution is a living organism, it grows and adapts itself without losing its essential shape. It does not undergo radical mutations, except by the process of amendment. Thus the function of the electoral college has changed very considerably from the original conception of it, but the college has retained its shape. There is a crucial difference, therefore, between extending the President's war-making power by another degree, and leaping over the brink to a change in kind, to an explicit, notorious, inexpiable alteration of the original structure.

BE THAT as it may, it is useful to ask, as the argument about growth in the constitutional organism bids us ask, putting aside the constitutional text and its history, whether the change in the division of war-making power between President and Congress, resulting in what is at the least a marked imbalance in favor of the President, has been an element of beneficial growth in the Constitution, a necessary consequence of changes in the world about us, and justified by them. If this is the question, it obviously makes a difference whether one thinks that the Indochina war has been a moral and practical disaster or whether it has been a noble effort on our part in the service of peace and freedom, which we will rue not carrying to a successful conclusion. It is no accident that the constitutional issue has drawn so much lively interest these past few years. Nothing so enlightens us on the rights and wrongs of institutional arrangements as the wrong practical and moral results of an institutional arrangement.

There is very little left to say about this war, but the juxtaposition of an item from the New York *Times*, datelined Saigon, May 12, 1972, and a passage from Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* may perhaps be added. The *Times* item reports that an American "naval task group including the heavy cruiser *Newport News* and four other ships continued to bombard North Vietnamese coastal defense sites and other unspecified targets on spits of land a few miles from Haiphong, which is 60 miles southeast of Hanoi." In *Heart of Darkness*, Marlow is steaming along the African coast. Occasionally a boatful of natives comes from the shore, and gives Marlow "a momentary contact with reality." The natives "wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at." Marlow would have a sense of the real world, but the feeling would not last long:

> Something would turn up to scare it away. Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on thereabouts. . . . In the empty immensity of earth, sky, and water, there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop, would go one of the six-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives —he called them enemies!—hidden out of sight somewhere.

*For a treatment of the issues discussed so far in this article which reaches conclusions similar to the ones here stated, see, Note, "Congress, the President, and the Power to Commit Forces to Combat," 81 *Harvard Law Review* 1771 (1968).

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There you have it. We fire into a continent. But ours has been no conventional imperialist war; wrong and morally wrong in its conduct and consequences, it was nevertheless not evil in intent or origin. What propelled us into this war was a corruption of the generous, idealistic, liberal impulse which, together with a sense of legitimate self-interest, informed and sustained this country's foreign policy through the Second World War, and in the years after. I use the word corruption not to connote evil, but merely decay. Our self-interest began to be invoked mechanically rather than realistically, and the altruistic impulse decayed into self-assurance and self-righteousness; it became, as generosity and idealism assuredly can, oppressive, and in the end cruel. Liberal, generous ideology often decays in this fashion, as does religious ideology. Of course, such ideologies sometimes draw to themselves authoritarian and otherwise morally deficient personalities. But the seeds of decay are within the ideologies themselves, in their pretensions to universality, in their overconfident assaults on the variety and unruliness of the human condition, in the intellectual and emotional imperialism of concepts like freedom, equality, even peace.

The war has been wrong, too, for another reason, which is of particular interest from an institutional point of view. A democracy cannot well —as witness the earlier examples of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War—and should not wage a war which a substantial and intense body of opinion, whether amounting to 35 or 45 or 51 per cent of the electorate, resolutely opposes on both political and moral grounds. Even autocracies cannot effectively wage wars in such circumstances. Of course the Constitution provides for no special majority, two-thirds or the like, and certainly not for any kind of referendum, before the country can go to war. Congress may declare war by the narrowest of majorities, and no individual is legally—though he may well be morally —entitled to nullify application to himself of a declaration of war because he disagrees with it, any more than he can refuse to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's when it comes to other disagreeable laws passed by narrow divisions. This is not a question of law but of law-formation, and of the forbearance and continence of those who govern, without which law cannot be effective, or on some occasions just. "It is not," said Edmund Burke to the government of King George III in his second speech on conciliation with America, "what a lawyer tells me I *may* do; but what humanity, reason, and justice tell me I ought to do." The fact is that no measures of pervasive application can or should rest on narrow majorities. These are the limits of effective legal action, and they bear with particular force on the making of war.

The double error of this war is a product in good part of the imbalance we have permitted in the division of war-making power between the President and the Congress. The President represents a distinct constituency and thus ought properly to speak with an independent voice and to have considerable leverage. But the President is a single official, in many ways a distant and regal personage. The discipline of the democratic process plays on him only grossly, at wholesale. He commands attention and he communicates with greater impact than any other institution of government, but he is not equally communicated with. His policy-making process is necessarily private, almost like that of a court. The large results become known, and on these he can be judged and held to account. But the process by which he reaches them is seldom open to much scrutiny, and consequently little open to influence.

Congress, on the other hand, is institutionalized communication, access. Congress reflects in its very membership varieties of views, and represents most groupings of opinion, to each of which it parcels out a share of power, at least negative power. It is subject, therefore, to being disabled by a minority of its membership from deciding too much, too soon, or even at all.

The Presidency can speak for an existing broad consensus, and its genius is action. But its antennae are blunt, and it can mistake silence for consensus. Its errors are active ones, like the Indochina war—sins of commission. The genius of Congress lies precisely in its antennae, in its differentiated sensitivity. Its errors generally are those of irresolution, sins of omission. We should have learned the good conservative lesson that, in governments at any rate, these are, by and large, the less grave sins.

If we have permitted a serious imbalance to arise between President and Congress, which is bad for the country and reduces the capability of our government to devise, and to implement effectively, policies that serve the national interest, then what is to be done? The imbalance is not only bad in practice and wrong in theory. It also runs counter to the constitutional text and to its history. Does it not follow that the Supreme Court, which has more than once been asked to declare the Indochina war unconstitutional, should do so?

For my part, I think the Court has been wise to exercise its discretion so as to avoid passing on the constitutionality of the war. If the Court were to hold the war unconstitutional, the effect would not be to cause Congress to spring into action, but rather to make it less likely than otherwise that Congress will assume its responsibility, now and in future. There would be sighs of relief on Capitol Hill to have had the responsibility taken off Congress's shoulders, and in future, likely as not, Congress would continue to tolerate Presidential initiatives and wait for the Supreme Court to hold them unconstitutional.

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This is speculative, and infected no doubt by a general bias in favor of political rather than judicial government. But there is another aspect of the problem. The Court cannot declare the war unconstitutional and then do nothing about it. That would deny its nature as a court of law, sitting to decide cases and see controversies to their resolution. And it is on its nature as such an institution of law that the Court's whole claim to authority rests. The Court cannot well forbid—as it has been asked to do—the sending of some soldiers or sailors to Vietnam, while allowing those already there to remain indefinitely. It cannot well declare the war unconstitutional and then fail to respond to a further suit asking it to direct the President's agents to stop the war. The Court, rather, would inevitably be drawn into directing and supervising the conclusion of the war, just as it has directed and supervised the desegregation of the public schools in the South, and the reapportionment of state legislatures and of the federal House of Representatives. We would thus match the wrong way of getting out of a war to the wrong way of having got into it.

The answer lies with Congress. Whatever aggrandizement of Presidential power we have witnessed, the practice of recent decades or of a century cannot have worked a reduction of the residual legislative power of Congress, if Congress should but exercise it. The power of Congress may have lain in disuse, but it is still as legitimate as the day it was conferred. From this power flows the duty to act. Congress should prescribe the mission of our troops in the field in accordance with a foreign and war policy of the United States which it is for Congress to set when it chooses to do so. And Congress should equally review and settle upon an appropriate foreign policy elsewhere than in Vietnam, and reorder the deployment of our forces accordingly. It should finally, by statute, as in the Javits-Spong bill which the Senate has passed, reassert its own general authority in matters of war and peace and redefine the President's.

THE United States remains a world power, and the world remains nuclear and uneasy. The Russians and the Chinese have not yet lain down with the lamb. Hence the United States must retain credible capability to act in a crisis. And while American power has, no doubt, been spread too thin, and mutual security treaties have proliferated beyond the likely limits of credibility, it does remain true that our security and the peace of the world still rest in some measure on international commitments undertaken by the United States. If we redefine Presidential power, will we in effect be dismantling all that we have built in the world, by declaring that the United States could not lawfully react with the adequately speedy use of force in a crisis?

The President has and will in all circumstances retain, because it is vested in him by the Constitution, great power to react independently to the threat of attack on our territory or our forces. Congress, in turn, if called upon to act, can do so very quickly indeed. All that is enough. No one should ever have reasonably assumed, and well-advised allies have not assumed—the late Charles de Gaulle for one never did—that the United States would go to war automatically, simply in pursuance of supposed treaty or like commitments, contrary to our constitutional arrangements. Neither NATO nor SEATO can have been so understood. And no one should wish it so now, for now it is known how ill we serve the world as well as ourselves when we venture beyond constitutional legality.

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Portrait of a Soviet Zionist

Judd L. Teller

IN VIRTUALLY every planeload of Soviet Jews that lands at Lydda airport these days there is at least a handful of really hard-core Zionist militants, whose burning enthusiasm for their new homeland recalls the pristine ardor of another day—a long-ago time when a young Golda Meir was first learning to till the soil at Merhavia, and when David Ben-Gurion, secretary of a frail new social organism called Histadrut, reputedly slept on a cot in his office because he could not afford private lodgings. The ideological passion displayed by these Soviet Zionists must be particularly rattling to the Israeli officials who process them from the moment of their arrival—from airport to immigration center, from immigration center to Ulpan, from Ulpan to housing, from housing to job. For these bureaucrats are members of Israel's lower-middle class, the one hardest hit by rising taxes and spiralling prices, and the glow of their Zionist enthusiasm died long ago under the ashes of their domestic vexations. The fervor of the new immigrants can be upsetting to Jews from affluent Western countries as well; at the recent World Zionist Congress in Jerusalem, a group of new Soviet immigrants disconcerted the delegates from the West by asking, with unnerving candor, why they had not yet settled in Israel. "We have taken great risks for *aliyah*; you are free to emigrate—why don't you?"

Indeed, the Soviet Zionist militants have vexed even Golda Meir. True, she dances the *hora* at their weddings, and her eyes moisten shamelessly whenever she is invited to give the bride away. Yet her heart must be heavy with misgivings, if not quite grief, because, in the succinct phraseology of an Israeli newspaper, "they love Golda, but they do not love Avodah [her party]." Far from aligning themselves with the progressives or even the moderates in Israel's political system, many of the new arrivals have joined Menahem Begin's right-wing Herut party; others, in fact some of the most prominent, have gone so far as to endorse the Jewish Defense League's methods for publicizing the plight of Soviet Jewry.

Who are these Jews and where do they come from?

To begin with, there are the Jews from Soviet Georgia, who should be considered a tribe apart. Having lived in Georgia for over two thousand years, they are to an untrained eye no different from other Georgians. Yet they have always been a tight community of faith, resisting assimilation and awaiting messianic deliverance. Indeed, properly speaking, they are not Zionists at all, but rather messianists—which may account for the difficulties they have had with the resettlement authorities. In the 1960's they were the first to petition the Soviet government for permission to emigrate to Israel, and if their requests had not been granted they would probably have achieved their purpose in some other fashion, for Georgians, Jews and non-Jews alike, are justly celebrated for their resourcefulness. Of all the Soviet nationalities, for example, they alone have succeeded in maintaining a private-enterprise system of their own within the Soviet state economy.

The militant Zionists from the European USSR are of another kind altogether. They may be divided into two general categories: those who come from Russia proper, mainly from Leningrad and Moscow, and those from the territories which the Soviet Union first acquired as a result of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact of 1938 and later reacquired and annexed after World War II. Both categories belong to the Soviet equivalent of our own middle class, being drawn from a rich variety of professions, and including men and women of specialized technological skills who, in Soviet society, rank with professionals. There are no sales personnel or ordinary blue-collar workers among them (if only because workers cannot afford the minimum fee—equivalent to about a thousand dollars—for a Soviet exit permit). Apart from such socioeconomic similarities, however, the two groups are very different.

The Leningrad or Moscow Zionist activist is characteristically an assimilated Soviet Jew, the child or even the grandchild of Jews who were already assimilated themselves. His vocabulary is elitist, his accent is proud Great Russian. He has Christian in-laws, nephews, and nieces; he may

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well have a Christian wife. He had never, till he turned Zionist, witnessed a Seder or any other Jewish ritual, though he participated regularly in Christmas family gatherings. In short, he is the perfect product of a process of assimilation which logic, if not Jewish history, would have judged irreversible.

The Zionist from the annexed territories, on the other hand, comes by his current convictions in a less dramatic fashion. If he is in his forties or older, he probably graduated from a high school in which Hebrew was the language of instruction, and probably belonged to a Zionist youth movement before World War II. If he is younger—in his twenties, say—it is likely that Zionist loyalties and some knowledge of Hebrew were transmitted to him clandestinely by his parents, not because Soviet law forbids a parent to instruct his own children, but because Hebrew is automatically associated in the minds of Soviet officialdom with political disloyalty.

To these differences is added the subtle question of language. The middle-aged Zionist from the annexed territories has, as a professional, full command of Russian; unlike his counterpart in Moscow or Leningrad, however, he probably still speaks with the trace of an accent—whether Polish, Lithuanian, Latvian, Moldavian, etc. In other words, some hint of immigrant status still clings to him.

THE two kinds of Soviet Zionist, then, are quite far apart in background and style—indeed, one of the minor wonders of the current Soviet-Jewish renascence has been the fact that two such disparate kinds of Jews, culturally speaking, should have come to acknowledge a shared identity and a common purpose. Nevertheless, in some ways they belong to a similar type, and occasionally they even prove to be members of the same family group—a unit that in Czarist days may have been fairly close-knit but that had since been dispersed by the vicissitudes of Eastern European history. Rather than talk further in abstractions, I shall attempt to shed light on some aspects of Soviet Zionism by means of an actual, but also representative, case history of just such a type—the story of a scientist whom I shall call Dr. K.

Dr. K. became a Zionist in his early twenties, though his family had never acknowledged its Jewish origin, and had, since the 19th century, lived outside the Pale of Settlement to which the majority of Russian Jewry was confined. For this exemption from the common fate K.'s family was indebted both to venturesome forebears and to the repressive ordinances of Czar Nicholas I. The first of these ordinances was the dreaded conscription decree of 1827, which stipulated that all Jewish males over the age of twelve be called up for military service for a period of twenty-five years. Dragged off into the interior of Russia where their parents could not reach them, these young Jewish boys were placed for the first six years of their service with the families of professional soldiers who worked them like galley-slaves. Nicholas I had hoped by this means to bring about the conscripts' conversion and thus presumably to please God and the Orthodox Church. Perhaps, in a sense, he succeeded, for if few survived their years of servitude, even fewer endured in their faith. K.'s maternal great-grandfather, however, was one of the exceptional few, and upon his discharge, as the Czar had pledged, he was given a document attesting to his right to settle wherever he wished in the imperial domains. He chose the Ural region.

K.'s great-grandfather on his father's side obtained his exemption by less arduous means. Concerned about the hugh stretches of Russia lying waste and unpopulated, Nicholas I in 1835 published an offer of free land to all Jews willing to farm in the sparsely inhabited territories. The offer was rescinded in less than two years, but K.'s great-grandfather had been among the early applicants and brought his family to settle in Siberia.

Thus, on both the maternal and paternal sides, K.'s family had, since the mid-19th century, lived among Christians, and had had almost no contact with Jews—though amazingly enough, there had been no intermarriage in the direct familial line until his own generation. Recalling both sets of his grandparents from visits in his childhood, K. remembered them as being scarcely identifiable as Jews, as having both the speech patterns and the mannerisms of deep provincial Russians. (Later, he learned that his paternal grandfather, whose father had been the child conscript, had made it a practice to attend religious services on High Holy Days, though his wife had not.) K.'s parents, too, both of whom were physicians, restricted their social lives exclusively to Christians, so much so that their son was ten years old before the subject of Jewishness even intruded itself. When it did, the incident was classic: beaten up by classmates for reasons he could not fathom, the boy rushed home to his parents and asked what a "*zhid*" was. A filthy word, he was told, which only rowdies used. Later that year (1953), all the public media were dominated by tales of a nefarious "doctors' plot" against the Kremlin leadership, and the term "*yevrei*" had suddenly become a universal epithet. Knowing his parents carried this designation on their domestic passports, K. asked what the furor was about and was reprimanded for oversensitivity. Within a few weeks, however, his parents had given up their jobs and moved the family back to the Urals, where they obtained employment as pathologists. Only much later did K. learn the reason for this abrupt change: in the year 1953 in the USSR pathologists were less likely to be accused of conspiracy than attending physicians.

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In 1956, K.'s parents returned West and became doctors once more, this time in Leningrad. In the Urals, with its vast multinational labor force, the boy had learned something of the ethnic animosities which tear apart the fraternity of Soviet peoples, and he was thus better able to cope—his parents having, in the meantime, revealed the nature of the disease to him—with the anti-Semitic remarks of his classmates and teachers. In the interests, no doubt, of self-preservation, he made up his mind that anti-Semitism was nothing exceptional, merely another in the galaxy of ethnic prejudices, and he managed to cling to this view even in the face of evidence that Jewish students with good and even excellent grades had been failed in their college-entrance exams, while mediocre non-Jewish students, frequently the dullest in the class, had managed to pass. He himself had been singled out as a budding scientist of unusual promise and hence had no difficulties.

In 1963, following some years of uneasy quiet, the Soviet media once again proclaimed the existence of nefarious schemes to undermine the body politic. This time the villains were not doctors but plant managers, foremen, engineers, and auditors, who stood variously accused of embezzling funds, misappropriating raw materials, and diverting consumer goods to the black market. The "trials of the economic felons," and later their public confessions and the announcement of their death sentences, were broadcast by the hour and carried on the front pages of newspapers throughout the USSR. Almost all the accused bore Jewish names. Now in his late teens, and a student at the university, Dr. K. suffered a breakdown. Finding it impossible to discuss the subject with his parents, he turned to some of his fellow students, and was astonished to discover that they were equally distressed. One complained that the trials caused constant quarreling between his Christian mother and his Jewish father. Another was still stunned by the recent discovery that he was Jewish, though his parents had succeeded, after World War II, in purchasing identity papers which listed them as Russian and had even gone so far as to convert—in atheist Russia! —to Lutheranism. Gradually K. and four or five other students who had by now become close friends began to meet on a fairly regular basis, unaware that other small circles were forming at the same time.

For all of them, the main problem at first was a corrosive self-doubt, a tendency to accept the valuation which Soviet culture had set upon them as Jews. Ironically enough, it was probably Soviet propaganda during this period which contributed as much as any other factor to finally persuading them—long before the Six-Day War—to affirm their origins with pride. Preoccupied as the media were with Israel, with her "formidable military power" and her "enormous" financial and communications resources, they inadvertently projected an image of Jewish strength and competence very much at variance with the stereotype of the Jew as petty black marketeer or small-time embezzler. The very apprehension with which a vast power like the Soviet Union seemed to view Israel served in some measure to immunize these young people against that tendency to self-hatred whose traces are evident even in classical Zionist literature and which had crippled the Jewish youth of preceding generations.

In any event, K. and his friends soon discovered the radio broadcasts emanating from Israel of *Kol Tzion La-Golah*, and began using snatches of its Hebrew songs as a kind of underground password to like-minded brethren. The next step was to learn Hebrew. Since he dared not inquire about textbooks at the public libraries, K. went rummaging among the stalls of secondhand book stores, where he eventually discovered a Hebrew grammar published in the 1880's in Italian. The group knew Latin, so they expected no trouble with the Italian part—but who would teach them the Hebrew characters?

At this point an appealingly waiflike young girl who had attached herself to K.'s circle, claiming to be Jewish, though she was not, came up with a suggestion. A neighbor of hers whom she described mysteriously as "a Semitic scholar" might possibly be willing to teach them all Hebrew. The neighbor turned out to be an elderly Hebraist who had burned his precious Hebrew books in a state of considerable apprehension. His trust in the young girl, however—who would later become K.'s wife—overrode his fears and the old man was soon embarked on the project of composing a new Hebrew grammar for his study circle. Unfortunately he died before his task could be completed, but not before having taught the group the Hebrew alphabet as well as some rudiments of grammar. Needless to say, he carried out his pedagogic duties in a state of muttering wonderment—"Who would have believed after all these years that Russian boys and girls would again be learning Hebrew?"

By this time, a process was underway which seemed to gather momentum of its own accord. Other contacts followed almost automatically. At some point K. happened to attend a scientific seminar which was addressed by a speaker who was about the same age as K.'s father. Something about the lecturer's name and his Lithuanian accent seemed familiar, and K. soon found himself confiding in a man who had served with his father in a partisan detachment during World War II. Perhaps because the doctor spoke with utter frankness about his difficult experiences as a Jew in both the Red Army and the partisan units, K. felt safe enough to reveal the existence of his group, and even to ask the doctor's help in finding a Hebrew textbook as well as a fairly recent history of the Jews. (Lithuania, where the doctor

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lived, had after all once been a center of Jewish scholarship.) The older man promised his assistance whereupon both fell silent in the fear that they had confided too freely in one another.

In the course of the next few months, K. had a number of surprise visits from students passing through Leningrad. They carried regards from the "old man," and he understood that he was being discreetly looked over. Not long after, a visitor brought him two long-awaited gifts—a copy of *Eleph Millim* ("One Thousand Words"), the elementary Hebrew textbook which has become a kind of handbook of the Soviet-Jewish militants, and a collection of the essays of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the militant Zionist leader who in the mid-30's broke with the World Zionist Organization and founded the right-wing Revisionist movement, which later evolved into the Herut party, headed in present-day Israel by Menahem Begin. Jabotinsky's Russian was superb, and his trenchant analysis of the dilemma of Russian Jewry, written in the early 1900's, seemed, to K. and his friends, perfectly applicable to their own situation sixty years later.

In all the major cities of the USSR during this period there were no doubt many such circles, studying *Eleph Millim,* listening to *Kol Tzion La-Golah,* and devouring the essays of Jabotinsky —one reason perhaps for the number of newly-arrived Soviet Jews who are attracted by Herut and its super-nationalist position. Then came the war of June 1967 with its six days of waiting, followed by the incredible news of Israel's triumph. At first, as K. tells it, he and his friends walked about as if in a dream while their Gentile classmates—even those who had been deliberately discourteous in the past—congratulated the Jews "on your Israeli pals." The Soviet Communist party, perturbed, rushed its lecturers, commentators, and journalistic pundits to the hustings in the first wave of a defamatory campaign which has persisted now for more than five years without letup, aimed not only against Israel, but also against the religion, customs, and culture of the Jews.

To this public humiliation K.'s parents responded as usual by total withdrawal, warning him that unless he ceased what they called "this monstrous Zionist version of Russian roulette," he would have to leave their home. In due course, he did so, at a point which coincided with the beginning of the mass petitions for emigration to Israel. This movement, as has since been learned, despite its appearance of structure, developed in an entirely spontaneous way. Each small circle of Zionists had the addresses of a few trusted friends and acquaintances. K., for example, had his friend in Lithuania; another member of the group had met Jews in Georgia and Bukhara while on a professional visit there. Everywhere, Jews were suddenly communicating, after long silence, with other Jews. K. explains it this way: "We Russians, Jews included, have an Oedipus complex about our country. We speak tenderly, lovingly, caressingly of *Matushka Rossiya,* Mother Russia, but she has now revealed herself to us as a cruel stepmother. She first used us, then disavowed us. Zionism turned us to our real mother. . . ." This statement calls to mind the words of Justice Brandeis on the advent of Hitler's power in Germany. "The Jews," he said, "must leave Germany. There is no other way. They were treated with disrespect." In one sense, Soviet Zionism can be understood as a response to Moscow's disrespect.

At this juncture a figure enters K.'s story who has become something of an archetype in the current Russian-Jewish awakening—a kind of ancient mariner who against all odds has survived the shipwrecked Soviet Zionist movement of the 1920's. Every major city in the European USSR must contain at least one of these men, as near to being indestructible as a human being can be, having endured torture, imprisonment, slave labor, a starvation diet, and total medical neglect. The Zionist veteran befriended by K.'s circle—and later adopted by them as a resident guru—had only recently returned to Leningrad after decades of imprisonment in the Arctic region. A skeleton of a man, he looked aged beyond his years, yet there was a sprightliness in his walk and an astonishing innocence about his gaze as he held them spellbound with his tales of Zionist resistance in the 1920's, for chiefly his function was to bear witness to a part of history which the Soviet authorities had declared nonexistent.

He had been a member of Hechalutz, the rebel Zionist youth movement which, rejecting parental bourgeois values, advocated "Jewish statehood on socialist foundations," and trained its members in farming and other occupations that would prepare them for life on the kibbutz. Perhaps because of its socialist ideology, Hechalutz had been permitted to function even after all other Zionist organizations were outlawed. But even when technically legal, its existence was precarious, with its offices constantly being raided, and its members subjected to arrest, imprisonment, and banishment. Finally the organization was forced underground, where it remained alive until 1935, the year of Stalin's great purges, when even clandestine existence became impossible.

But though doomed, Hechalutz had not gone down without a struggle. Speaking of these long-ago days, the old man could still muster a grin of pleasure as he recalled the various stratagems whereby he and his youthful comrades had outwitted their oppressors: how they had guarded against infiltration by the ubiquitous police informers, how they had secretly arranged with newsboys hawking *Pravda* on the streets to insert Zionist circulars among its pages, how they had turned up at anti-Zionist show trials (disguised as

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conspiracy trials) dressed in their Red Army uniforms emblazoned with medals for heroism in the Civil War, so that the authorities had been forced to switch to in-camera proceedings. Of all these small, quixotic victories none, however, afforded the old Zionist more pleasure than the thought that Hechalutz had managed to outlast —by a full five years—one of its chief tormentors, the notorious Yevseksia, the Yiddish-language section of the Communist party, which was dissolved by government decree in 1930. In his view, this particular agency had been the chief instrument in the harassment of the Zionists—its fingermen, its interrogators, its prosecutors, and sometimes also its judges. How ironic that Yevseksia's own leaders should then have perished themselves—executed in the late 30's on grounds of "anti-state conspiracies."

Chiefly, however, the old man was less bitter than sorrowful, less the avenger than the witness —to a record which had been erased from all history books, and from all living memories, it sometimes seemed, except his own. Who among his hearers, for example, had ever known that Soviet authorities in the 30's had arrested young boys and girls for Zionist activities and that a number of these, fearing that they might break down under questioning, had committed suicide? Who, for that matter, had ever heard of Shmuel Schneurson, the leader of the Hechalutz underground who went abroad to solicit aid and returned—despite the direst warnings—to Russia, where he was later executed? Or of Mother Margolin, the matriarch of the Zionist underground who raised money for Jewish prisoners and their families, and whose daughter's flat in the center of Moscow served as the nerve center of Zionist communications, where a number of escapes to Palestine were planned and later executed via the long land route across Asia?

Frequently, the old man's ruminations turned on the differences between the Jewish situation in his own time and that of his listeners. Always he maintained that Russian Jewry in the 20's—in contrast to the present situation—had been virtually abandoned by world Jewry. Where were the Jews of the world, for example, in 1923, when Ben-Gurion came to Russia from Palestine and urged concerted worldwide support for the struggling Labor Zionist movement? Where were the Jews of America in the early 30's, for another thing, when a million Russian Jews were on the verge of starvation, and funds that had been raised abroad in their behalf were being consistently misused and even—rumor had it—diverted to the coffers of Yevseksia? The present generation, at least, he would reassure his listeners, did not have this betrayal to contend with. On the other hand, they also lacked those "friends in high places" who, in the earlier period, had afforded a ray of hope: Maxim Gorki, Chaliapin, the poet Mayakovsky —all of whom could be counted on to intercede, when intercession was still possible, on behalf of Russian Jewry; Lunacharsky, the minister of culture, who supported Jewish culture and frequently countermanded administrative orders to ban some Jewish cultural enterprise; above all, the sainted Yekaterina Pavlovna Peshkova, Gorki's first wife, who on her own initiative had undertaken to become a kind of ministering angel to Jewish political prisoners—visiting them in jail, keeping in touch with their families, and involving herself in their passionate ideological concerns.

If these tales of the not-so-distant past seemed like ancient legends to his young listeners, never did the old man seem so remote or so exotic as when he lapsed into outdated ideological passions. "Our purpose," he would shout, "was to lift the Jewish people from the moral depravity into which it had sunk on account of the demeaning occupations forced upon it by Christian society! We set ourselves the goal of repairing the crippled Jewish psyche by turning the Jew back to the soil—the one regenerative occupation! Heed my words, children: when you arrive in Israel—as arrive you will—give up your studies and your professions and go back to the soil!"

THAT ancient Zionist mariner, of course, was speaking out of another time, light years away, the era of Tolstoyan asceticism and of the seriously held belief that men could be turned away from urbanization and back to the bucolic life. This was the period, one must recall, when the overwhelming majority of Russian Jewry suddenly found itself declassed unto the second generation, denied membership in trade unions, denied housing, denied the right to educate its children—not for reasons of religious prejudice, but rather because the occupations of a majority of the *shtetl* population fell into that category defined by the Revolution as "unproductive, parasitic, and exploitative." As an ideologue of classical Socialist-Zionism this old man did not challenge the Revolution's judgment —he concurred in it; his objection was rather that since the Jews had been forced into their situation, they must not be treated as socially incorrigible.

As a typical member of the *shtetl*-bred, lower-middle-class intelligentsia, characterized by genteel poverty and intense addiction to books, to sophistical argument, and to endless soul-searching, K.'s guru embodied a rich if vanishing Jewish tradition. The members of K.'s circle, on the other hand, were very much of the professional middle class, and quite unashamed of it. The older Zionist, born in an era swept by social revolution, cherished a twofold vision: of a Jewish state, and of the social transformation of the Jewish people on its native soil. The new Soviet Zionist, on the other hand, lives in a time when all the Soviet peoples are, like him, possessed by nation-

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alist passions and chafing at the bit of Russian control. He has no special social vision—only an overpowering wish to live among his own people in their own country. Which is not to say that these two disparate generations of Soviet Zionists are not indissolubly linked—if only by the common experience of persecution, interrogation, torture, prison, and labor camp.

As FOR K. himself, he has now settled in Israel, and has been fortunate enough to find a position commensurate with his training and abilities. The edge has gone from his bright enthusiasm, but all in all he feels thoroughly at home in Israel. This is hardly to say that his adjustment has been perfectly without difficulty. As has been copiously documented in a spate of recent articles on the subject, the sudden influx of Russian Jews has itself generated numerous tensions in Israeli society. Inevitably, the immigrants have experienced a certain sense of anti-climax as the euphoria of a mythic homecoming has been dissipated in the complicated tangle of procedures necessary to provide housing and jobs, and otherwise to facilitate their absorption into the ongoing life of the country. Yet Israel's whole existence, one might say, has been characterized by precisely such abrupt shifts between the exalted and the humdrum, and Israeli society has proved itself remarkably adept at weathering them. Given a modicum of patience and goodwill on both sides—a bit more realism on the part of the Soviet Zionists, perhaps, and a bit more Zionism on the part of the Israeli realists—one imagines that the current ingathering will prove no more troublesome than have those of the past.

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O Pioneers!

Reflections on the Whole Earth People

Sonya Rudikoff

"LIFE styles for sale," announces the B. Altman advertisement. What can they possibly be selling? It is new furniture, drapes, pillows, a whole new decor for the living room! Meanwhile, the spirit of Max Weber shudders and shifts uneasily: surely, a *life style*, the identifiable, specific, discrete aspect of someone's existence in the world would seem to be precisely what is *not* for sale. Turn the pages of the newspaper and there are more of these invitations—"The look is *you*!" asserts another advertisement, or "Become what you are!" or "Do your own thing!" meaning exactly the opposite. The phrases and tags borrowed from a vocabulary of self-realization show uncanny possibilities for expressing the commercial culture even in its most hidden intentions.

It was a gossip and fashion columnist, Eugenia Sheppard, who remarked of 1970 that it was the year when clothes became costumes and costumes became clothes. All sorts of people suddenly appeared as other than they were: stockbrokers dressed as if for African safari; sociologists came as greasers, motorcycle drop-outs; English professors looked like stevedores; businessmen like circus trainers; accountants like Jesse James; grandmothers were in pants suits, young girls in granny dresses. Others came disguised as farmers, housepainters, telephone linesmen, American Indians, Gypsies, Pancho Villa gunmen, or people from old photographs. Who was giving the masquerade, where was the costume party? Even now, in 1972, when the party is supposed to be over, it is astonishing to see so many people still dressing up. The visible trappings of what is called "the new life style" can be purchased easily anywhere, not just at small hard-to-reach shops, but *tout ensemble*, at Macy's, Korvette's, Sears. Mass taste, too, and opinions, and life choices are all produced, packaged, distributed, displayed, and consumed in the same manner. Almost every detail of spontaneity, of improvisation, experience, or pleasure can be found, obtained, purchased, even the new consciousness reached by drugs. Thus, the "new life style" which began as a protest against a mechanical and commercial society has itself been victimized by the very process it arose to combat.

Here is a book called *Living on the Earth*[1] which, the title page alerts us, contains "celebrations, storm warnings, formulas, recipes, rumors, & country dances harvested by alicia bay laurel." It is a large paperback, not printed in ordinary type, but in "handwriting," with line drawings of the sophisticated, simple sort. This handbook was originally published by Bookworks, of Berkeley, California, and then later by Vintage, a division of Random House, which, we know, is part of a gigantic conglomerate. The author intends her book for "people who would rather chop wood than work behind a desk so they can pay P.G. & E. [Pacific Gas and Electric]," and announces that "bay laurel" is her favorite tree rather than her parents' surname. She thanks her friends at Wheeler Ranch (a California commune) for "making this book grow." The book, not divided into chapters, is a compendium of the new ingenuity in facing nature and living simply. In it one can learn how to make a tent, how to use army surplus, how to make soap, how to go backpacking, how to get rid of flies, how to wrap a sari, make sandals out of old tires, how to tan leather, how to build an outhouse, make candles, baskets, toys, wine, herbal teas, musical instruments; how to tune guitars for "ragas and other music out of the Western structure," how to smoke fish, bake bread, eat natural foods, do first aid, cure diarrhea, toothaches, colds, nervousness, insomnia, or impotence with herbal medicine; how to do Tibetan eye exercises, deliver your own baby, or cremate someone in the forest. Of course, the *I Ching*, Hatha Yoga, and the mantras are recommended, and the book ends with a list of places where readers can buy natural foods, backpacking equipment, books on Montessori schools, and "magic" books such as Tolkien, Exupéry, the Oz books.

Despite the exotic aura, much of the information is obvious and easily found in campcraft or Boy Scout manuals, or "straight" books like *The*

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[1] By Alicia Bay Laurel, Random House, 193 pp., $3.95.

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Joy of Cooking, and some of it is inaccurate—e.g., how to remove ticks, how to sew—and most of it is useless to anyone who doesn't wish to live at a subsistence level or who has devised another form of self-realization. There is a deliberate effort to ignore a whole section of recent history, to pretend to be as pioneers again, without knowledge of or access to the Industrial Revolution, although the using of army surplus is something to be watched, as is the willingness to scrounge for used garbage cans, old plastic, and tires. The desire of course is to return to a simpler, ostensibly more genuine life, when there was less dependence on mechanical inventions, more ingenuity, resourcefulness born of scarcity, and more relatedness. The simple air of delight over learning that laundry can be done by hand, electricity is not essential, you can make things yourself, you don't have to buy everything and be dependent on a corrupt economy—this is the book's contribution, its own special discovery.

Much of the advice in this book recalls the fascination of Mabel Dodge Luhan when D. H. Lawrence taught her how to scrub a floor on hands and knees. Physical labor is unfamiliar and unknown nowadays not because servants have done it but because machines have done it, and, furthermore, even the tasks have been rearranged or eliminated. Someone who has always had cake from a bakery will not know what a Dover egg-beater is or why its cogs must not be put in water; someone who has grown up with detergents will not know how to clean copper with lemon and salt. Even if people have always known about compost and ladybugs and the insect-repellent powers of certain herbs, those who have grown up in supermarkets will not know. But, for redemption, must everyone repeat every facet of history, the division of labor, the story of the small family farm, the story of industrialization? Does knowledge absolutely defy transmission?

The Whole Earth Catalog[2] would seem to argue the contrary. This famous bible of the hip apostles, of the communitarian movement, of all sorts of dissidents, was dedicated to the transmission of knowledge, but it has ceased publication after a *succès fou* of four years, nearly a million copies distributed (by Random House), and just recently, the National Book Award. Indeed, its success was so wild, like that of the counterculture itself, that Stewart Brand could no longer continue editing it. Fame spoiled everything! It seems incredible—only four years since this oversized "catalog" appeared, with its subtitle "access to tools" and its curious cranky attitude toward knowledge. He was in a plane, Brand tells us, coming from his father's funeral, when the idea came to him for a catalogue which would tell where to find and learn everything without forfeiting freedom. It was to be

> an evaluation and access device. With it, the user should know better what is worth getting and where and how to do the getting. An item is listed in the CATALOG if it is deemed 1) Useful as a tool, 2) Relevant to independent education, 3) High quality or low cost, 4) Easily available by mail. . . .
>
> We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory—as via government, big business, formal education, church—has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate personal power is developing—power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG.

Although the intention stated is both grandiose and inadequate, the rather different emphasis on "tool" and "evaluation" suggests a more complex grasp of information—and perhaps knowledge. Ostensibly, the reader is supposed to order various objects from addresses printed in the *Catalog*, but actually the successive issues must be read for pleasure, as the Sears, Roebuck catalogues were—and still are—for generations of people remote from the larger centers of population, commerce, and taste. Like the Sears catalogues, these do more than merely picture or describe desirable objects; the total effect is evangelical, conjuring up a way of life; then, perusal of the catalogues can be enough, there's no need to order anything! *The Whole Earth Catalog* also occupies the prominent place of the "old" Bible in devout households of the past; it can be consulted on almost any subject, and it too will yield not merely information on access to tools, as it pretends, but moral instruction, metaphysical statement, parables, and promises of redemption.

EVERYONE knows that *The Whole Earth Catalog* contains information about odd, arcane objects such as a High Lama prayer wheel, Danish earth shoes, Australian wind generators, and so forth, but to leave it there would be not only to misrepresent the *Catalog* but, more important, to misunderstand its enormous range, its usefulness, and its absolutely supreme authority for large numbers of our fellow citizens. Some of the entries under "Shelter" will suggest the ideology of the *Catalog*: there are references and brief idiosyncratic blurbs for books on evolution and design in the plant kingdom, Bernard Rudofsky's *Architecture without Architects*, a book on Antoni Gaudí (the modern baroque Spanish architect), books on Frank Lloyd Wright, on the Japanese house, on cosmic energy, on designing domes; there are

[2] Actually this one is *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, Portola Institute/Random House, 447 pp., $5.00.

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books on Canadian methods of wood-frame house construction, on the owner-built home, on architectural standards, on carpentry, plumbing, heating, on domestic water supplies, sewage disposal, building maintenance, wiring; then photographs of kerosene lamps, wood stoves, hot-water heaters, builders' tools; then books on how to construct a yurt, a tepee, a dome, a fireplace, a log house, an earth house, a cement structure, a stone shelter from local stone, concrete boats; how to develop plastics for housing, tensile structures made of cable, net, membrane, new materials, inflatable structures. And there are drawings, photographs, diagrams, cross-sections, plans, addresses, prices; also, little testimonials, like a letter from someone in Rhode Island about experiences with vinyl cement, a note from California telling where to get free lumber, readers' reports from Maine or Virginia telling how they build out of molasses-based plastic.

What does all of this tell us? And what does it *not* tell? There are implicit indications about the audience for this information, clearly a very astute knowing sort of audience of young educated people who can accommodate thoughts of Frank Lloyd Wright, yurts, and wood stoves, who would like to be skilled in many crafts, who are still choosing "life styles." It is an audience which can be addressed by questions like "Does your way of life need a city? There is the quality of interaction, but what else? do you need the garbage?," or "Far out is fine. Who's minding the store? ☐ I am ☐ Someone else," or directions like "Choose one: ☐ Bang ☐ Whimper." More explicit are some of the innumerable little prose poems scattered throughout the volume:

> *. . . People learn from catalogs*
> *If there was only one way to do a thing,*
> *then there wouldn't be any reason*
> *to choose between this and that;*
> *catalogs are wish books*[3]
> *where you can match*
> *what you want*
> *with*
> *what you need;*
> *catalogs are dictionaries*
> *where you can learn the vocabulary,*
> *talk shop.*

You can learn how to talk about goat husbandry, or domestic sewage systems or dome construction or ecology. There isn't so much the need to *do* it as to be familiar with its vocabulary and its constraints, and to applaud it as a direction for human energy. This is what people seem to mean when they say that they or their friends are "into" something: it means being preoccupied rather than actively engaged, and above all it seems to mean reading about something. This comes as a surprise, perhaps, when we hear so many critics of the counter-culture complain that the younger generation doesn't read. Of course they don't read *The Counterfeiters* or *Ulysses* or *Das Kapital* or *The Theory of the Leisure Class* or *The Fall* or Dante or Shakespeare or Dostoevsky, but there is nevertheless an enormous amount of reading going on. As someone says in one of the gnomic stories scattered throughout the *Catalog*:

> . . . I want *The Owner-Built Home*. I want *House Carpentry*. Simplified. I want *Domebook One*. I want the *Manual of Individual Water Supply Systems*. I want *Direct Use of the Sun's Energy*. I want *Electricity From the Wind*. I want an Ashley stove. I want the *Encyclopedia of Organic Gardening*. I want *Livestock and Poultry Production*. I want *Goat Husbandry*. I want *Human Use of the Earth*. I want *Rural Industry*. I want *Farmers of Forty Centuries*. I want a Corona hand mill. I want *The New Religions*. . . .

O pioneers, indeed! This *mélange adultère de tous* can make one weep, in its American-ness, its rapacious, insatiable undiscriminating desires and its conception of what is important. Where else would an expertise in livestock and poultry be desired together with the rest?

As a guidebook, a thematic dictionary or concordance for "the new life style," the *Catalog* is invaluable. News of the counter-culture, or para-society, comes in frequent bulletins from observers and participants in this life, whether it is lived out in rural communes, or university communities, in urban living groups, in nomadic tribes, or in loose unstructured associations of the like-minded. No longer an underground or secret society, the counter-culture and its "life-style" have pervaded American society, making their existence known to millions and drawing support from many quarters. Seldom have "revolutionary ideas," as they are called, spread with such ease, publicity, and widespread acceptance. Thus, the summaries of beliefs ascribed to communitarians which we find in studies such as those of Ron Roberts[4] or Keith Melville,[5] or in travelers' reports such as that of Robert Houriet,[6] or in the insiders' reports of Stephen Diamond[7] or Raymond Mungo[8]—all published within the last two years—are already faded and familiar by the time they reach us, so complete has the publicity been.

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[3] Interestingly, the Sears Christmas catalogue is always called "the wish book."

[4] *The New Communes: Coming Together in America*, Prentice-Hall, 447 pp., $5.00.

[5] *Communes in the Counter Culture: Origins, Theories, Styles of Life*, Morrow, 256 pp., $7.95.

[6] *Getting Back Together*, Coward-McCann & Geoghegan, 412 pp., $7.95.

[7] *What the Trees Said: Life on a New Age Farm*, Dell 182 pp., $2.95 (paper).

[8] *Total Loss Farm*, Dutton, 181 pp., $5.95.

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Who now can be surprised by the latest news of the importance of human relations, of communication, of simplicity, of immediacy, personal expressiveness, mysticism, liberated sexuality, and drugs? Each of the first-hand reporters must nevertheless experience these things for himself, must record his own reactions to the world of communes and crash pads, cannot accept the word of anyone who has been there before, or the formulations which might be provided by thought or by history. For example, Robert Houriet, in 1968 a night editor on the Camden, New Jersey *Courier-Post*, disturbed by the war and the summer's events in Chicago, and by other related events, felt impelled to begin a personal odyssey which he recounts in *Getting Back Together*. He covered much of the same territory that had been explored by others, and would also be discovered by later travelers. He was earnest, often perceptive, humble, and indefatigable in pursuit of the communal ideal; not unaware of intellectual formulations which might assist in the understanding of this new phenomenon which interested him so much, he appears simply indifferent to them because his own experience counted more. Ron Roberts's book mentions a number of recent observers of the new dissidence and the communal experiments, but he too is rather indifferent to earlier observers, even when they might be useful, like the report of a fellow sociologist, Lewis Yablonsky, in *The Hippie Trip*.[9] The same must be said of Keith Melville, a sometime teacher and Berkeley citizen who consulted many sources for his study of the counter-culture and still prefers his own perceptions. Both Yablonsky's book, and *The Joyful Community*, the far more sophisticated and learned study of the Bruderhof, a Christian commune, by another sociologist, Benjamin Zablocki,[10] might have advanced the subject for the reporters who came after them, but perhaps that suggestion is too cognitive. As a result, each effort simply brings us to the same point.

Thus, according to a "revised standard version" which is presented by each author as his own discovery, the "plastic" society of post-industrial America has provided too much affluence and no opportunity for genuine feeling. The Vietnam war is simply a more visible form of the dominant culture's essential violence and doom. Capitalism, bureaucracy, the political system, mass society all combine to oppress the human, spontaneous, loving, free, creative person. Most people are trapped by the media and the System; they are unable to break out. But, beginning with the civil-rights movement, young people found the courage to challenge the system, to uncover inequality and social repression. The student revolts, the new styles of dress and behavior, draft resistance, the drop-outs, the strikes, all show that there is no future for straight society. Student activism and revolutionary acts failed to change society, however, so young people turned inward to personal change, new states of consciousness, self-realization through drugs, encounter groups, communes. New life styles developed by these pioneers have turned American society on its head, challenging all its values, revealing the lack of genuine community, the alienation, and the bankruptcy of all American social institutions and the breakdown of all social forms.

If it seems beyond belief that such distortions and inaccuracies could be widely accepted as having some congruence with reality, the melancholy fact is that quite a number of people subscribe to all or most of these often contradictory assertions. How many are involved? Exactness is difficult; there has been no reliable census of this new commune population. In 1968 Yablonsky, for example, estimated that there were perhaps 200,000 visible "core" hippies in the United States, and perhaps the same number of part-time, week-end, or summer hippies; add another 100,000 fellow travelers, teeny-boppers, academic friends, and perhaps another 100,000 parents and relatives and others loosely associated, and it all adds up to about a million people. The communitarians are not exactly identical with this group; some hippies do attempt to establish communes, some remain undisturbed in urban centers. Some, in Zablocki's distinction, simply live in crash pads, temporary way-stations, while others attempt communal life because of a wish to be more specifically committed. Houriet estimates that between 1965 and 1970 more than 2,000 communal groups were established. Zablocki would put it closer to 3,000 Communal groups vary in size from about ten to a hundred or more, and of course the population of these groups is highly unstable, with many being counted twice and many not at all, but certainly some 150,000 people must be involved, and probably double that number who visit, send money, are parents or relatives. Although many hippies and many communitarians under seventeen years of age have been reported by observers and initiates, the greatest number are in their early to middle twenties, with a sprinkling of older members. This age group forms a little more than one-tenth of the entire American population, and even a generous estimate of the size of the counter-culture would not go beyond about one-tenth of that; in other words, possibly two-and-a-half to three-million people. It is thus not an insignificant fraction of the population to be considered, although obviously its activities and sentiments have been publicized beyond just proportion and beyond the movement's own power to affect social change.

[9] Western Publishing, 368 pp., $2.45 (paper).
[10] Penguin, 362 pp., $1.95 (paper).

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WHAT is it that these people, in fact, do? The great variety and dispersal of the communes makes it difficult to characterize them. If one is of this age group, disaffected, without vocational choice, one finds others of similar mind and forms a group (Yablonsky prefers to call it a "near-group"); then, a group needs a place, and some outward sign of its intentions. Or one is alone and one looks for an existing group. Some of these are to be found in urban centers, refuges for young people who have cut other ties, or for drop-outs; these are sanctuaries rather than ongoing communities. The actual urban communes may be like the Reba Place Fellowship in Chicago, a group living as primitive Christians in order to take up the cross of the urban poor. Countless communal groups have bought, leased, or appropriated land in Pennsylvania, New Mexico, Vermont, Oregon, Massachusetts, California, Washington, Virginia, Wisconsin, and have set up "families" which live by subsistence farming. Some groups are "revolutionary," some anarchist, some organized on specific Yoga, Buddhist, Sufi, or other principles, some based on sexual reform, some on dietary reform, some on Skinnerian ideas, some on drugs, or encounter theory, or extra-sensory perception. There are women's communes, there are urban workers' collectives in various professions, there are recreations of Indian tribes, there are the Jesus Freaks, the Children of God, the Havurat Shalom. Almost everyone who reports on the new communalism makes some effort to relate it to a background of utopian thought and practice, and to the history of communal experiments in America. Shakers, Mennonites, Rappites, Icarians, Owenites, and others are offered as antecedents; Brook Farm, Amana, Ephrata, Fruitlands, as examples. Ancestors and influences can be thought to stretch from Plato and the Essenes to the Bruderhof and the kibbutzim, with the long history of utopian thought extending a beneficent and protective mantle over the whole undertaking.

The communal movement is opposed to the nuclear family, so it is not surprising that some communities constitute *themselves* as tribes or extended families. One even calls itself The Family.[11] Then there are group or corporate marriages, in which several couples marry each other, or a group of people constitutes itself as "a marriage." The group may live in a city apartment, in a rambling shingle house in Berkeley, in a group of farm buildings or caves, in huts, tepees, domes, or other shelters made by the inhabitants and difficult to categorize. A communal group may simply take over an old or abandoned farm and live there as a new "old farm family," or they may need to match their social invention with architectural design. Quite a large number of communes are based on subsistence farming, although several have developed small crafts or manufacturing, and so they produce candles, hammocks, leather objects, or pottery. The Bruderhof is of course based firmly on its rather substantial manufacture of school furniture—Community Playthings—which gives it a distinctly different economic foundation, but then this communal group really belongs to the history of the German Youth movement and the history of radical Christianity more than it does to the current story of communes.

Some groups survive on welfare and food stamps, or on the incomes of rich members and admirers. Some live on garbage runs. If communal members continue to maintain their jobs, as they do in urban communes or in group marriages, then their salaries enable the commune to survive. Some groups buy land with someone's inheritance and deed it to God, or set up a foundation. Many of course do not survive, even at the most primitive level, in spite of various sources of support. And information about the economic base of these new communes is difficult to gather; the sympathetic travelers like Houriet and Melville are usually too fascinated by the communal rhetoric, or by the contrast between intentions and realities, or entangled in the emotions of the groups, and fail to see their economic foundation. Intoxicated by rhetoric, the visitors are also often intimidated by the widespread communal belief that the "work ethic" and "materialism" are not the important matters of life, that questions relating to them simply indicate bondage to plastic values and are irrelevant. Finally there are the communal groups whose name, personnel, and whereabouts are simply unknown and unrecorded. They shield themselves from publicity, instead of inviting it, they live in wilderness areas, at the end of impassable roads, and no one drops by. When one reads the brief story of Wheeler Ranch, and Morningstar, and a few of the New Mexico communes, which were so inundated by refugees from Haight-Ashbury that they could no longer cope,[12] it is not at all surprising that some communes would put out bulletins announcing, as the Hog Farm did, "Any more people could easily kill us," or warnings such as "Don't come to New Mexico, and if you are already here with nothing to do—leave!"

The places all have names, sometimes deriving from their geographical location, but more often related to the needs and intentions of the founding members. Thus, Morningstar, in California, and its offshoot, Morningstar East, in New Mex-

[11] The story of the Manson "family" inevitably comes to mind, with its perverse progress from ingenuity to crime.

[12] In July 1967, one Saturday evening, three hundred people appeared unexpectedly for dinner. This was on a property of thirty acres, dedicated to "open land," and deeded to God. The Bruderhof, in its early days, had a sign in the kitchen saying, "TEN WERE INVITED AND TWENTY HAVE COME/PUT WATER IN THE SOUP AND BID THEM WELCOME." It is not recorded that they ever had to confront the problem of three hundred.

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ico; the Hog Farm, north of Los Angeles; New Buffalo, in New Mexico, with its Indian aspirations; Lama, Libre, the Reality Construction Company, Drop City, Morning Glory, Greenfeel, Freefolk, the Georgeville Trading Post; Twin Oaks, a Skinner community, Harrad West, a group marriage based on Robert Rimmer's novel, *The Harrad Experiment*,[13] Oz, the New Age Farm, Holiday, the Wooden Shoe (from *sabot* and sabotage), Total Loss Farm (i.e., total loss of self: "no more me, no more you," in Raymond Mungo's words), Cold Mountain Farm, Sunrise Hill, Bryn Athyn ("hill of unity," in Welsh!), New Vrindaban. The name "intentional communities" distinguishes them from groups formed by accident or propinquity or family, professional, or other ties. These communities were founded—as such communities always are—to realize and make manifest certain new or renewed intentions: to be free, to live in harmony with nature, to live in the spirit of love, to escape from the industrial society, to recapture "the world we have lost," in Peter Laslett's phrase, to recapture sensuality and physical life, to live in the here and now, to undo the repression caused by civilization and recover instinctual life, to transcend reason, to worship God, Krishna, Buddha, or another deity, to use drugs to reach a new consciousness revealing primordial unity, to create a new family or tribe, to establish an alternative reality. (Although the names and language come out of a different tradition, we can see a certain resemblance to the impulses of those who call their places Dunrovin, Moneysunk Farm, *Mon Nid*, Shangri-La, *Sans Souci*, Spentalot, *Mon Repos*, Liberty Hall, or *Die Schöne Aussicht*. Or, with similar conviction, New Harmony, Bethel, New Canaan, Mount Lebanon, Economy, Bethlehem, Utopia, Orderville, or Speranza.) The intentions of the new groups are thought to be realizable only in community with others, and even when factions develop, and half the commune leaves for another one, the idea of living and having things in common is the primary one, as it was with the older communities. And each group, no matter how troubled its relationships, would probably assent to the spirit of Acts 4:32-5:

> And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possesses was his own; but they had all things in common. . . . Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.

It is this sense of a spiritual mission and need which so specifically characterizes the intentional communities of our own time too, this inspiration which the 19th century knew, and the Anabaptists and other refugees from the old religious persecutions, as well as the Zionists and their more recent dreams and realities, and the Fourierists, Labadists, and utopians of every sort.

MANY communes begin in complete openness and announce their belief in open land, open hearts, open house; all can be welcome, none can be restricted, no one must "lay his trip" on anyone else, impose his will, make demands, expect consideration, indoctrinate with ideas or ideals, and even children must be allowed exactly the same freedom. Sexual, social, or other codes are no longer in force, everything is held in common, possessive egoistic boundaries are said to disappear. Instead, there is the power of love and discovery. And of course it is fun, not only to wear blue jeans all the time, and work boots, and funny sweaters, and djellabas—everybody in the straight world does that now. But fun to live on granola and soy beans and bulgur wheat and kelp and to get organic grains from Walnut Acres or Deaf Smith County or Erewhon and organically grown raisins and vegetables, and yoghurt and nuts and peanut butter, and to say "Praise the Lord" or mantras. And planning a garden and ordering seeds, and grinding things in an old machine, and having an outhouse and a well and a hand pump, and wooden floors, and no electricity, and chopping your own wood for your own fires. And establishing open relationships with everyone, no ego trips, no sex hang-ups. Fun to live way out in the country, not the chic summer-place country, but out where no one ever comes, where the farms were all abandoned fifty years ago, fun not to have to be anywhere at any special time, to talk all day if you want to and decide everything by consensus, to be free of everyone and let everyone else do what he wants, and to make up rules as you go along and mostly have none at all. And fun to use a hand-saw and a cultivator and a treadle sewing machine from an auction, and to have a baby without a doctor, just the commune to surround you and "om" with you and share in eating the placenta, and to name the baby Alpha, or Sammarah, or Ama Selu, or Shantih, or Bree Tokiti, or Red Pony, and to have the whole commune be the parents.

"What we really have to learn is new ways to relate to each other" is how the communalists often put it, and this seems to mean a relaxation of even the relaxed social and sexual mores of the present, a further lessening of personal obligations and the sense of group responsibility, but interestingly enough not very much new in other kinds of relationships. That is, the reports from the communes do not speak of new forms of friendship among men, or among women, or between men and women, nor of any new or old

[13] Bantam, 312 pp., $1.25 (paper).

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forms of homosexuality. Perhaps the chief new accomplishment of the communes might be the absolutely uniform wish to allow people to do as they wish, no matter how much anguish it creates. Sometimes communalists who are suffering depression, despair, or other disturbances are protected in their right to be this way. Individual idiosyncrasies, unmanageable drug experiences, dysentery, hepatitis, venereal disease, suicide, violent or destructive acts—all are regarded as individual "trips," each with its own inner necessity and not to be interfered with. This, then, is the stage when it's not such fun, nor is it bliss to be alive, and of course it is the stage which has received a great deal of attention. It's not fun to be free of bourgeois rules about meals if there's no food and no one has washed a dish in several days and there are no plans to do so. And if no one cares about how the group is to get some food, if everyone sits around blandly announcing that it doesn't matter, because the drugs they've taken soften their sense of urgency. And if the garden planted in the spring is a failure because although the planting was fun, the hoeing was not, nor was weeding, so there was nothing much to pick when harvest time rolled around. And it's not such fun if some people have put in some money and others have not, and some have taken all they wanted, and others have not, and no one seems to care. And if the owner of the pick-up truck or camper, the commune's only vehicle, decides to "split" and leaves the group out in the middle of Vermont with no means of transportation. And if the first founder, the one with the huge inheritance, who bought the farm, if he decides to give up on this bunch and start all over again on another farm with other people and different rules. And if the enforced openness and nakedness of human relationships have destroyed most of the elementary decency and left everyone even more battered and sore than before. . . .

Houriet chronicled this period in several communes, either living through it with the group, or assembling reports from the battlefield. He and other reporters all want to believe that these hazards of communal life represent individual instances of failure rather than inherent social and structural difficulties. More than fifty years ago, William Hinds, surveying the 18th- and 19th-century utopian communities, observed that those which required an irrevocable financial investment from their members were more successful than those which did not, yet Roberts, Houriet, and Melville never examine this possibility in all their meditations on communal failure. There are quite enough reasons why the contemporary ventures might have a precarious time: the problems of survival, isolation, group structure, lack of leadership, jealousy, drug use, lack of skills and training for farm work or rural life,[14] lack of social skills and experience and knowledge for community life, lack of shared beliefs to reinforce the community, and lack of shared rituals to strengthen that reinforcement. Even a few of these, in crucial combinations, would be troubling to any commune, and even when the members were competent people gifted with skills and experienced in living cooperatively. Then how much more difficult it is when the people involved are young and uncertain and inexperienced, and often fleeing from disturbing situations they cannot understand, not to mention those who might be pathologically disturbed!

The briefest acquaintance with the history of human experience would indicate that communal ventures have been extremely difficult in the past, and that even the most durable of utopian or communal experiments in this country have encountered many of the problems of leadership, structure, personnel, purpose, and economic survival that so plague our contemporary examples. Zablocki's study of the Bruderhof is full of the most sobering discussions of the seriousness of these conflicts and how they can make for disintegration, and even the very bible and guidebook of the communal movement, *The Whole Earth Catalog*, includes many warnings about the dangers and risks of communal experiments, such as the following introduction to the section on Community:

> The Commune Lie
>
> One reason we promote communes is that there's no better place to make all the wishful mistakes, to get your nose rubbed in your fondest fantasies. (Sometimes a mistake works; that's gravy, and an obligation. The CATALOG was a mistake that worked.) Everybody has his own version of the Commune Lie, for example:
>
> We'll let other people take care of us
> We'll let God take care of us.
> Free lunch . . .
> We'll all be honest.
> We'll all be selfless.
> No rules.
> Possessions are bad. Privacy is bad. Money is bad.
> We've got the answer.
> All lovely pitiful lies, and so, surely, is their denial.
> Do you know of any better, more rewarding labyrinth?
> And speculation won't get you around even the first turn. . . .

And yet, in spite of even this sophisticated insider's warning, there must be readers of the *Catalog* who at this very minute are planning to set up a new, better commune! There seems to be some drivenness about the founding of such

[14] John Humphrey Noyes, the famous Oneida founder, warned against reliance on farming and urged new communities to manufacture something. The Oneida community of course produced its silver; it also did very well with an ingenious steel trap.

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groups which makes the accumulated wisdom of the past just irrelevant. People decide to set up a commune, without any knowledge or experience, and think nothing of it; but would they attempt to construct a bicycle or play lacrosse without any previous instruction or knowledge? Talent for communal life is apparently thought of as a creative talent, and artifacts are supposed to issue from the uninstructed imagination, like childrens' poems, without the interference of adults. It is the emotion of beginning, exalted beyond the claims of history, and that is why these intrepid pioneers take to the country determined to farm, but with no knowledge of farming, or setting up communities of freedom and integrity, as if it had never been done before, and wanting all things in common, as if that were simply a matter of desiring it, and living close to nature in a state of voluntary primitivism, as if there never had been any reason at all why people stopped living that way.

ANYONE who is tempted to mock these pathetic and often endearing pioneers as they begin self-realization anew must reflect on the context in which these efforts develop. Apart from the reasons usually given—alienation, technological society, the war—the sheer costliness of the usual possibilities constitutes something of an argument in favor of communal living and other details of the new life style. For example, hitch-hiking has become one of the major forms of transportation for young people; it has also turned into a way of life, and there is a uniform of generally old clothes that is essential. Camping, plain hiking, and backpacking are related to it. Old sneakers, long hair, work clothes are distinguishing and talismanic. Is there *no* connection between these social facts and the disappearance of railroad service, the cost of private cars, of hotel or motel accommodations, the failure of public transportation, the cost of clothing, shoes—the enormous costliness of absolutely everything? Indeed, it must be this factor, as much as permissiveness, which has forced many parents into acceptance or toleration of customs which are often dangerous and undesirable. Children brought up to expect freedom and independence simply devise new customs when the old ones prove impossibly expensive, in the same way that adults do. Should we, perhaps, see the communal development in another light, as a less expensive form of summer camp for a growing population—post-adolescent, post-industrial, post-Christian, and unemployed?

The great cost of all the fixed expenses of an ordinary life resists the ordinary habits of thrift. Taxes, medical care, recreation, public expenses, the cost of governmental operation—these have all reached a level of expenditure and fiscal complexity that defies the capacity to plan or predict. For some years—since 1914 at least—the inflationary movement of these costs has been credited with exacerbating the "decline of the middle class." Economists estimate that price increases in the last fifty years have been greater and happened faster than at any time since the Tudor period. At the same time, salaries of middle-class professions and occupations have increased far less than the wages of other groups in society. Who can be surprised that some young people are unwilling to commit themselves to middle-class professions, occupations, and styles of life when the meaning of such commitments is less clear, as well as less rewarding and more costly? Who can wonder at the low birth-rate, the lowest it has been since the Depression, and not only because of the Pill or easier abortions, when the significance of parenthood has become so unclear, when parental authority is so eroded, and the pleasures so costly? Expectations of middle-class fulfillment have been both stimulated and denied, and its values demythicized, denuded, and vitiated beyond recognition until it appears to be not worth the cost; in consequence, the pioneers have invented something else. The curious amalgam of elements of pre-industrial rural life,[15] with bits of pre-World War II bohemianism, with mystical or evangelical religion, with individualism, self-realization, drugs, sexual "liberation," and participatory democracy, is a brave effort to offset economic and social movements of enormous size and complexity. Perhaps it is done in a doomed hopeless way, and each effort only increases the feeling of despair. That the amalgam of ideas and strategies may bear no relation to these movements and, in fact, might even prepare the pioneers poorly for what lies ahead of them doesn't diminish its strength, or its poignancy.[16]

[15] This is quite different from the 1930's cultivation of crafts, mountain people, folk music, and so forth, a liberal Rooseveltian way of bringing those people into the American dream, not out of it.

[16] If one considers a peripheral aspect of the communal ideology, such as the high valuation placed on the handmade and the homemade, certain difficulties are revealed. "Handmade" is clearly a word of praise now for all sorts of objects. People build their own houses out of local stone or logs, by manual labor—their own or others'—and prefer hand-saws to power saws; all through the back country of Vermont and Virginia, young people are grinding corn and making their own bread, making quilts, crocheting, sewing, hauling, and hewing, and all the other pastimes of Miss Bay Laurel's guidebook. It's not hard to understand these absorptions as a desperate attempt to achieve personal significance in what appear to be new, refreshing ways, linked with a pre-industrial life, a simpler and more self-reliant past, free of oppressive technology, genuine and authentic. How dismaying then to find that even this, the mark of the homemade, the loving-hands-at-home look, is duplicated and mass produced as soon as some enterprising person finds out about it, and in no time at all the resources of American industry are turned to making machine-crocheted hats that look homemade. Even Tip-Top Bread, which, like Wonder Bread, stands as an emblem of the "plastic" society, even that confection of white cellulose sponge, is advertised as having "gone natural"!

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THE brief life of the communes altogether is worth pondering. Naturally, not everything of value must be durable, but it's clear that the life of the recent communes is notoriously, even embarrassingly, short—the older ones endured much longer, especially the religious ones. Two years seems to be about the longest these arrangements can last, if they do not have a firm economic base or extremely strong ideological bonds among the members, or very specific shared rituals agreed upon by all. Roberts, Melville, Houriet, and other commentators all salute the bravery of rhetoric and the grand scale of communal visions, but all reluctantly note that in a year or two, or less, the community falls apart, fails to satisfy its members, or fails even to remain a viable enterprise. Sometimes half the group leaves to form another commune, as at Morningstar, or the rich patron leaves, or the whole group simply disintegrates and the members retire to think over what happened, as did Greenfeel, or the commune takes on an entirely different character, defines its purposes anew, establishes its rules and realistically plots its survival.

Although inspired by the intoxicating narrative of Rimmer's *The Harrad Experiment* or *Proposition Thirty-One*,[17] the group marriages seem to be even more vulnerable and can barely last out the year. These novels, which unbelievably have been bought by more than one-and-a-half-million readers, and which have influenced countless young people in or out of the counterculture, depict "genuine" and "free" relationships arising out of "enlightened" sexual and social circumstances such as nude bathing, mixed living arrangements, high-minded sharing of sexual partners, and reading inspiring texts on maturity. Rimmer seems unable to provide the necessary guidance for his disciples, however, and the group marriages end up with more sexual possessiveness, less happiness, and greater constraints than the older forms of marriage. Nothing seems to have shocked Houriet more than his discovery at Harrad West of "The Chart," which apportioned bed partners for each week. As in the communes, there are problems of leadership, with handling of disputes, conflicts between anarchist impulses and the need for structure, and the absence of shared beliefs, goals, and rituals other than the sexual—and sometimes not even those. The group marriages, though, are less plagued by economic problems because their members usually maintain their highly-paid jobs in straight society; the groups also seem to arise in places like Berkeley.

Most of the reports about the communes, either those of the inhabitants or of interested observers, are terribly taken up with the rhetoric and explanations and "philosophy" of the communal movement, but have significantly failed to provide much factual material. For instance, it is almost impossible to find out exactly what people make up the commune population. Who are all these people and where have they come from? What they are seeking, and what they *say* they are seeking, are less important than who they are. Quite a large proportion of the people mentioned by Houriet and briefly sketched by the others come not from comfortable Scarsdale, Haverford, Lake Forest, Grosse Pointe, Shaker Heights, or from Eastern colleges, but rather from the unknown Middle West, or the Plains states or the West. If from the East, they may be the sons of New England mill towns, like Raymond Mungo (and like Jack Kerouac of an earlier movement), or the children of proverbial millionaire families in which they were totally isolated; or they are young adult drop-outs from AT&T or Boeing, or the children of engineers, who grew up in housing developments called Heritage Hills and Village Square. Or, if slightly older, in their late twenties, for example, they were "brilliant" philosophers or scholars who did graduate work at large universities, discovered drugs, and left to form new identities, and to found ashrams and mystical communes such as New Vrindaban. Or like Santybama, one of the brachmacharinis at New Vrindaban, who was "raised in a Jewish family on Long Island" and had dropped out of New York University after taking many philosophy courses; "Judaism isn't a religion anymore, it's an ethic, a culture," she said, and lapsed into the mantra: "*Hare Krishna, hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, hare, hare; hare Rama, hare Rama, Rama, Rama, hare, hare.*" Or Kirtenanda, the son of a Southern Baptist minister, a graduate student at Columbia who dropped out while writing his thesis on Southern revivalism; or Sachisuta, born a Roman Catholic in Memphis, a veteran of the Coast Guard and Merchant Marine. Indeed, the Hare Krishna movement and the Jesus Freaks are perhaps the fastest growing of the recent groups, and neither they, nor the Ahimsa Church, the Neo-American Church, the Brotherhood of the Spirit, the Meher Baba groups, or the various Zen, Buddhist, or Sufi communes seem to draw their membership from the social group usually identified as the idealistic betrayed children of unhappy affluence. (Perhaps only a "grandfather" of the movement fits the description, Baba Ram Dass, the former Richard Alpert, who with Timothy Leary explored the new drug consciousness and then came under the spell of Indian religion. His father was a well-known lawyer, philanthropist, and former president of the New Haven Railroad.)

Not too much can be learned from the personal statements and records of individual odys-

[17] Signet, 285 pp., 95¢ (paper). The Proposition was to be put on the California ballot. It proposed the legalization of bigamy or corporate marriage among consenting adults.

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seys that constitute the principal source of information about the communal movement. For one thing, most of the young people affected by their experiences are unwilling to write about them. The resistance to reason so evident in this movement is, as well, a resistance to language in any but its expressive mode, and even that seems extremely inadequate. As Melville notes, "the new sensibility is at its worst in words and thought." Indeed, all the writing about nature that I have seen is both embarrassed and embarrassing. Stephen Diamond, writing about the look and atmosphere of the New Age Farm in Massachusetts, or Raymond Mungo writing about the Vermont landscape of Total Loss Farm, betray a falseness, an inflated, offensive tone, an attempt at plain speech which is unearned and comes too easily to lips and typewriters. Diamond's most compelling experience, of an acid trip when the trees around the farm talked to him, offering guidance, wisdom, support, simply cannot be communicated except in the most pretentious, inauthentic way. Others employ a borrowed solemnity like the language of this admonition from the Diggers:

> . . . In the meantime, stay healthy. There are hundreds of miles to walk, and lots of work to be done. Keep your mind. We will need it. Stake out a retreat. Learn berries and nuts and fruits and small animals and all the plants. Learn water.

Two other aspects of the communal movement raise further questions about its survival and significance. The members generally seem to be in their late teens or early twenties, that is, before they have completed their education and made vocational choices: the movement provides a setting in which there is no need to do either one. Older people who join the communes have many interests but are frequently disappointed in their vocational choices. Not only are most of the communitarians unsuited to farmwork, and unskilled, they are deficient in training and skills altogether, they have no work, no vocations. The way of life of the commune or ashram *becomes* their work and vocation. The communes do not usually organize themselves for projects which will draw upon the skills of their members; in fact, they don't organize themselves for any projects at all. Furthermore, the communes count among their members neither doctors nor lawyers, nor writers, nor teachers, nor civil engineers, musicians, scientists, civil servants, garment workers, steamfitters, masons, carpenters, gardeners, nurserymen, auto mechanics, janitors, firemen, postmen, railway engineers, miners, bricklayers, plumbers, and so on. In other words, not only are all of these skills, disciplines, and professions not available to a commune, but, put another way, no one who has specific work to do, and training or skill to do it, is likely to take up life in a commune, where these skills would not be in demand.

Another aspect of the communal ideology that invites sober scrutiny is the failure to consider the future and the generations to come. We know there is a great interest in babies, and many babies are born in the communes, often of unknown fathers, and all are considered to be children of the commune, like the baby born at the New Age Farm, to whom Diamond dedicated his book. In the fashion of the kibbutz, these babies are spoken of as "our children," but unlike the kibbutz there is no collective child-rearing in thought or practice. Babies are given idiosyncratic names and are regarded as magical. One of the widespread beliefs in the communal movement is that nuclear families are bad for children, and that a variety and multiplicity of adults will destroy the disastrous "oedipal trip" and make the children more loving, not "hung up" on their own parents. The children, as babies and toddlers, are given a great deal of freedom of the obvious sort—no "up-tight" insistence on naps, cleanliness, order, regular feeding—and are freed from the restrictions, prohibitions, instructions, and goals of the stereotyped middle-class upbringing because "adults should not lay their trip on kids." In practice this means not instructing children in any of the skills of childhood, but instead fostering expressiveness. The communards are fascinated by children and like to play with them, almost in the way members of a baboon troupe are attracted to babies and like to be near them. Unlike the primates, however, the communards make little attempt to gain control over the reproductive process, or the training of the children. Of course, contrary to their own expressed views, the communards do a good deal of "laying their trips" on the children, indoctrinating intensively on the subject of Vitamin C, on natural foods, communal life, liberated sexuality, drugs, and paranoid attitudes, not systematically, but more because of a refusal to distinguish the children's needs from their own. In general, this failure to make proper distinctions means that the adult's responsibility for the children is capricious, willful, sporadic, unpredictable, indeed, the very type of chaotic life.

Many communal babies have no birth certificates, for obvious reasons, and children of school age often do not go to school. If they do go, this leads to all sorts of conflicts and unmanageable contrasts. Here is the eight-year-old girl from Bryn Athyn, coming from the school bus:

> "How was school today, Julia?" asked Martha [her mother].
>
> "We read a book about Little Jonathan who went on this food trip with his mother, and this uptight grocer didn't dig them. They bought a

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lot of junk food." She noticed a Mason jar of red juice on the table. "What's this shit?"

"It's tomato juice," Martha answered. "We've been canning tomatoes all day."

Houriet introduces this passage with the comment, "Before dinner, Bryn Athyn's kitchen was a Currier and Ives scene with hip retouching"! Clearly, children like Julia are very much victimized by their parents' "trips" so it seems cruel to subject them to other norms unless, as with the Bruderhof children at the local high school, or the kibbutz children sent away for training, there is a well-understood purpose in doing so. Of course, no one in the commune wishes to be or is able to be another's parent, even if sometimes one of them separates himself to become a father of the entire commune. But these fathers and gurus are as disturbed by their arrogation of power as those they grab it from, so their authority rarely remains in force long enough to control or change anything.

The communes' lack of seriousness is most clearly seen, however, in their failure to establish schools. It is this, more than anything else, which distinguishes the whole movement from the kibbutz and the Bruderhof and all the religious communities whose names are so often invoked to provide sanction and respectability. Those communities included schools as part of their initial foundation, out of an instinctive knowledge that the future of new social ideas must be firmly assured and control of the future made explicit. All social movements, all societies in fact, are concerned with the problem of survival into the future: whether by recruitment of new members, by conversion, the special training of the members' children, or a combination. Once daily survival has been solved, the future presents itself for consideration and decision. It is not enough to say "no more me, no more you"; survival means developing a process which will insure that others independently come to that same revelation and act upon it themselves. It is this which the communes seem unable to do and are even indifferent to attempting. The high value placed on individualism, on consensus, on the drug experience, on mystical states of consciousness, and in general on the cherished immediacy, confirms attitudes which are quite uncongenial to explicit articulated thoughts of the future. What really interests the communards is the repetition, revision, and recapitulation of their own experience, so they have no energy left for the structuring of experience for totally new people other than themselves. Thus, the revolution in consciousness may end where it began.

Of course, everyone wants at least sometimes to be transported beyond himself, to be genuine and loving, to live a spontaneous life, to be at peace with nature, to be independent, resourceful, ingenious. We all want to live the good life—is there anyone who does not? So, generously, we applaud any attempt to make life better, any instance of the good life actually lived among us; we encourage the pioneers for their efforts, if not for their results. Sometimes the encouragement is excessive, not so generous, sometimes the identification with the pioneers is extreme, as if to suggest guilt or shame over the "failure" of previous innovations. Sometimes there is no encouragement at all, only a mean-spirited prediction of failure. But what are we applauding and encouraging—innovation, social betterment, or a new American Adam, the New Jerusalem, a new and final order of the ages? It should be possible for the communitarians to view their own efforts as valuable social experiments, contributions to a complex moral context, and for the rest of us, not engaged in these experiments, to learn from them and respond to the implications of the attempts. Apparently it is not possible: the renunciation of certain values seems too weak without the ideological support of paranoia and the denunciation of culture itself.

THE reports of Helen and Scott Nearing about their twenty years of subsistence farming in Vermont provide an interesting contrast to the ventures of more recent pioneers. Both the books were published in the 50's, *The Maple Sugar Book*[18] in 1950 and *Living the Good Life*[19] in 1954, now reissued together by Schocken. In the intervening years the Nearings have transferred their pioneering to Maine. They began in 1932, in the Depression, with a rundown farm in southern Vermont. Nearing, a Marxist, and an original dissenter of an almost vanished variety, had been forced out of a teaching post and had also been expelled from the Communist party. An economist who wrote and lectured as well, he and his wife decided to change their life entirely. Moved by the economic and social misery of the time, and troubled by its theoretical implications, they wished to live simply, in a more natural self-reliant way, and yet not remotely, as in Mexico or Paraguay, not dependent on salary or wages; they wanted to live affirmatively, to live a life that would express the values they cherished and which they could not find in the Depression-riddled urban landscape. They also wanted a life, not merely a livelihood, a life that meant something and would enable them to pursue their other interests of writing, music, research, and travel. And they wanted to live as an example of what human life was capable of, to "demonstrate a pattern" of self-respecting life lived in dignity and joy, away from a large urban center, and not so vulnerable to the falsity and commercialism of modern urban culture.

[18] 273 pp., $2.75 (paper).
[19] 209 pp., $2.25 (paper).

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> We were not seeking to escape. Quite the contrary, we wanted to find a way in which we could put more into life and get more out of it. We were not shirking obligations but looking for an opportunity to take on more worthwhile responsibilities. The chance to help, improve, and rebuild was more than an opportunity. As citizens, we regarded it as an assignment. Therefore, we decided not to migrate.

The Nearings would have liked to join an intentional community or a cooperative, but found none that seemed sympathetic. So they proceeded to Vermont, where they planned to live by farming, and to have a small cash income from timber. But the idea of maple sugaring presented itself to them as a better way to provide a steady cash income and to allow them the division of their time into periods for labor, for vocational work, and for social intercourse. They drew up a ten-year plan for a nearly self-contained household economy based on maple sugar and syrup production in their own sugar bush, and farming for their own food supply, minimal reliance on manufactured products, no animals or employees, cooperation and the exchange of garden produce, tools, and labor with neighbors; the essence of their plan was the economical and rational use of time, energy, materials, tools, and other resources, and the unflagging use of intelligence.

Their book on maple sugaring and the history of the use of maple sugar by Indians, French and English settlers, and Europeans is extremely interesting, and full of marvelous quotations from ancient sources, and all infused with the spirit of the subtitle, "Together with Remarks on Pioneering as a Way of Living in the Twentieth Century." The book which describes their household economy and their building projects is subtitled "How to Live Sanely and Simply in a Troubled World." Everything the Nearings did in their Vermont years had a reason and was part of a plan. At the end of twenty years, they could feel that their plan had succeeded in almost every way. They had maintained excellent health on a vegetarian diet of organically grown food; they had built by their own labor and ingenuity a number of handsome stone and concrete buildings, sheds, and huts, out of local materials; they had reclaimed an abandoned valley and had realized their idea of a subsistence household economy independent of the marketplace, and were able to say when it ended, "Life is interesting, full, rewarding. The day is never long enough to finish all of the things that seem worth doing." What they were unable to accomplish was the overcoming of social inadequacy in their depopulated Vermont valley and the realization of any of their aspirations for genuine cooperative community life. Individualism, Vermont independence, the isolation and disintegration of rural life, all precluded the kind of joint effort which the Nearings practiced in their own household and had hoped to practice in the community. Still, they would have done it again:

> . . . had we known all and more, we could have persevered, because the value of doing something does not lie in the ease or difficulty, the probability or improbability of its achievement, but in the vision, the plan, the determination and the perseverance, the effort and the struggle which go into the project. Life is enriched by aspiration and effort, rather than by acquisition and accumulation. Knowing this, and despite the odds against success, if we had it to do over again we would attempt the Vermont project in its social as well as in its economic aspects.

WHAT distinguishes the Nearings's venture from the more recent communal examples is neither their love of the country nor the natural foods they ate and produced, nor their wish for simplicity; it is perhaps their sense of the future. They were concerned to plan their life and livelihood in the most scrupulous manner, whether it was in planning the garden, in organizing their building projects so that stones needed for a project would be gathered regularly and kept where they were to be used, or in the labeling and orderly storing of tools so they would always be available for future use, or the plans for cutting wood to have some available immediately and some drying out for future building use. They didn't use power tools, they had no electricity, gas, or oil, no telephone or radio, they drank no coffee or tea, used no tobacco or stimulants, they ate simple foods out of wooden bowls. They kept complete household records, of gardening as well as building, all in the most systematic way, counting their own time and labor as part of the costs, and monitoring their own efficiency in terms of its relevance to the general plan. The food grown was to be eaten at once, or exchanged with neighbors, or stored or canned for winter use. The rocks noticed on a walk in the woods were carried back to become part of the new house. Every aspect of the sugaring operation was viewed with practical intelligence and was always being reviewed and improved. The Nearings were not sentimental about "old-timey" ways, and they introduced many methods into their sugaring which their neighbors found extremely odd but, as one of them put it (a conservative even by Vermont standards), "Well, they may be socialists, but they do have good ideas."

Although the Nearings were bohemians of the old sort, originals, dissenters, self-reliant and independent in their ideas, nothing could be further from their sort of self-realization than the individualism, the anarchism, the authority of immediacy which are so striking in the new communes. The Nearings were the object of their neighbors' suspicions, because of their strange diet, their odd work habits, their buildings, and

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their methods of sugaring, but they didn't cherish this at all, and in fact they tried to dissolve it by holding discussion groups and musical gatherings, and helping organize the community during the war when rural postal delivery was curtailed. They were of course always rational in their approach to every problem, although they clearly loved their life, their house, their Vermont, and all the work of their household economy.

PERHAPS a more significant difference between the Nearings and more recent communitarians is that the Nearings began their life in Vermont when they were nearly fifty, and the recent pioneers are in their early twenties. What this means is that the Nearings were ready to make a life as well as a livelihood, and the others are really ready for neither one. The Nearings also had no children, and never intended a permanent household of more than themselves. Friends came to visit and were made aware of the work of the household, visitors came too, but the Nearings did not change their daily schedule. It must also be of great significance that when the Nearings bought their broken-down farm for $300 and an $800 mortgage, they could say with accuracy that the farm cost about as much as a car. Adjoining farms—they bought two, for the woodlots and as protection against pasture fires—were available at $3 an acre. The enormous change not only in land prices but in comparative prices for land, cars, and other items has altered all the relations of things. It would be impossible to buy even a broken-down farm in Vermont for $4,000 today; the average price of farm land is $300 to $600 an acre, and even the most poorly maintained property would not be much under $20,000. In southern Vermont, in the neighborhood of the Nearings's farm, much of the land has been bought by developers and broken up into house lots at around $5,000 an acre! The beautiful stone houses are still there, although now occupied by others, the road is no longer impassable, the countryside is still beautiful, but the disintegration of rural life has probably proceeded even further than it had twenty years ago and simplicity is even more difficult. The site of the Nearings's pioneering is overshadowed by an unprecedented land boom, attributable almost entirely to the development of Stratton Mountain as a ski resort. The Nearings's town of Winhall looks up at Stratton Mountain, where 7,500 skiers an hour can go up the lifts and down the trails and mass in the base lodge or the summit lodge, and enjoy their *après-ski* in the countless new chalets all around the mountain, and drive up and down the wonderful new roads built to accommodate them. They would not recognize it from the Nearings's 1954 description:

> Stratton is a wild, lonely, heavily wooded 4,000-foot mountain, inhabited by 50 or 60 people, where in Daniel Webster's time there had been 1,500.

There is no indication that the new pioneers are much influenced by the example of the Nearings, although the Nearings's book is heartily recommended in *The Whole Earth Catalog*. Their rational and efficient methods of living a life probably seem uncongenial. But the force of an example is mysteriously hard to estimate, because its significance does not lie only in the number of people who might rush to follow. Sometimes the bearing of witness, the exemplary role, is itself the demonstration of something, and its very occurrence precludes the necessity of following it. Perhaps the actions of the new pioneers must be viewed in this light also, as exemplary actions, as demonstrations of social possibility.

WHAT happens to people when previous social roles are abandoned? Not just stranded children, as in novels like *Lord of the Flies*, but young adults living in the fullness of will and desire? Is it possible for contemporary pioneers to live far from centers of intellect and power, without vocation, without social and political goals, deliberately choosing poverty but not vowing chastity or obedience? Is subsistence farming possible for untrained and unskilled urban refugees? Can people unrelated by ties of blood or long association feel affection and responsibility for one another? Can a tribe be created artificially, by people who are not Indians, not primitives, not what they want to be, and can it make genuine use of the natural tribal rituals it borrows for its own redemption? Can young people voluntarily embrace a life of scarcity and simplicity in a nation of great prosperity and enormous poverty, and can they do it without systematic ideas? What kinds of experiences introduce radical inner change? Is there any natural goodness, cooperativeness, generosity, love? Can life be based on desire rather than on contract? Is the communal experience of consensus, and the sharing, the love, the acceptance, likely to become part of a later life, or will it have, for aging alumni of the communes, the significance of a college course in chemistry? Will there *be* a later life? If you escape from a world that doesn't need you right away, will you know when you can return, and will you know a way back, and will they know you when you get back? If you leave the plastic society and try to recreate "the world we have lost," will you be losing another world in the meantime? If you are brought up without ideas of order or authority, is it then essential, will you be *driven*, to accept the irrational authority of gurus, the authority of mysticism, the total authority of drugs? Is it true, in some way we haven't realized, that, as Proverbs tells us, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it"?

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August 1939

A Memoir

Joan Colebrook

IN AUGUST of 1939 I am in Brittany, living with a French family and following with difficulty their fluent speech. When the news comes on the 24th of the month of the signing of the non-aggression pact between Hitler and Stalin, so rapid an exchange of consternation and dismay criss-cross that 17th-century courtyard where we are having an al fresco luncheon, that communication becomes more and more difficult. It is only possible for a beginner to understand that all British nationals should cross the Channel as soon as possible (not easy to do since boats are filled and panicky tourists are already sleeping in the sheds at the Saint-Malo wharves). The word *boche* resounds; first in the courtyard and then in the great living-room of the villa. Two Swiss cousins, who have been hiking to Breton churches and studying the gray stone *calvaires* encountered along so many country roads, pack their knapsacks and leave with serious faces. One Parisian, grimly expecting conscription, returns to Paris. Those of us who are English or American set off for coastal ports. It is as if what has been well known but easily forgotten returns now to haunt us, a lesson of liberty, valued, but never before considered to take first place. Uneasily, like reproved children, we crowd at last onto the Channel boat.

There is a somber fascination about that crossing all the same, some feeling of being set adrift in a characterless ocean at a time when bonds between men are being abruptly broken off. In actuality it is only a separation from a receding shore, where already to the harsh echo of the Fuehrer's threats a German army is marching into Poland. But the crude nationalism suggested by those barked commands now being relayed over the radio, implies that "internationalism" has been a failure; that an ephemeral sense of human solidarity, momentarily encouraged between the two world wars, has brought no convincing message. Post-World-War-I gestures toward internationalism are now seen as ineffective or strangely ambivalent. The League of Nations has not solved the problem of enforcement. The Bolshevik Revolution, bearing its burden of idealistic belief—even while it has changed world political realities—has already proved itself morally corrupt. Those most aware know, for instance, in those first days of September, that even as normal life ceases, and summer wanderers return to darkened cities, to divided families, to called-up regiments, to local home guards—a wave of quite different travelers is already on the move. Ordinary people guess that known Nazis in Britain and France will be taken in by the security police; but only the more involved are conscious of the imminent border-crossing exodus of those who have taken refuge from Stalinist as well as fascist repression in that part of Europe likely to fall under German or Russian control; and of a counter-exodus (some to North and South America) of Communist or Nazi agents, dispatched to gain special information for their governments during the circumstances of war. In this moment of emergency, when the naive are trying to assess the meaning of the bizarre Nazi-Communist alliance, that cross-pattern of travelers goes on unnoticed and unrecorded. (It has been some time since the most celebrated of them all had been first set adrift, Leon Trotsky—the Great Outsider, as his biographer Isaac Deutscher was to call him, the man with whose odyssey so many political dissidents will identify. Trotsky, with his wife Natalya and elder son, had been put on the boat *Ilyich* in the half-frozen harbor of Odessa on February 10, 1929. Robbed of the publicity which on a former occasion had made Bukharin weep before the Politburo; in secrecy, with in this case no company beyond his family and two GPU agents—this human threat to a great state had been driven in a cargoless boat before icy winter gales to the shores of Turkey.) The wartime criss-cross of men, moving, hiding, escaping, going underground, takes place in shadow. If they are Jewish refugees it is still a little too early for most of them to be regarded as martyrs. If they are disillusioned Communists they seem hard to please because of their obsession with the cause they have fled (nobody likes Cassandras, as Arthur Koestler notes). If they are hiding from the GPU or the Gestapo they are naturally not heard from at all. If they belong to the Communist underworld they are known by the party as "political tourists" and move discreetly

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in that secrecy upon which only one surprising window—the non-aggression pact—has recently been raised.

On the morning we reach London, men with honest red-cheeked faces are digging up the flower beds in Kensington Gardens (to plant vegetables, some say; for ditches to shelter from air-raids, others add) and by afternoon a long line of cars and taxis piled high with luggage and household goods is moving decorously out of the city. Over this evacuation the evening sky falls glowing upon the serried ranks of chimneys, those chimneys which represent, in the narrow houses beneath, glowing coal grates fed by scuttling mouselike maids. The line of cars grows darker, moves as night falls, deliberately and without panic—a many-eyed insect boring into the limited safety of the countryside.

Young and colonial-minded, I had come to England from Australia at the beginning of 1938, that year of terror, which should have chilled the blood in the veins of any truly informed person, but which to the young was just another year. In this year, C. L. Sulzberger, still not professional enough to be corralled by the New York *Times*, sees how it is as he pushes golf balls around the rosebushes of Blickling with Lord Lothian ("Really, the young German male specimen is exceptional. I wish we had a similar movement for a fitter Britain") and talks to Lady Astor, hostess to the Cliveden set, which considers that Hitler should be encouraged to turn his attention toward Russia. In Austria, Sulzberger sees Catholic Jews snatched from the steps of cathedrals, signs in shops, "THIS JEW OUGHT TO BE IN DACHAU," brownshirts mocking the hungry queues of Jews lined up outside the soup-kitchens. He spends a formidable night in the Jewish section of a morgue in the *Zentral Friedhof*, where urns of ashes returned from the concentration camps remain unclaimed, and some of the Jewish corpses marked "Suicide" look as though they had been beaten to death. He is too upset to write about this. The truth is that Edgar Mowrer had previsaged it all long ago in his damning survey of the weakness of the Weimar Republic, the rise of factions, of paramilitary organizations, of crude anti-Semitism, of youth propaganda. But such news takes time to be accepted and reality has to be conquered at every turn. In Austria in 1938 Sulzberger talks to Jan Masaryk, who—as if he senses something of his own fate—remarks on the possibility of a rapprochement between Germany and Russia, a possibility not thought of by many. (Although Sulzberger himself has accepted the fact that the danger to the West is two-pronged and comes from the extreme Left as well as from the extreme Right, this acceptance is still underplayed. It is not generally understood how bitter a fight is being waged in the political underworld of Europe for the control of the moral future—and how this fight will extend far beyond the bounds of the war that is to come.)

Two years after Sulzberger's trip to Austria, a defecting Communist in the United States, Whittaker Chambers, meets another defecting Communist from Russia, General Walter Krivitsky, a small man—wistful-looking with pale blue eyes—who tells him eagerly Stalin had been seeking to negotiate the pact with Hitler. The two ex-Communists deplore the pact as inhumane, but admit that according to Communist theory it is justifiable on the grounds of pitting two non-Communist forces, one against the other. In this acceptance of the ambivalence of their old cause, they admit to its bankruptcy. All three—Chambers, Masaryk, Krivitsky—are aware of how hard a line the Russians are prepared to follow. (In spite of this awareness, two of them are killed by the GPU. "In America," Krivitsky tells his son as he leaves his revolver in his bureau at home, "nobody carries a revolver." He is later found dead in the Hotel Bellevue in Washington. Masaryk is killed in 1948 in a Communist coup d'état; and Sulzberger sees the secret report describing his supposed suicide by jumping from the balcony of the Czernin Palace. According to the report, there are powder burns around the bullet wound in the back of the neck, showing that Masaryk has been shot at close range. There is also excrement on the window ledge which indicates that he is already dead or dying as the body crosses the sill. The doctor called to verify the suicide—Dr. Teply—is told by Nosek —the Communist Minister present at the scene—that he is to keep his mouth shut!)

ALTHOUGH it is too late to do anything about it, people in England are asking how the disaster finally descended. How had this "stereotype of a head waiter," as the German diarist Reck-Malleczewen called him, this insignificant and "forelocked gypsy type," managed to make Europe march to his primitive music?

I recall days with a friend in London parks in 1938, days still characterized by decorum and peace, days when the open-air orators go through their compulsive routine to the mild air, the lush grass. The friend speaks of what the Nazis are doing to the Jews (although I cannot remember him speaking of anything as specific as what went on in Dachau and Buchenwald). The information from Germany has already given us enough of the triumph of the extreme Right, not only of onslaughts upon Jews and Communists, but also upon Socialists (along with the revival of the branding-iron and the hand-ax); but these stories filtering out seem disembodied and hard to believe. There is always the hope that some of them may be exaggerated. It is easy to share indignation against that bland Anglo-Saxon lack of imagination which characterizes the peaceful island of England. I listen to the friend's description of a dream. He is trying to tell something to a small crowd of people, and in the dream he climbs up onto a fence to be heard better; there is a closed door behind him

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which might belong to a garden shed. A man who looks like a policeman is listening with folded arms, but there is something blank about the man's face. In the dream, the friend leans forward and pulls at the helmet strap which rests on the policeman's chin, and it breaks off in his hand. Now he sees that the policeman's whole head is false . . . that it too is coming apart like that of a dummy in a store. "The policeman had not been listening after all," the friend says, "and he who does not listen cannot believe. . . . So nobody listens . . . nobody believes."

What strikes me later is that it is about the Nazi Right that my friend dreams and about the slow-moving "Establishment"; not about the Communist Left, although it is the extreme Left in the end which makes it possible for Hitler to march in safety. In England, where decency is carried so far that whatever is most under attack often gets particularly good treatment, it does not seem cricket to attack the Communists (whose deceit is hard to prove). It is clear besides that the Communists and the Nazis have been bitter enemies; and this is borne out later, when it is publicized that Hitler has dreamed of the rule of the master-race over a vast slave empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Urals; that his directives about Russian prisoners have been to shoot them in large numbers, to leave them to die or to starve, and eventually to brand them (this never took place) with a special and durable mark! The advance into Russia is not necessary to make that enmity clear; it has long been clear in the treatment of the Red Hundreds during Hitler's conquest of power. But also clear has been the enmity of the extreme Left to any democratic coalition at all. This Left has taken such advantage of the democratic process that it has brought about the defeat of democratic forces both in France and Germany. And according to several historians, Stalin has repeatedly pointed out with approval that a war between imperialist powers would "jeopardize the very existence of capitalism." For some reason this obvious truth is underplayed.

In England, as elsewhere, many of those who view the Communists with a jaundiced eye are illogically dismissed as "afraid of change," a charge which is to echo through the years (and is to rise up as fresh and strong as ever in the radical agitation of the 60's). This supposed fear of change is used to distract the weak-minded liberal from the urgent situation of polarization. Because practical politics boils down to coalitions, the need for a responsible role on the part of the Left is paramount. In other words, the role of the Left is catalytic; for the "generalized Left" gathers together not only convinced Marxists and rebellious anarchists, but a host of socialists and idealists. Its missionary impact extends even to religious mavericks like the "Red Dean" of Canterbury. It misdirects therefore a large proportion of those who are essentially democratic in intent. So the stage is set. Later Albert Speer describes how Hitler's eyes stare when he receives, in the Eagle's Nest on the evening of August 21, 1939, the news that negotiations with the Russians have been successful, how he flushes deeply, bangs the table until the dishes rattle, and exclaims, "I have them! I have them!" . . . And in the democracies everybody feels it—the body blow!

It is true that the harm is not one-sided. The conflict created by the pact in the world Communist movement runs through this body of opinion like a great and painful fissure, a wound not to be understood or healed. The pact on Hitler's side is so ambivalent and set upon so quaking a foundation (a foundation of hate for Communists in general, mingled with admiration for Stalin's ruthlessness in particular) that it reflects in all those who are politically sensitive a deep sense of danger. This does not apply to old party hardliners. It is rather among those numerous gentle English men and women who have a tendency "to lean to the Left" that such uncertainty is reflected. Insensibly these pseudo-Leftists feel uneasy at such proximity to irrationality. Nobody quite meets the issue. Everyone tries to save face. Conversations take place in ambivalence. I remember an article by J. B. S. Haldane which says with what seems like bravado: "It is usual for rats to desert a sinking ship—but a number of our Left writers (I must not accuse them of rodent affinities) —have leaped into the sinking ship of British capitalism." It must have been at about this time, at the office of *Horizon*, that I first remember seeing Stephen Spender, who (young then) had that brilliant hair and eyes which, rather than ordinary male good looks, seems closer to a special kind of English "beauty." Spender explains later in a small memoir that after the publication of his *Forward to Liberalism*, Harry Pollitt, Secretary General of the British Communist party, had invited him to the Charing Cross Road offices, and had stressed the necessity for "hatred" (of which he seemed to feel that Spender hadn't enough) as a driving force of the working-class movement. This demand for "hatred" penetrates to the very core of the weakness of the British Communist party. No home-grown British party is going to nail "hatred" to the mast (even the Nazi party is not able to do this in England) . But leaders like Pollitt (who himself went so far as to resign after the pact) find themselves indulging in dubious verbal maneuvers in order to draw in recruits such as Spender; maneuvers which go on all through the 30's in British radical circles, and point up that the Left (like the Right) builds upon a strong base of fantasy.

Partly because of such fantasy, those who "stick" to the Communist party line seem more noted for courage than for analysis. Yet their comrades look upon them with favor, as soldiers

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who take a battle position and stand by their guns come what may.

Since Marxists start out with the philosophical concept of doing away with classes, this gives them a head start in ruthless conviction (that their practical experiments have generally managed to end up with a "new class" possessed of the most complete power of any class known to history, is irrelevant). Rather than claim emotional motivation, they can lay out instead endless expositions which draw upon the supposed laws of economics and science. This ignoring of the actual in favor of the theoretical results in practice in contempt for the human beings caught in between but it satisfies those who like to know where they stand. The Right, on the other hand, does not attempt to disguise its contempt for human beings. It claims more openly that these are expendable. It draws from the rankest prejudices, the crudest truths, and appeals to that simplicity which concentrates on survival. If the Right counsels control it is in favor only of that day when power is finally gained. "Clench your fists!" Hitler cries. "Bite your teeth together! Hope, pray, work, that the day will soon come. . . ." In this theme there is obvious kinship with the Left—the same emphasis on inevitability, the same emphasis on ruthlessness and unyielding struggle, and the same hint of "future-appeal" (as per the *Internationale*: ". . . we have been naught, we shall be all"). That the human basis of these fantasies on the part of both Left and Right is not yet recognized, is part of the whole climate of the era. It is the age of believing Marxism to be a science; when a knowledge of the dialectic is more important than any inquiry into its legitimacy.

Even after disillusionment sets in, the Left is still to get more respect from the bemused liberal than either the Middle or the Right. Because in principle, if not in fact, it is neither so crude nor so violent as is the Right; because many think that unlike the Middle it carries forward the "sacred fire"; because, in the case of the pact, the Soviets are seen as using this as a device only, and a thousand justifications are thought up for it. No weight is given to the argument that the pact is only part and parcel of the logical development of Marxism itself. In the world of ideology, where opinions make followers (rather than acts), Marxists who view Russia as in an eternal battle with hostile capitalism don't stress that Stalin is not only being offered a secure frontier by the Germans but also a slice of Eastern Europe and an opportunity to control the Baltic states—that Russia in fact is acting like any 19th-century capitalist power and has made a bargain which the British Establishment at this point in time, whatever its self-interest, would have found it inconceivable to make. A certain section of liberal thought, shot through with excessive kindness to the Left, neglects to do much to clarify this bargain, made at the expense not only of the Poles and of the Polish Jews, but of the supposedly sacrosanct Polish workers.

Because of this block, which prevents him from looking at Communism, the "liberal of the Western world" is to leave an unforgettable mark upon the century. Still bound into a strait-jacket of double-think, he experiences it as a shock to see a juxtaposition of the extremist political poles. Yet the writing has been upon the historical blackboards for a long time. No single group in Germany can escape responsibility for the rise of Hitler, but the great error turns out to be that those who most resist him, most fail to unite against him. The Social Democrats are weakened by the economic depression and have a fatal tendency to delay action. The Communists, on the other hand (dictated to by the Kremlin), do act, and are committed to what Mowrer calls "the silly idea" of first destroying the Social Democrats, the Socialist trade unions, and what middle-class democratic forces exist—on the dubious theory that although this might lead to a Nazi regime, the regime can only be temporary, and *must* lead in the end to the long-awaited dictatorship of the proletariat.*

That these facts are well-known today does not serve to illuminate the lesson they suggest, probably because superficial repetition blunts the detail involved. According to a recent Soviet historian, Roy Medvedev, who adds new insights, the bitterness of Stalin toward the Mensheviks is far beyond that of Lenin or Trotsky. Stalin always attempts to break down his opponents and "rudely throw them aside." In the German context, the Social Democrats remain the main enemy, with the label "Social-Fascists" or "Trotskyite wreckers" added at will; and Stalin pushes the narrow dogma home with all the blunt vigor of a man who says more than once that he believes in one thing only—the power of the human will. In the charming streets of Munich, on the Hamburg waterfront, in the beerhalls of Berlin, there are chalked up a series of bloody triangular encounters among the Nazis, the Communists, and the Socialists. The German party, strongest ouside of Russia—with a quarter of a million members, 27 daily papers, 12 weeklies, and 4,000 party cells—is actually forced, by means of preordained divisive tactics, to commit politicide. On May Day of 1929, for instance, Zörgiebel, the Socialist police commander of Berlin, enraged by Communist tactics, fires on a demonstration, leaving 100 dead on the last barricades to be seen in Germany for a long time. Committed to a course of irreconcilable enmity, the party "Infallibles" pass on the orders of the Comintern to crush the Social

* For a discussion of this theory, see "The Ghost of Social-Fascism," by Theodore Draper, February 1969—Ed.

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Democrats at any cost, to drive a wedge between their leaders and the rank and file, to combine if necessary with the Hitler storm-troopers; so that Berlin is treated to the sight of battered Communist veterans joining the Brownshirts to give a "proletarian rub-down" to the Socialists, of going to the polls to vote for those who are soon to be torturing them in the horror camp of Fuhlsbuettel.

In 1932 the Communist party makes common cause with the Nazis on the Berlin transport strike, and a profound hatred characteristic of those who differ but still share a conviction rages between the Communists and those they consider renegades from the cause. It is a policy which goes against the instinct and good sense of the Communist rank and file, who fear annihilation. Yet dominated by long years of obedience to Marxist interpretation, stripped of any real representation in day-to-day-questions, they accept in the end the *Parteibefehl* ("Party Order"). At one point Churchill says of England that she has a choice between shame and war—and that she has chosen shame, but got war. The rank and file of the German Communist party also has a choice, between obedience to the party and risking (in company with the Social Democrats) a conflict to the death with the Nazis. They choose obedience to the party, and in the end—when it is too late—they get death anyway. It is harrowing to read personal accounts of life in the German party in the 30's, and more chilling still to read the brief authoritarian directives from the Comintern. The German Communist party members react with a suicidal despair.

WRITING to Ilya Ehrenburg, Ernst Henri is to describe it later: ". . . as if they had gone out of their minds, Communists and Social Democrats raved at each other before the eyes of the fascists. . . . I lived in Germany during those years and will never forget how old comrades clenched their fists . . . as they submitted to the mind and will of Stalin and went to meet death . . . in SS prisons. . . ." Spared any concerted opposition, the Nazis stage the Reichstag fire and follow it up with mass arrests. By this time it is too late, "too late for . . . the rabid enmity between the two great camps of labor . . . zealously fostered through the years, particularly from the Communist side . . . to be bridged in this . . . hour of decision." Yet the Communist guilt in Germany (and again it is the guilt of the party machine rather than that of its confused, fettered, and hardened servants) hardly stops at the betrayal of solidarity with democratic forces. The question has to be asked as to how far apart the Nazi party and the Communist party in essence *are*, and who influences whom. *Ktokovo* as the old Bolsheviks, including Lenin and Stalin, used to ask (literally "who-whom?"—or, more broadly, "who does what to whom?").

As we look back from where we stand today, it is clear that this question is the source of one great "liberal" misunderstanding. I remember in England the reiterated claim that the Soviets have been driven into the pact, and that it is remote from their own ideology. (Similar claims *re* current events are common in the U.S. today.)

But it is obvious, for instance, that the German Gestapo has modeled itself closely on the Soviet secret police, and not the other way around, that Heinrich Mueller (nicknamed Gestapo Mueller), able police officer under Himmler, is an ardent student of Soviet methods, and has been impressed by the efficiency of that internal spy system perfected by the Soviet government. The only portrait we have of this man, who disappeared after the war and has never been heard of again, comes from the trial of Heinrich Baab (a Frankfurt Gestapo official of low rank, quoted by the correspondent of the London *Observer*, Edward Crankshaw) in which he is described as a dapper, good-looking little man, dressed in gaiters in imitation of Adolf Hitler, who snorts (a shouting technique called *anschnauzen*) during interrogations; and announces, "You are now in the hands of the Gestapo. . . . Don't imagine that we shall show you the slightest consideration. . . . The Fuehrer has already shown that he is invincible. . . ," etc., etc. Mueller has adopted the method of verbal intimidation as well as physical. He has also realized that it is important so to isolate the individual that he can no longer trust anyone else, a dependence exploited by the Soviets also, which Mueller now sets to work to reproduce in the German context. He forms groups of cells which enroll quantities of ordinary citizens as part-time members of the Gestapo, he organizes the concierge, or *Blockwart*, who has to report on the activities of every tenant in his block. Similarly he enrolls air-raid wardens, and so on. Each labor group has its special Gestapo representative. Voluntary informers flourish. This information network is not the only aspect of Soviet society found worth imitating. The Russian show trials, prior to which, for the sake of the record, the accused are broken by torture, are very similar to the first trials (the *Rote Marine Prozess*) staged under the Nazis where with every show of legality, all those Communists who crack in the torture camps are condemned by an impressive procession of judges, their robes decorated with swastikas.

Clever fascists realize that collectivism is the important thing in Russia, not the ideology, and that here finally is a technique bound to produce and maintain a society with all the cohesion of an anthill, malleable to direction in any chosen way. Perhaps similarity stops at this. What is different between the two movements—and what makes the parallel development a tragedy—is the motivation attracting to them gullible human

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beings. The one (National Socialism) typified by the Nazis operates upon a primitive ideological level; the other (the Communist party) gives lip-service, at least, to brotherhood and international solidarity. Yet both parties succumb early in their development to a fatal authoritarianism, which like a magnet draws groups of victims—so that while the storm-troopers click their heels, say *Befehl ist Befehl* and *Heil Hitler*, the Red Hundreds worship Stalin, accept the *Parteibefehl*, and repeat the slogan: *Za Rodinu—Za Stalina* (For the Fatherland—for Stalin).

Men caught in moments of exaltation are drawn toward self-sacrifice: Deutscher gives a vignette of Trotsky, who begging military aid and weapons from a disgraced Germany after Versailles, also attempts to lighten the load by arguing the Bolshevik cause with France's Édouard Herriot and records talking with him of the common factors in Jacobinism and Bolshevism, while outside the Kremlin windows the Red Army marches by singing the Marseillaise, *"Nous saurons mourir pour la liberté."* This willingness to die, later made complex by the fear of dying for a cause betrayed, is during the 30's in Europe the recorded experience of the masses of workers in the party. What was once an international fraternity has now become a crude nationalism. What was "Left" has become "Right." Yet the old signposts stand at the crossroads. Not only Communists but fellow-travelers, socialists, liberals watch in confusion, not knowing which direction to take.

IF IN Germany it is less the lack of activity on the part of the socialists than the direction of Stalin's agents which makes real opposition to Hitler ineffective, it might seem that the British people, warned by the history of European Communist activity, would have been alert enough to repudiate their own liberal Left. Instead, the socialist opposition, the Labour party, and the Communists all combine in England to stress disarmament and to support pro-League sentiment (unchanged by the fact that the League had failed to stop the Japanese in Manchuria in 1932, the Italians in Abyssinia in 1936, and the Germans at Munich in 1938). It is apparent in fact that the gap between disillusionment with the progress of the revolutionary experiment inside Russia and similar disillusionment abroad is as great in England as elsewhere; information about Russian errors and oppressions is much watered down by distance from the scene, and by such enormous tomes as those published by Sidney and Beatrice Webb and filled with statistics, data, and academic plans. (The Webbs, used to England where you can trust statistics, are hopelessly incompetent to judge of this statistical barrage.) In fact, while the Russian internal situation is *deteriorating*, Western (and English) opinion of the Russian experiment is *improving*, and those with a heavy investment in the Marxist idea are doubly unable to let go of it. There is something dreadful about this complex web of understanding and not understanding, of information and misinformation, for according to theorists, Marxist truth must always be "marching on." It is the rule of the *idée fixe*. In England—in abstract terms—this ideological domination does constant, if indirect, damage. (Bernard Shaw, for example, whose name in the meantime is used to quell lesser critics, continues to disbelieve until his death both in Stalin's slave camps and Hitler's death camps.)

Simpler English souls seem to need no more than a sense of solidarity with their leaders. I remember the rain shining on the umbrellas of the crowds waiting for Neville Chamberlain to return from Munich, and their cheers as he steps from his car (also holding that inevitable umbrella, as if it were the last symbol of British resistance!). Things are little better on the other side of the Channel. Daladier, returning from the same sad journey, is astonished to be met by the tumultuous cheers of the crowd; and he is reported to have murmured: "The *imbeciles*—if they only knew what they are acclaiming!" The British yearning for peace may be natural in a people who once long ago managed to have a revolution relatively free of bloodshed; but now that strong peace drive is not balanced by an equally strong survival sense. To allay the anxiety which is being wafted across the English Channel, it becomes a habit for me to read the *Hansard* extracts published in the *Times*, and to become familiar with orations in which there is a curious mingling of pacifism and stout defiance, like some essence of England lingering on in the remnants of a half-forgotten speech. I notice that there is a vast quoting of Shakespeare and that inaccurate plane-production figures and go-slow suggestions combine with the suitable Shakespearean tag ("And damned be he that first cries 'Hold, enough' "). It is obvious now that such quotations can scarcely balance the crucial yesterday (1926-31) of unilateral disarmament, and such extravagant suggestions as that of Attlee to the House back in 1935, when Hitler's aim was already clear, that it might be a good idea to disband national armies as a "gesture of good will." (It is true that at this time some more realistic members shout: "Tell that to Hitler!") Well into 1938 one is apt to meet in England followers of a movement sparked off by the generation so damaged by World War I, devotees of Vera Brittain and readers of Wilfred Owen, high-minded gentlemen involved in "peace" work, country women with cultured voices and stout shoes, calling meetings, addressing groups, giving out pamphlets. At the entrance to the subway one day, I listen to an old workman protesting as a leaflet is thrust into his horny hand:

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" 'Ere, 'old on," he grumbles.

If the more worldly section of British public opinion also shows itself incapable of coping with the psychological facts of a new age—an age in which control of the masses is to be total—it is not surprising that it should also show itself incapable of imagining the internal Russian situation. Englishmen in general would have been shocked to the marrow to have followed the progress of even one dissident in the Soviet Union—the Yugoslav Anton Ciliga, to name one example—through his series of gloomy prisons, dungeons, and stockades; through interrogations and fastings; with the leaders of the Communist parties of Europe going down around him, along with millions of ordinary Russians, not to speak of what he calls "half the Kremlin," among them Zinoviev, the chairman of the Third International, now a slouching old man in his shirtsleeves, trudging barefoot across the hot sand of Verkhne Uralsk, perhaps dreaming, as Ciliga says, "of a bullet in the base of the skull." During those years of the 30's, Moscow serves as the living center of the world Communist movement and here the national leaders meet their end; almost all the famous comrades of the past are pruned from that vital body (Béla Kun, leader of the Hungarian Soviet Republic; the seventy-year-old Polish leader, A. Warski, and Maria Koszucka who has given fifty years of her life to the Polish party; leaders of the parties of Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia; Bessarabian leaders; the Iranian leader A. Sultan-Zade; most of the leaders of the Yugoslav party—all were taken—"I was left alone," writes Tito; the entire Korean section of the Comintern; Chinese leaders; in fact, leaders from almost every party in the world). Because so many German activists are in flight from Hitler, among them the toll is particularly heavy, with the NKVD giving the excuse that "every German citizen living abroad is a Gestapo agent."

After the non-aggression pact the Jews, all of them men and women long active in revolutionary battle, are handed over to the Nazis; and the borders of the Soviet Union, center of international brotherhood, are closed to refugees from enslaved Europe. "All bow to Stalin" or meet death of one kind or another. "It seems incredible," Ciliga writes, "that such a system of servility could have been born and developed within an international workers' movement, yet it exists and it triumphs." And a Soviet woman poet protests in anguish: "Who needed the monstrous destruction of a generation?" In England, even skeptics cannot imagine events so far from their own English reality. Besides which (via the propaganda of the Popular Front), a vigorous campaign has been organized in Moscow to underplay them. (Richard Krebs, alias Jan Valtin, describes in his book taking part in the organizing of a counter-offensive in London against rumors of slave labor in Siberia.) The British Communist party, mild enough in any case, does nothing to rouse native fears, and operates under the beneficent eye of a Scotland Yard which easily sorts out foreign infiltrators, treats them well, and cheerily puts them out of the country.

Like many others at that time, I know little about Communism, scarcely the names of Tchernavin (*I Speak for the Silent*), Ciliga (*The Great Enigma*), Victor Serge (*Twenty Years After*)—and only generally of Arthur Koestler, who had been lecturing on Spain on behalf of the Left Book Club soon after my arrival in London from Australia, and is to finish *Darkness at Noon* in the spring of 1940 while Hitler is planning his "Case Yellow"—the French campaign. Koestler tells in his autobiography about being already disillusioned with the Communist cause; at the same time he is fascinated to see the eccentricity and decency of the English Communists. He understands how Lenin (when shown a newspaper clipping referring to police and workers playing soccer together during a strike) can declare that the English will never make a revolution. Familiar with the turbulent European scene, he describes how much he is affected, when first released from that narrow confinement of party thinking, to meet people here from all walks of life; how England appears an island of innocence, while plotting is confined to memories of Guy Fawkes and Victorian melodrama, and where fair play is so taken for granted that to be a Communist in Shepperton, Middlesex, with a retired naval officer for a neighbor, whose daughters come over for tennis and tea, seems quite out of place. Yet few understand, as Koestler does, the separation which so characterizes the Communist movement that it makes it natural for most of those on the radical Left who happen to be clear about the moral issues, not to know the facts; and for those who do know the facts to have long ago discarded the moral issues.

So it goes. In the Liberal-Labour world of England the blind are to lead the blind until they both fall into a ditch.

I HAVE come to know in 1938 a famous physicist and crystallographer, John Desmond Bernal, who is seen at various intellectual gatherings, invariably wearing a jacket with sleeves too short for his arms, and with his shock of pale hair standing somewhat on end above an extremely pliable good-natured face which is at once alert, sensitive, and preoccupied. If not actually a card-carrying Communist, Bernal is well-known for his support of the party, at which he seems to look at long-range (like one of his experiments). In the civilized English manner, his views are not held against him, and in allocating the blame for the rapprochement between Germany and the Soviet Union, he tells

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me that at the time of Munich he himself had tried to get firmer action from the British government, actually waking one Minister up in the middle of the night. He dismisses responsibility on the Russian side, and makes much of the dilatory methods of communicating with the Russians.

It is obvious at this time that the appeasement policies of France and England have accelerated the danger from Hitler. What is not so obvious is the fact that the Soviet Union, personified in this case by Stalin, has had her own more potent form of appeasement—the sharper-edged in that it is completely secret, while the record of the democracies is open for all to see. Stalin's maneuvers are hidden not only from the West but from many of his closest advisers and military officers; it is to be some years before the details of them become clear. But their basis has been laid long ago when the two outcasts of Versailles drew together as military partners in 1922, and continued for twelve years to have a mutually advantageous relationship which leaves in its wake a series of contacts and friendships. With the rise of Hitler, when the incredible ideological blindness of the Communists decides that the Nazi power is only the prelude to revolutionary action on the part of the workers, the period of the honeymoon with Germany is highlighted by the only-too-sincere remark of Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Minister: "We don't care if you shoot your German Communists!"—as also by Karl Radek's panegyrics about young SA members, curiously reminiscent of similar enthusiasm from the far Right in England. "In the faces of the brownshirted German students we see the same dedication and inspiration that once brightened the faces of Red Army officer-candidates. . . . There are magnificent lads in the SA and the SS." This kind of enthusiasm is scarcely shared by a certain block of opinion in Russia, where Bukharin and other Jewish intellectuals opposed to fascism on moral grounds form an opposition group which Stalin sees as standing in the way of his future plans. Bukharin, for example, hammers home his anti-Hitler theme until his arrest and liquidation. Since we now know that Stalin has already decided by the fall of 1936 to make a deal with Hitler, and has accordingly speeded the purge of the Yezhovshchina (time of Yezhov), it might seem strange that so little real understanding of this penetrates to the outside world, that the murder campaign which sweeps the Soviet embassies and institutions in Europe is regarded as part of the mystery of Russia itself, that few link it to any rapprochement with Germany.

Little do I imagine then in England, and am scarcely able to believe that Bernal himself could imagine, the extent to which the inner core of the party has gone in those years to bring about the pact; nor the macabre fact, later recorded by Krivitsky, of the strong impression made on Stalin by Hitler's blood purge. The liquidation which follows, as summed up by reliable historians (Paul Blackstock, Robert Conquest), amounts to an estimated eight-to-nine million people, including two-thirds of the governing class of Russia (this is only from the time that Yezhov took over as head of the NKVD to his own extermination and replacement by Beria in 1938). Later, at the Nuremberg trials, Marshal Keitel testifies to how heavily Hitler, in his attack on Russia, depends upon Stalin's destruction of the generals, and how he several times stresses that all "first-class officers were wiped out in 1937."

NATURALLY I know nothing of all this, but listening to Bernal's apologias for Stalin, I experience reservations as people do when given intellectual reasons for unprincipled acts. No justification seems possible for participation in the carving-up of Poland, and the turning over of the Polish Jews to Hitler. (At that time few talk of the Russian deportation of two-to-three million Poles to Siberia by the GPU.) But Bernal's intellectual justifications via the Marxist dialectic make it hard to express these reservations. This brilliant child of an Irish couple (observer of the terrible poverty of the Irish tenant farmer and early bored in his teens, he tells me, by having to turn the wheel of a grainmixer on a farm) sees the Russian Revolution as the vindication of the workers of the world, and as part of a great scientific experiment. In his imagination the whole Soviet scene has a classic importance far beyond that of day-to-day error. Although he doesn't speak openly of Stalin's compromises, and apparently (I think afterward) doesn't know their tremendous extent, he seems to feel that such error is necessary—not to say justified—and talks of the dialectic as religious leaders talk of the catechism. At this gathering someone nearby compliments Bernal on the high level of his conversation, and he says with a wry look: "I am afraid that I have no conversation. . . . I can only give lectures"—a confession of abject intellectualism not in keeping with the legends built up about his name, one of which deals with an extraordinary ability to welcome experience at all levels, social, intellectual, physical, political. But in talking to this strange and rather childlike man I hear him say that no action is pure, that politics operates upon two levels, and this seems to give a certain insight into an undeclared uncertainty.

Deutscher has an account in his *Life of Trotsky* of Lenin's doubts as death approaches, of how he dreads what might happen to that party which no longer conforms to the old dreams. If Lenin was aware of such doubts, there

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is no reason for latter-day Marxists like Bernal to be immune from them. (Political parties naturally risk the corruption of power, especially those which operate according to prearranged dogmas: Marxists in trying to be consistent must necessarily be caught up in that natural conflict which envelops those who attempt to adapt an intellectualized consistency to the inconsistency of life itself.) But during this conversation with Bernal, I remember being especially conscious of the fact that the rapprochement between Stalin and Hitler has to be judged on a different level from most expressions of power politics, for the very reason that the Russian experiment has after all moral pretensions, and that this is why the word "Left" carries so much psychological weight. It is a word burdened with the heavy hopes of a generation. In fact, as I hear Bernal referring to Stalin (whom he characterizes as a great genius) as having been in the position of choosing—of having to choose, he says—between the fascism of Hitler and the fascism of imperialism (British), I answer indignantly that I know which one I would choose, and a politician standing nearby enters the conversation by stating that the Comintern and those British intellectuals who had supported it bear a load of responsibility for the "doing in" of German democracy—at this moment I think I see an expression of pained vulnerability cross Bernal's face.

So strong an impression of kindness and nobility is created by this man, indeed, that I wonder later how much emotion and imagination have gone into sanctifying the intellectual processes by which he has reached his conclusions. ("Evidence," Koestler says, "tends to show that the political libido is as basically irrational as the sexual drive and patterned, like the latter, by early, partly unconscious experiences, by traumatic shocks, complexes, repressions, and the rest.") When I find out that in spite of his trips to Russia, and his role on many occasions as spokesman, liaison man, or frontman for the Communist party, he has never learned to speak Russian well enough to do without an interpreter, I then wonder whether his beliefs are as much a matter of intellectual integrity as they are of emotional prejudice. Knowing little about that curious blending of power needs with moral pretensions which penetrates the political Left, I am not disposed then to wonder what relationship there is between history as it is being made around us, and the political libido of the makers.

SINCE culture upon islands is often homogeneous, England's quality of difference—her peacefulness, the emotional unity of her people, the difficulties she places in the way of those who would subvert her institutions—is in part due to the existence of that small Channel. Yet she is no freer of the fascist doctrine than she is of the Communist; she, too, under certain circumstances, could have seen that remorseless union of the Left and the Right crush the life out of her body of moderates and she has produced her own small image of the "leader" in Sir Oswald Mosley (the "most brilliant man in the House," according to Beatrice Webb, "a perfect politician who is also a perfect gentleman"), a man capable of being a good Tory if he hadn't insisted upon being instead a radical of the Right. Although Mosley takes his tradition from Mussolini (rather disturbingly he is, like Mussolini, a former socialist) and not from the ranting Hitler, he claims, with a messianic faith typical of such leaders, that he will not imitate Mussolini, but only do for England what Mussolini has done for Italy. When in 1938 I see young British fascists walking in the park and playing with their police dogs, they always seem to be tall and handsome, to be lacking in sinister qualities, and to be behaving like Englishmen even to the tilt of their Fuehrer-style moustaches. One young man, whose dog has run toward me across the damp green grass, tells me gravely that since the Public Order Act, the BUF (British Union of Fascists) has had to quiet down. Then he smiles with pride and turns the lapel of his coat so that I may see his hidden fascist emblem.

On a small scale, and with certain moderations, this infant movement turns out to be very much the same fantasy-ridden movement which it is in Europe; the same spotlights, the same mixture of patriotism and totalitarianism (except that here the old songs of England are sung along with "Britons Awake" and the "Horst Wessel" song), the same accusations hurled at the Jews (one example, "venereal-ridden vagrants"), the same violence at their meetings. On one occasion a woman who interrupts is seized by the blackshirts and thrown to the women guards who claw her clothes half off her body, and carry her screaming through the audience. One day in East London I walk the narrow, crooked streets of Stepney and Bethnal Green, which are filled with a choking fog. Numerous Jewish immigrants crowd the open-air stalls, and refugees from Hitler mingle with those who speak a scarcely intelligible Cockney and whose looks and manners suggest long years in a city which has offered them only the limited glories of poverty. On some houses nearby the blackshirts have written P.J. (Perish Judah); and later, concerned social workers note that the children in the lanes now play "blackshirts and Jews" rather than "cops and robbers."

As events move on, the English give no impression of having been saved from fascism by a hair's-breadth. On the contrary, they operate in a well-disciplined "daze," and employ a sort of rearguard action like that seen later at Singapore, when the big guns turn out to the "Oceans

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of the Empire," but won't swivel inland to attack the enemy. It is not just the English confusion which operates, it is the Western, for in the realm of the journalist and the diplomat repressors of germane information are not all British. There is a general mélange of wishful thinking. A French journalist claims that Russian defense hides behind the possession of a few oversized tanks which are regularly put out on parade. A Dutch secretary derides Hitler's plans as an exercise in military poker. One American military attaché declares prematurely that although there is certainly danger of war, parachute troops can under no circumstances be effective. He does not foresee that the Germans, more "interested" in war than he is, have thoroughly explored all its possibilities. (Along with the Japanese, who are rehearsing with their soldiers dressed as tourists a possible landing in Malaysia, the Germans are busy planning blitzes from the skies, with their parachutists habited like nuns, and aproned like butchers and bakers, who cradle machine-guns in their baskets!) Similarly an American political attaché can see no possible connection between the bombast of Herr von Ribbentrop (nicknamed Herr von Brickendrop by some of the foreign colony) and his Fuehrer. Quite apart from the men he has chosen, the Fuehrer's merest choice of fancy-dress medals for his generals, his delight in gigantic flags and spotlights, is enough to suggest the glorious German empire which can only be brought about by war. Later Albert Speer writes in Spandau prison of his trip to London, and then goes on to philosophize about Hitler's yearning for domes 850-feet high, for halls where 150,000 people could stand before him, for a grandeur related to his childhood deprivation. He records that Hitler is excited by the mere thought of "beating" other world buildings, and that as he plunges further and further into isolation, he begins to dream up enormous edifices which are never to become reality.

So just as Communists had underrated the paranoid brutality of Stalin, now phlegmatic Westerners tend to underrate those whose grandiose dreams verge on madness. Even in the military game those whose job it is to prophesy tend to fill in the vague outline of opponents with their own characteristics, repressing here and adding there, attesting to their own innocence and expecting it of others, forgetting that if they count the number of tanks and airplanes possessed by their enemies, they must also try to assess their dreams. Inadequate as the British are in all this, and apparently victims of an emotional retreat, they have the dubious but important distinction of doing better psychologically than the dictators who rule Russia and Germany, and who, by their mutual pact, have put Britain "on the spot." These two extremists gain important, but in the long run temporary, advantages. Hitler, shrewd in practical politics but always beclouded with his dreams of grandeur, shows himself convinced that the British and French are too "decadent" to make a stand, and is unable to believe that the British really mean that they intend to stand by Poland. During those days he spends effort in trying to persuade Ambassador Nevile Henderson that once the Polish question is resolved he (Hitler) intends to give up warmongering and settle down to the life of an artist. Later, as the war begins to go against him, he demonstrates what one general calls "grotesque forms of underestimation of all possibilities on the part of the enemy"; and on another occasion he flies with clenched fists and foaming mouth at a man who is reading a rather negative report from the front. Deep in his bunker he ruminates about who—if anything happens to him—is to succeed him as leader of the Reich. Again he shows his gullible faith in the "man of intuition." Himmler won't do, he comments, because he is "so completely inartistic"! Even while Berlin goes up in flames around him, he looks for miraculous intervention, and is ecstatically optimistic when he hears of Roosevelt's death.

THAT other great leader, Stalin, more cautious and stubborn, yet profoundly paranoid, shows a similar inability to face reality when he learns that Hitler, with whom he has made the infamous pact, is turning eastward to cross Russia's frontier. He has every possible forewarning—in May 1941 reports come from all intelligence agencies that the frontier is massed with German troops; there is a report from his embassy in Berlin that war preparations are complete; President Roosevelt gives warning that according to his information "Operation Barbarossa" is about to get underway; a more detailed warning from agent Richard Sorge in Japan climaxes all this with the precise hour of the attack, and the precise directions of the main strikes. According to Roy Medvedev, a warning even issues from a German ambassador, Count von Schulenburg, who is a secret enemy of Hitler's. These reports are simply stamped "To be Filed," or "For the Archives," and dismissed. On one occasion, at the Moscow railway station where the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs is taking his departure, Stalin ostentatiously embraces the German ambassador, and remarks: "We must remain friends." Shut off from detailed knowledge of the state of Russia's cities and towns, her food supplies, and the weaknesses of the army he has emasculated by his purges, Stalin, like Hitler, has unlimited faith in his own intuition, and exhibits the weakness of the dictator who has so terrorized his advisers that they no longer dare to give adverse opinions. It is generally thought—and this is the propaganda point put out by extremist parties when they attempt to take over—that democracies are weak

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in times of national danger. But weak as such democracies are, an even greater weakness may be that of one-man rule which either deteriorates into legalized terror or flounders as soon as the leader is seen as fallible.

The British, however, are committed to disclosing the worst to the electorate. When it becomes obvious that war is inevitable, the whole country draws together with that fatalistic steadiness ("into the valley of death," etc.) celebrated by its poets. It is what Hitler himself had not bargained for. "On what grounds did the British have the insolence to declare war upon the Axis?" Goebbels asks in his diaries. He admits reluctantly that these people have a certain advantage in their capacity to act in unison and without coercion. "They are a very peculiar people," he says, "with whom it is difficult to have an argument," and then he adds resentfully, "It gets on one's nerves!"

It is at a dinner party in London in early 1939 that during some sort of discussion about horrendous confusion in the Department of the Navy, one of the guests paraphrases several lines of the poem "Mariners of England" ("Oh mariners of England, who guard our native seas," which we had so often and inappropriately recited in Australian schools). He leans forward to address himself to an American woman who is claiming that the rumors are exaggerated, and remarks sarcastically, "That of course is the very point made by those Innocents of England, who guard our native shores."

There is laughter at the table; but the laughter stops abruptly, checked perhaps by sobering thoughts, by the feeling that in any coming war the city of London is doomed to serve as a buffer and to absorb with her inadequate defenses the impact of a dictator's irrationality. By now most of us have begun to look at the danger, and to see that if it is hard to understand the present, it is even harder to foresee the future: that—in fact—human beings must pay for being politically illiterate.

To question thirty years later how much better informed the British electorate could have been, how much quicker to respond to the threat posed by Hitler, how much more skeptical toward extreme Left propaganda, may seem academic. Yet through the thirty years which follow World War II, history is to repeat itself in several ways. As she swallowed up the Baltic and part of Poland, Stalin's Russia is to swallow up great areas of Europe and to bring millions of people under her control. Revolts in Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia are to be crushed by military means. The Nazi impetus is to recur—to join with the Left on many occasions (as in Argentina with Joe Baxter, leader of a group of Tacuaras declaring that "Castro is not an anti-Semite but a nationalist who got rid of the Jews!"). In the Middle East, extremist Arabs, ex-Nazi propagandists, and Soviet agents are to work together to produce a climate in which thousands of Jews are to repeat the exodus of their co-religionists in Germany. What is more, even while Marxist theories are lying in a shambles around us, that passionate emotional commitment to the Marxist idea is to rise up afresh with a new generation. Intoxicated by this ideological fervor, groups of neo-Marxists all over the world—from those in Germany and Japan, to black extremists in the United States—are to try to balance verbal addiction to the Left with rightist tactics.

But that broad unhappy history is still in the future. . . . Now in England the British people are aware only that they must extricate themselves from the mess they have got themselves into. They are able to go further than that and to say with the character in the comics, "We have seen the enemy and he is us!"

The new government sets about drawing together the extremes of feeling in the nation—the pacifists who have counseled peace and peace only, the rightists who have hoped to see Hitler and Stalin at each other's throats, the leftists who have remained hopelessly stuck in the mire of Marxism while Stalin arranges for the liquidation of their foreign comrades. It is the moment for an expression of British humor, and there appears in the *New Statesman and Nation,* set to the beat of a well-known lyric "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden," a pleasantly bitter little poem by "Sagittarius":

There are bombers at the bottom of my garden,
And I'm not a teeny weeny bit afraid,
Cause good Sir Samuel Hoare told us long before the war,
What to do for home protection in a raid.
So we've got a lovely refuge of brown paper
On the nursery Anti-Gas-Precautions Plan.
I 'spect some people doubt
Poison gas can be kept out—
Well, it can.

The narrow Channel may have made all the difference to the island culture which produces such gentle satire; but it seems now far too narrow to protect England from the *Luftwaffe* (attacks are expected to take place in waves, 500 planes at a time, at intervals of five minutes).

At night the skies weigh over our heads. The great city slows down, its miles of lights put out, its traffic crawling, its dark river an undifferentiated serpent. We are caught up into something which we did not want, but which we did not know how to avoid. From time to time, as if asking a mute question, great searchlights sweep the sky.

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Observations

Banfield's "Heresy"

T. R. Marmor

Last fall, just before Thanksgiving, Professor Edward Banfield resigned from Harvard University. His colleagues in Harvard's government department were informed by note that Banfield was to become a University Professor at Pennsylvania, where Martin Meyerson, co-author with Banfield of the widely admired *Politics, Planning, and the Public Interest,* was president. No official attention was drawn to Banfield's reasons for leaving. Yet it would be extraordinary if his departure from Harvard were not partially occasioned by the angry and imbalanced controversy over his book, *The Unheavenly City**—a controversy which tells us less about what may be wrong with Banfield than about what is wrong with standards of critical discourse among social scientists today.

The controversy over *The Unheavenly City* was expected, and indeed it was partially provoked. Banfield seems to lead readers into distemper, the preface to his book containing the following anticipation of adverse reaction: "This book will probably strike many readers as the work of an ill-tempered and mean-spirited fellow. I would not mind that especially if I did not think it might prevent them from taking its argument as seriously as they should. I should like therefore to assure the reader that I am as well-meaning—probably even as soft-hearted—as he. But facts are facts however unpleasant. . . ."

The reception accorded *The Unheavenly City* was true to Banfield's expectation. The book in fact has been a minor political phenomenon. Since publication in the spring of 1970 it has sold over 100,000 copies, generated an astonishing amount of news coverage, and been analyzed by journals as diverse as *Commonweal* and the *Social Science Quarterly, Trans-action* and the *National Review, Fortune* and the *Library Journal. Time* and *Newsweek* covered *The Unheavenly City* as a news event, a document which had "found favor with the Nixon administration." And it has been the topic of numerous academic symposia as well as special panel sessions of the Association of American Law Schools and the American Political Science Association.

In substance, if not in tone, *The Unheavenly City* reads like a political scientist's version of Milton Friedman's *Capitalism and Freedom*. In it, Banfield makes a number of different claims about 20th-century urban progress, the character of America's "lower class," and the minimal, sometimes negative, contribution of public programs to urban change. He shows how urban conditions have improved in absolute terms during this century and asserts that only our "rising expectations" explain why our present circumstances are seen by some as a "crisis." Blacks have taken part in this general progress, he maintains, citing secondary evidence of the unmistakable improvement in the housing, income, health, and political patterns of black Americans. The situation of the city's least fortunate inhabitants, he concludes, is thus not all that bad.

However, Banfield claims that most of this improvement has been produced not by government policy, but by the independent play of market and social forces. It is unlikely, furthermore, that government policy can deal successfully with the one intractable problem which has resisted solution by the private sector. That is the problem of our "lower class," the group whose cultural level is as low as its income and whose inability to postpone gratification makes it stumble and fail continuously in the great American upward scramble. The "lower class" is disproportionately black and urban†; it will not, like old soldiers or 19th-century immigrants, fade away from public notoriety. Nor will the problem of the "lower class" respond to governmental remedies. Indeed, says Banfield:

> So long as the city contains a sizeable lower class, nothing basic can be done about its most serious problems. Good jobs may be offered to all, but some will remain chronically unemployed. Slums may be demolished, but if the housing that replaces them is occupied by the lower class it will shortly be turned into new slums. Welfare payments may be doubled or tripled and a negative income tax instituted, but some persons will continue to live in squalor and misery. New schools may be built, new curricula devised, and the teacher-pupil ratio cut in half, but if the children who attend these schools come from lower-class homes, they will be turned into blackboard jungles, and those who graduate or drop out from them will, in most cases, be functionally illiterate. . . . If, however, the lower class were to disappear—if, say, its members were overnight to acquire the attitudes, motivations, and habits of the working class—the most serious and intractable problems of the city would all disappear with it.

Finally, in other essays included in *The Unheavenly City*, Banfield makes a number of separate points about housing and metropolitan growth patterns, riots and their

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† That is to say, a higher percentage of blacks are in poverty than are in the middle or upper class; among Americans as a whole there are of course more whites than blacks in impoverished circumstances.

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causes, minimum-wage legislation and education policy, private wants and the public inability to satisfy them.

But if Banfield's views read like a political-science version of Milton Friedman, they have been received with nothing like the scholarly respect that Friedman regularly commands. Although Banfield has had his champions (who include James Q. Wilson, Irving Kristol, and Robert A. Nisbet) and although some of these have if anything exaggerated the excellence of *The Unheavenly City*, they have been overwhelmed both in numbers and in passion by his detractors. These latter have charged Banfield with a bewildering variety of sins: distortion by selective citation, unsound inferences, intellectual opportunism, moral insensitivity. His book has been described as "warped," "perverse," "wrong-headed," "a tract that will have unfortunate social effects." The *Village Voice* characterized it as "a piece of shit." Duane Lockard, chairman of the department of politics at Princeton, labeled the work "patent racism." David Elesh asserted in the *Journal of Human Resources* that "it is not enough to say that this is a bad book. It is irresponsible and propagandistic . . . mere assertion."

Why has the book aroused so much emotion and so little fair-minded analysis? To discover the answer is to understand why dissenting voices in the social-policy community have been subjected to intimidation and why the discussion of social policy has become so shrill an enterprise. In part, the emotionalism indicates that what Banfield has to say is significantly disturbing. His ideas about the existence of an intractably pathological lower class, for example, strike at the very basis of middle-class reform ardor. "If Banfield is right," Richard Todd noted correctly in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "the noblest efforts of the past 30 years have been wrong." This is heresy to liberals, and it is attacked as such.

Others among Banfield's critics have charged him with *academic* heresy—that is, with bias and distortion. As Robert L. Bartley summed it up in a sensible essay on the whole Banfield affair in the *Wall Street Journal*: "The ever-present insinuation [of reviewers] has been that Mr. Banfield did not follow his evidence and logic to his conclusions, that the conclusions spring first from some ulterior purpose, that he is a dishonest scholar." Thus Peter Rossi, the Johns Hopkins sociologist, described Banfield's analysis in the *Social Science Quarterly* as "intellectual opportunism" and "selective citation," and labeled the book, "a political tract, better documented than most, but a tract nevertheless." Robert Agger claimed in the same issue of the *Social Science Quarterly* that "Banfield's use of studies and events to document his theses is a not so clever but purposeful, manipulative, selective ordering of so-called fact."

The charge that Banfield is merely an apologist for the status quo was leveled by others. Writing in the New York *Times Book Review*, Jeff Greenfield accused Banfield of blatant political bias in a "largely theoretical tract" which "absolves institutions now in power." "Banfield," fumed Richard Sennett in the *New York Review of Books*, is ". . . an innocent, blind to the facts of class and race in America today, and taking refuge from the storms of modern events in an old-fashioned small-town mythology of class and the individual's place in history."

THE Banfield controversy sharply illuminates our depressing current mode of discussing social-policy issues. First, it illustrates the habit shared by many intellectuals of dismissing claims that, even if true, might tend to weaken reform impulses. Such critics seem to believe that improvement for black Americans cannot proceed if even demonstrable falsehoods—such as that the material circumstances of blacks have been getting worse over the past decade—are laid to rest. Thus, Robert Agger warned that the fact that "Banfield is quite right in demonstrating the hopelessness of well-intended but minor reforms should lead no one to his inference and guiding postulate that 'fundamental reforms' are impossible or unwise in a free society." Agger took the anti-intellectual and rather alarmist position that "During this period of groping for new forms and new solutions, the voices of the Banfields could do damage." Peter Rossi said of Banfield, "It is all too easy to read into [his] term 'lower class' the content 'black' and to conclude that as long as we have blacks in our cities we will have problems because so many of them are incorrigibly lower class." These critics held Banfield to the position that truth and bad consequences are unheavenly partners.

Second, the reception illustrates how the scholarly community fails to assess dispassionately the *relative merits* of a book or argument. Many rejected the entire book on *the basis of partial disagreement*, especially on the issue of income-redistribution and its power to affect poverty. Banfield believes that welfare payments do not produce greater independence or self-reliance in the "lower-class" poor because lower-class culture amounts to a pathology that is immune to merely symptomatic treatment. "The implication that lower-class culture is pathological," wrote Banfield, "seems fully warranted . . . because of the relatively high incidence of mental illness in the lower class."

But how large is this group of the culturally poor? Banfield does not know. What is the evidence that such a group exists at all in anything but trivial numbers? Banfield is not clear. Frank Levy properly noted in remarks before the American Political Association in 1971:

> . . . on the issue of size, Banfield is quite ambiguous. When making estimates, his numbers seem small. When discussing policy, the numbers seem large indeed. On page 61, Banfield quotes with approval an estimate that 5 per cent of all city families and 15-20 per cent of all city families below the poverty line are "multi-problem" families, families who qualify as Banfield's polar case of the lower class. This suggests that the other 80 per cent of poverty families could benefit to some extent from government programs. Yet many of Banfield's verbal arguments sound almost like the opposite proportions exist.

Peter Rossi supported Levy's criticism, claiming that "there is nothing but the most fragmentary and inconclusive evidence that there is a 'lower class' which is unable to defer gratification, or plan for the

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future"; and he thereby concluded that Banfield builds his model of urban society in order "to support his conservative ideology."

This criticism is important and cannot be lightly dismissed by Banfield or his defenders. Yet it does not prove that Banfield's thesis about housing patterns is false, that his views of the "costs" of rising expectations are wrong-headed, or that in general he is a Nixon lackey. He might just be wrong about income-maintenance and the definition of poverty.

The Unheavenly City is written in a cantankerous, irritating tone, and it is true that this tone may have prompted some of Banfield's critics to respond in kind. In his passion for criticizing the unreason of liberal clichés, Banfield characteristically comes on as a "soured idealist"; as the *Wall Street Journal* noted, Banfield has

> an argumentative streak . . . which is not entirely unrelated to the book's reception. Even his defenders observe that he has a taste for zingy rhetoric that can invite outraged reply. His chapter on urban riots, for example, argues that a certain incidence of outbreaks was inevitable when large and growing numbers of lower-class youths became concentrated in central cities and that this was much aggravated when political leaders started to read into outbreaks the quasi-justification of political purpose. He chose to title this "Rioting Mainly for Fun and Profit."

The fury of the liberal response to Banfield is, then, understandable and Banfield himself is not without responsibility in provoking it. Nevertheless, the entire enterprise of intellectual debate in the United States was demeaned by the reception of *The Unheavenly City*. No work by a prominent social scientist, however unorthodox, however flawed, however provocative, merits the kind of hysteria which greeted this book. In the process, another chance was lost to discuss seriously the problems of urban America and their possible cures. The Banfield case can be added to those of Moynihan, Jensen, and Herrnstein as an example of the intemperate and intimidating atmosphere in which the discussion of social policy has come to be conducted in America.

Movies

Keeping Up With the Corleones

William S. Pechter

IN ONE of my earliest appearances in COMMENTARY,* I wrote in praise of Francis Ford Coppola's *The Rain People*, a film I had little company in finding favor with. Coppola is a young director whose career occupies a curious middle ground between a Peter Bogdanovich's accommodation to the Hollywood Establishment and a Dennis Hopper's rebellion against it. Before *The Rain People*, his first uncompromisingly "personal" film, Coppola had directed three films of which two were low-budget "little" films and the other a big musical. After the critical and commercial failure of *The Rain People*, Coppola went on to win an Academy Award for co-authoring the screenplay of *Patton* (a film he didn't direct), and has now directed *The Godfather*, a film which is not only Coppola's first big popular success as a director but seems further destined to be among the two or three most commercially successful movies of all time.

And *The Godfather* is, furthermore, and by critical consensus, a stunning confirmation of my claims for Coppola's talents: vividly seen, richly detailed, throbbing with incident and a profusion of strikingly drawn characters (and enacted with an ensemble brilliance that, but for *Drive, He Said*, has probably not been seen in American films since *The Rain People*). Beyond this, *The Godfather* is an incontrovertible demonstration of the continued vitality and artistic power of two things in films whose resources had increasingly been thought to be exhausted: of densely plotted, linear narrative, and of naturalism —social observation and the accumulation of authenticating detail —as a method. And it possesses, moreover, that special excitement and authority available to a film which is both a work of artistic seriousness and one of truly popular appeal, a mass entertainment made without pandering or condescension.

The Godfather is all these things and more, with such immense skill and assurance that I feel almost impatient with my own inability to enjoy it more, to escape some nagging dissatisfaction. The basis of that dissatisfaction is perhaps best expressed by the compliment which has been paid to the film by one of its many admirers: that it is the "*Gone with the Wind* of gangster films." Though *The Godfather* is far better than *Gone with the Wind*, one does sometimes feel, as with the earlier film, that the later claims for itself a definitiveness partly on grounds of its being bigger, longer, and more richly upholstered than any other treatment of its subject; the defects of which virtues are such that, compared with *The Godfather*, even a less good film like *The French Connection* can seem to be lighter on its feet. But it is in its attempt at definitiveness in relation to its antecedents in a genre—as a gangster film among other gangster films—that my reservations about *The Godfather* chiefly lie. And despite all the novelty of its variations on familiar material, it is primarily as a genre movie that I see it, given my understanding of genres in American movies as being capable of evolution and the absorption of novel variations. Despite which, I am less inclined than is Norman Podhoretz† to see that the genre has evolved so far from Robert Warshow's famous

* "*With-It Movies*," February 1970.

† "Crime & the American Dream," COMMENTARY, January 1972.

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exposition of it* as now to present us with unambiguously affirmative images of worldly success.

At least, I'm far from prepared, as one who has watched (and shared) the responses of an audience as it assents to the killings by the Corleone family in *The Godfather*, to say that the appeal of the gangster in popular art has become one in which sadism no longer plays an important part. It may be that I speak here from a warped perspective, having devoured in my youth, not biographies of captains of industry, but crime fiction and, fascinated by their chronicles of brutality, Herbert Asbury's trio of informal histories of our urban underworlds, *The Gangs of New York*, *The Barbary Coast*, and *The French Quarter*. But what we see of Don Corleone at work is not a man making business deals (except for that running joke of a deal someone cannot refuse—his submission or his life), but, no less than in *Scarface*, a man exercising the nearly limitless power to hurt and intimidate. Even were we given some more detailed picture of what the Corleones's business entailed, it must surely modify our admiration for their success that it involves, if it is not actually based on, killing people; but, fascinating as a depiction of how the family's fortune was acquired and how its businesses are run might be, virtually nothing of the sort is presented (aside from the family's unlikely decision *not* to become involved in heroin traffic, the effect of which—like that of the family's victims being only other gangsters—is merely to make the Corleones more acceptable to us). Instead, in Robert Warshow's words, "Since we do not see the rational and routine aspects of the gangster's behavior, the practice of brutality—the quality of unmixed criminality—becomes the totality of his career. . . . Thus brutality itself becomes at once the means to success and the content of success—a success that is defined in its most general terms, not as accomplishment or specific gain, but simply as the unlimited possibility of aggression. (In the same way, film presentations of businessmen tend to make it appear that they achieve their success by talking on the telephone and holding conferences and that success *is* talking on the telephone and holding conferences.)"

The effect of stressing that the Corleones are in business, but limiting our view of their business to the expansion and consolidation of their power by their liquidation of the opposition, is to create probably the most consistent depiction of business-*as*-murder since *Monsieur Verdoux*. But despite this, and despite the film's sporadic gestures toward extending its trope of business-as-murder into the political sphere—the allusions to the Kennedys, to Lyndon Johnson (a meeting of rival mobs commenced with a sentiment about "reasoning together"), the remark by Michael, Don Corleone's heir, to his fiancée that she is being naive in saying the power of the Corleones is to be distinguished from that of Senators and Presidents because the latter do not kill people—it is not primarily in their aspect of businessmen that we see the gangsters in *The Godfather*. Rather—and one sees here the inadvertent felicity of the notorious expunging of all mention of the word "Mafia" in the film—it is as members of a "family": as godfather, father, grandparent, son, and brother. Though we see Don Corleone occasionally issuing an edict on his business affairs, our predominant images of him are not in his exercise of power but in his domestic role—officiating as father of the bride (in the film's splendid opening sequence), shopping for groceries, playing with his grandchild; not as a Scarface in flashy suits and monogrammed shirts, but as an old man, almost vulnerable-looking in his rumpled clothes and with the trace of gray stubble on his face.

Brando's performance as Don Corleone stands apart from the rest—perhaps inevitably, given all the advance publicity—as a tour de force of mimicry and make-up, but there are few if any other actors whose very presence carries the immense personal authority to be able to play Don Corleone in this peculiarly subdued, almost passive way while making credible the sense of his being the architect and administrator of his power. (And despite the sense one has of Brando's power being kept largely under wraps in what is basically a glorified character role, when Don Corleone dies, the absence of Brando in the film is felt as a loss of at least the potential for unleashing his special kind of power.) And it is essential to the film's conception of its subject that Don Corleone be played in this way: not as a Verdoux, using his family as the excuse for his zeal in business, but as a man amassing power to provide for his sons and dependents, and finding happiness in the serenity of his garden. If *The Godfather* is most unmistakably of its genre when Don Corleone's regular chauffeur fails to report for work and one knows immediately that an attempt will be made on his employer's life, so the one single thing that most distinguishes *The Godfather* from other gangster films is that Don Corleone is not a doomed overreacher but a man who dies, in effect, in bed.

WHAT is this family whose claims override all others in *The Godfather*? It is, for one thing, a patriarchy, and the story the film has to tell is basically not Don Corleone's but Michael's: a story of his initiation into the family by an act of murder, of the succession of the youngest, most assimilated son to the patriarchal powers and responsibilities and the ethnic mystique of his father. The audience approves Michael's initiation; the narrative thrust of the film is such that it cannot do otherwise; and is made to see the family as to some considerable degree admirable in its colorful ethnicity and fierce loyalties, the strength of its ties that bind. But is *The Godfather* an unambiguous celebration of this family? For a time, while its members are barricaded together from their enemies under the interim reign of Michael's brother, Sonny, there is, even in the sweaty, suffocating togetherness of their confinement, a real sense of *Gemütlichkeit*. But Sonny is a false godfather: hot-

* "The Gangster as Tragic Hero," in *The Immediate Experience*.

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headed, bellicose, given to acting impetuously on his feelings without letting the family's interests temper his personal pride; he is, in the classic generic mold, an overreacher, and is killed by what is perhaps the genre's most sustainedly savage hail of machine-gun fire. Under Don Corleone and, later, under Michael, what we are aware of instead is a large house whose dark interiors convey no sense of spaciousness, a feudal deference to rank and the lordly granting of dispensations, the suppression of dissent (so as not to give aid and comfort to the family's enemies), and a foundation of blasphemous hypocrisy (Michael swearing devotion to God in church while his underlings massacre those who have acted against the family and all others standing in its way). The film's final image is of the new godfather's ring being kissed by a petitioner while a door closes, shutting out Michael's wife to whom, in denying his implication in a killing he had ordered, he has just lied.

COPPOLA at one time described his work on *The Godfather* as a commercial chore, distinguishable from his direction of a "personal" film like *The Rain People,* and yet, when one thinks back to *The Rain People*'s ambiguous sense of family life as something whose responsibilities, however burdensome, could not be simply left behind, it almost seems that *The Godfather* is a film the director was fated to make, and to make in this way, into a more personal film than he is perhaps aware. But though the degree of emphasis on family life which Coppola brings to *The Godfather* is new to gangster films, the family and familial piety are by no means unknown to the genre (nor—*vide* the Manson "family"—to recent crimes of fact). This is so not only of such late examples as *Bonnie and Clyde* and *The Brotherhood,* but of others as early as *The Public Enemy,* in which one already sees a full-blown instance of that sentimentalization of mothers which drifts in and out of the genre and finds its grotesque apotheosis in *White Heat*; and if fathers have generally fared less well as chiefly weak, rebelled-against authority figures, the gangster's mob itself can be seen to be a species of patriarchal family.

What *The Godfather* does is to literalize this similarity: the gang's chieftain is no longer *like* a patriarch, he *is* a patriarch; the gang no longer resembles a family but has become one, and not just one more fragmented family among others but virtually the realization of that ideal of the nuclear, fortresslike family with whose images our movies have provided us from the Hardys on up, until, in thrall to newer pieties, they abandoned earlier ones to television. (Thus the importance of situating the Corleones mainly in the 40's; as one of the old men in the film says, "Young people don't respect anything these days. Times are changing for the worse.") But is this image of *gangsters* as the fulfillment and embodiment of our discarded ideals—as the family next door in the 40's—a *celebration* of the values of which those ideals consist? I think it is rather more like a criticism of them, but a criticism of a peculiarly bland and muffled kind, a criticism to be found less in the content of the film than in the phenomenon of our response to it: in our ability to accept gangsters as embodiments of such values. *Within* the film, the ambiguity of its celebration of family life is never violated: thus the rightness of Brando's decision, reportedly on his own initiative, to refuse to speak (to the Corleones's lawyer) the line, "A man with a briefcase can steal more than a hundred men with guns"; any such betrayal of conscious cynicism would be fatally to tip the scales in which the film is so precariously balanced. But the effect of domesticating the genre in this way is less to subject familial values to a criticism than to strip the gangster of his mythic dimension and his tragic meaning for us: to convert him into only one more of those "good husbands and fathers" so familiar to us from the crimes of bureaucrats and obedient soldiers. The gangster has here ceased to be, in Warshow's words, "what we want to be and what we are afraid we may become," and has become instead only another instance of the banality of evil. Who is this good husband and father, this man who must occasionally kill people in order to provide? He is only a man not unlike us, who has gone, perhaps, a little too far; and if our families are less the invincible fortress than is his, we have at least the comfort of knowing that our crimes are small in comparison; we can, with equanimity, cultivate our gardens. But at its best—whether in a *Scarface*'s conceit of the Capone mob as the Borgias in Chicago or a *Quick Millions*'s sardonic version of capitalist enterprise or a *White Heat*'s vision of the gangster as wife-nagged, mother-fixated, "tension-head-ache"-wracked, upwardly-mobile striver—the effect of the gangster genre was to press us to a recognition of the source in us of the gangster's disturbing hold on our imaginations. What are we that in this outsize, driven figure and his terrible excesses we can see an image, however extravagant and distorted, of ourselves?

Two other recent movies consciously try to find a place within traditional genres. In an interview with Peter Bogdanovich between the release of *The Last Picture Show* and that of *What's Up, Doc?*, the director was asked if he had any predictions as to what the critical reception of his new film might be; "I expect," he replied, "to be peed on." The implication was that, after a serious film like *The Last Picture Show,* a "screwball comedy" like *What's Up, Doc?* would be dismissed as frivolous and lacking in social consciousness, which makes a neat alibi for the simpler fact that *The Last Picture Show* was pretty good and *What's Up, Doc?* is awful. Yet, things being what they are, *What's Up, Doc?* has by and large escaped deprecation, and has even been made, at least in the pages of the New York *Times,* the object of flattery.

Screwball comedy is probably not so much a genre as, like comedy of humors, a comic idiom, and the dismal thing about *What's Up, Doc?* is not that Bogdanovich

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has attempted to resurrect it but how little he's understood it. In reviewing *The Last Picture Show*, I had occasion to say some unkind words about Bogdanovich's past performance as a critic (he has since turned into a very likable Hollywood anecdotalist in a column in *Esquire*), and the failures of *What's Up, Doc?*, the director's avowed "remake" of *Bringing Up Baby*, seem to me to be in the first place those of critical intelligence. There's no reason why one director's homage to another need be unjustifiable, either in theory or practice: Kurosawa thought he was making a John Ford film in *The Seven Samurai*, and Godard that he was remaking *Scarface* in *Breathless* (though in fact he was making something even better). But *What's Up, Doc?* only makes one wonder of what Bogdanovich's admiration for *Bringing Up Baby* consists, when he is able to cast Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal in the Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant roles, and then, around their utterly charmless performances, construct a film (written by a veritable pantheon of with-it hacks) that has all the subtlety and elegance of an Abbott and Costello vehicle directed by Frank Tashlin. For if screwball is not elegant it is nothing, as even the faintest grasp of *The Thin Man, The Awful Truth, My Man Godfrey*, etc. might serve to remind one.

That people find *What's Up, Doc?* funny I certainly cannot doubt, having sat through the film with a loudly laughing audience during a hugely attended, dollar-priced, Saturday matinee soon after its opening in San Francisco; why is it, I wondered, that it's so much more depressing to hear an audience laugh at a bad comedy than see them weep at a *Love Story?* My spirits were somewhat revived, however, by hearing one of the teen-agers in a group behind me that had been laughing loudest remark to her companions as they rose to leave, "I'm glad it was only a dollar."

THE British-made *Gumshoe* probably wouldn't exist without *The Big Sleep*, from which two incidents are affectionately paraphrased, or without several other of those classic private-eye films with which *Gumshoe*'s protagonist is so crazily infatuated. The film's protagonist lives in a fantasy of private-eye films so determinedly that, when his life turns into one, he is fully prepared to play it straight, as is the film, which, steering its steady if tangential course in relation to its inspirations, never veers into either spoof or *Harper*-like necrophagy. This is not to say that the film isn't funny; it is; but only that it (and Neville Smith's script in particular) has the wit and self-possession never to play the clown in order to get laughs, and never to sacrifice the integrity of its fantasy. One false step, and the film might easily become either a send-up or a clinical study of psychosis, but, with Albert Finney's wonderfully deadpan performance firmly at its center, it never does. I don't think it becomes anything great, either; all through the film, I wasn't even sure whether or not I really liked it. But, finally, there are things about it I like even better than I do *The Godfather*. As a piece of film-making, it isn't within miles of being in the same league as Coppola's film; yet in its modest, intelligent, and droll-spirited way, it seems to me, of the three films under discussion, to offer the most successful illustration of how to reclaim a genre.

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Student Activism

PASSION AND POLITICS. By SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET and GERALD M. SCHAFLANDER. *Little, Brown. 448 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by STANLEY ROTHMAN

THE number of books and articles which have appeared on the "student" question during the past seven years is probably exceeded only by the number which have been published on the subject of racial conflict, and they are, for the most part, of comparably poor quality. Why then bother with this one?

First, the campus mood seems to be changing. The current peacefulness may be deceptive, but, Lipset demonstrates, the past year witnessed a significant "deradicalization" of college students; indeed, the relative mildness of the campus response to the most recent step-up in the Vietnam war would seem to bear out Lipset's analysis. Today's students remain a more liberal or radical generation than that of the 1950's, but, as Lipset adds, they were never as radical as the media's nightly images of them.

Second, Lipset, who has edited two previous books and written over a dozen important articles on student rebellions around the world, has digested huge masses of data, often from generally ignored sources, and has integrated this material into a remarkably coherent and lucid discussion of what has been happening and why. In short, *Passion and Politics* is a very good book. (Or at least Lipset's portion of the book is very good. Schaflander's contribution consists largely of a rather disjointed polemic against the SDS and in favor of "nice" radicals. While his heart seems to be at least partly in the right place, he adds little or nothing to Lipset's discussion.*) Yet precisely because of its high quality, the book underlines some important weaknesses of American sociology as a discipline and reveals how little we know about certain crucial aspects of the student movement.

A few of Lipset's more important findings run counter to the conventional wisdom on the subject. Student activism, he suggests, was not initially directed against the university and its structure per se, but rather was primarily political, sparked first by the civil-rights movement and then the Vietnam war. As Lipset points out, demands for "university reform" came later, and most students at the institutions where confrontation politics began, actually expressed considerable satisfaction with their education at first. Some of the educational reforms sponsored by the militants and faculty supporters have since been adopted. Ironically, Lipset notes, they have often resulted in lessened contact between faculty and students as well as increased dissatisfaction with the quality of education.

The student rebellion was not generational in any simple sense. On the whole, radical students, at least initially, were the children of radical parents, attending universities and studying with professors who were likely to reinforce their inherited beliefs and values. Indeed, on most of the issues which have divided Americans during the past decade, the basic split has pitted upper-middle-class Jewish and Protestant youth, their parents, and their teachers on the one side (sometimes allied with blacks) against white (non-Jewish) ethnics attending less prestigious institutions or not in college at all on the other. The "rebellion" of activist students consisted primarily in their moving just a bit to the Left of their parents and in being willing to rely on confrontation-type tactics.

Student attacks on the "authoritarianism" and "corruption" of higher education began at the most liberal institutions, those which already offered their students more freedom than most schools. Radical students at these institutions may have complained about repression and even have felt repressed but, in comparative terms, they were far freer than those who were not complaining. Why, then, did the rebellion occur when and where it did? According to Lipset a more pertinent question is why so few students were active during the 1950's. American college students have generally supported "idealistic" causes, and they have always chafed at the restrictions imposed by university authority. Student activism has been cyclical in nature, yet the 1950's proved exceptional. The cold war and McCarthyism, the author feels, helped artificially dampen normal expressions of discontent. The 1960's seem, in this sense, a more natural period than the years which preceded them, and the depth of feeling on some campuses may have resulted in part from the emotional quietism of the previous decade.

Lipset tries to place the American student movement in a broader historical perspective. He acknowledges his partial error in heralding an end to ideology in the 50's and he now cautions others against making an error similar to his. Recent student activism is not new but rather another swing in a normal cycle of campus militancy. Certain concrete social problems sparked the current wave of student protest, but new problems will emerge even as (one hopes) old ones are solved or at least disposed of.

To be sure, the present situation differs from past student ac-

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* The publisher's paperback edition of the book bears a different title—*Rebellion in the University*—and consists solely of Lipset's essay.

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tivism in a number of important ways. For one thing, the sheer number of students is much larger. On campuses which boast twenty- to thirty-thousand students it is much easier to develop mass demonstrations than at smaller institutions. Further, universities have become more impersonal and more research-oriented, and it is also true that the media, especially television, have added a totally new dimension. Nevertheless, the differences are quantitative rather than qualitative.

Lipset remains uncertain about the long-range effects of the 1960's upon academia. Students have moved to the Left, and the next generation of academics will probably be even more vulnerable to student pressure than the current one. After all, radical students tend to turn to the academic profession in far greater proportions than their more conservative peers, and they are especially attracted to the social sciences.

The short-term effects of student activism on national politics have been rather different. On the whole, Lipset argues, student behavior may have contributed to a slight move to the Right on the part of the electorate in democratic nations. The conservatives won with even larger majorities in Japan; de Gaulle triumphed massively in France; and the Americans elected Richard Nixon. The Social Democrats did come into power in Germany but hardly on a pro-student platform.

I INDICATED earlier that Lipset's book points up some weaknesses of contemporary American sociology. One of these has to do with certain assumptions about the nature of social process which Lipset shares with other sociologists, although he is rather more careful than most. In general, the perspective adopted is one which assumes that political disorder always reflects the explosion of pent-up social frustrations. (Where there is smoke there must be fire.) Thus the reemergence of student political activism in France and Germany and its emergence for the first time in England on a mass scale must have some underlying sociopolitical rationale which the sociologist seeks to explicate. However, there is an alternate view. Certainly underlying frustrations are and have been present in all of these countries. Some even have a long tradition of student protest. Nevertheless, the emergence of political protest at a particular time and place and of a particular style still needs to be explained. After all, there is little evidence that the situation of young people was worse in England or Germany in the 1960's than the 1950's. Certainly the politics of these countries was not characterized by the same kinds of problems facing the United States.

It is at least possible that some of the impetus to student protest in Europe or Australia was imitative. American popular culture spread to Europe during the 1950's, influencing especially its youth. If, in the past, Europeans of various social classes saw America through the prism of their own national experience, by the 1960's they had begun to see the future of their own countries and that of Europe through the prism of America. If American "capitalism" was racist and oppressive and America was guilty of "genocide" in Vietnam, it followed that their own countries were also guilty, even if not directly involved. And, if American youth could give vent to the most primitive behavior in the name of idealism, why not they? This is certainly not the whole story, but an awareness of the possibility may serve as a useful corrective to rather more apocalyptic views of what is happening in advanced industrial societies.

A second weakness, conceptual only in part, reveals itself when Lipset attempts to summarize the available information on the demographic characteristics of student activists. He does point out that students of Jewish background were disproportionately overrepresented among radicals, at least in the early phase of the student movement, but he never discusses the actual extent of their involvement. The fault is hardly his, for very few writers have faced the issue. Most surveys report the religion of respondents or of their parents. However, since many of the parents of the most radical students list themselves as "atheists," the religious and ethnic origins of many radical students remain unaccounted for. Actually, it is an open secret of the student movement, known apparently to everyone except the academic community and the elite journalists, that most "atheist" children of "atheist" parents are "deracinated" Jews. Indeed, close analysis of studies by Braungart, Meyer and Maidenberg, Schweitzer and Elden, and Troll, Neugarten and Kraines indicates that from 50 to more than 75 per cent of radical youth in the mid-1960's came from Jewish backgrounds.*

Lipset's summary of psychological studies of student radicals reveals a similar weakness. The material available to him is far more problematical than that which exists on the Right wing in American politics, and Lipset is properly skeptical. He is not convinced, for example, that radical students constitute a new "liberated generation." Studies indicating that radical students tend to come from families in which the father was less dominant (authoritarian?) may simply be recording a Jewish family pattern which is not unique to this generation. Lipset is just as skeptical of studies which "demonstrate" that radical students are more "idealistic," "intellectual," "humanitarian," and "democratic" than their more conservative peers. Although the literature tends to be dominated by these findings, Lipset has managed to uncover a few careful analyses which indicate that radicals may be more "paranoid" than other students, and still others which find little difference between radical and non-radical activists in terms of some obvious personality correlates. However, given the paucity of sophisticated analyses, he can do little more than raise questions.

* Richard G. Braungart, "Family Status, Socialization, and Student Politics: A Multivariate Analysis," *American Journal of Sociology* 77 (July 1971), pp. 108-20; Philip Meyer and Michael Maidenberg, "The Berkeley Rebels Five Years Later . . ." (Mimeographed, February 1970. The study appeared as a series of articles in various Knight newspapers); and Lillean E. Troll, Bernice L. Neugarten, and Ruth J. Kraines, "Similarities in Values and Other Personality Characteristics in College Students and Their Parents," *Merrill Palmer Quarterly* 15 (1969), pp. 323-36.

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One problem lies in the instruments used to study students. Many of the measures created for this purpose are so constructed that "radical" students emerge as "idealistic" and "humanitarian" almost by definition. This should surprise no one. After all, the scales themselves were largely created by scholars who share the main beliefs and values expressed by the radical students. As Lipset himself argues, the students (and perhaps the scholars who constructed the scales) may simply be responding in terms of preconceived ideological commitments that obscure rather than reveal the underlying motives of their behavior.

THE issue transcends the study of student dissent for it raises some important questions concerning the framework within which educated Americans perceive their society. In the past twenty years a new elite of "metro-Americans," to use Eric Goldman's infelicitous phrase, has emerged from the colleges and universities with a view of the world which has been largely shaped by the categories of contemporary American social science. This elite lives in a world in which ideas about reality are often confused with the real thing, for the simple reason that those who act on these views are usually protected from the consequences of their acts by the very fact of their elite status. As several scholars have suggested, the manner in which we have dealt (or failed to deal) with some of our social problems may well reflect the assumptions of this elite and those of the intellectual establishment to which they turn for enlightenment.

Radicals like Professor Alvin W. Gouldner (in *The Coming Crisis in Western Sociology,* which I reviewed in these pages*) who feel that the sociological establishment is not radical enough, have urged that sociologists engage in a self-examination to uncover the unconscious sources of their preconceptions. He limits his suggestions, however, to those he considers "conservative," and never attempts to apply a similar analysis to sociologists and other social scientists on the Left who, if Lipset is correct, actually constitute a majority of the more intellectually influential in the profession. The results of a study of this type might prove quite interesting.

* December 1970.

Life of a Marrano

FROM SPANISH COURT TO ITALIAN GHETTO. ISAAC CARDOSO: A STUDY IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MARRANISM AND JEWISH APOLOGETICS. By YOSEF HAIM YERUSHALMI. *Columbia University Press. 524 pp. $20.00.*

Reviewed by ROBERT CHAZAN

JEWISH history, rich in the unusual and the bizarre, has produced few phenomena stranger than the Marranos. These men and women were part of the glorious epoch of medieval Iberian Jewish history; forced in greater or lesser measure to abandon their ancestral faith, they clung (again in greater or lesser measure) to shards of their Jewish heritage; they emerged occasionally from Spain and Portugal into the open Jewish communities of Hamburg, Amsterdam, Italy, and Turkey; in some instances they rose to positions of eminence in their new surroundings and in others lived out desperately troubled existences of unabated marginality.

Contemporary Jewish historians have come to occupy themselves increasingly with the Marranos. The most compelling reason for this interest is a growing sense that the Marranos represent the first major break with medieval Jewish life, the first tentative taste of the exhilaration and debilitation that modernity has brought upon the Jews. As Yosef Yerushalmi notes:

> Against the backdrop of an age which produced a number of significantly "modern" developments in Jewry, they stand out as perhaps the first modern Jews. By virtue of the years each had spent in the Peninsula, these former Marranos constituted the first considerable group of European Jews to have had their most extensive and direct personal experiences completely outside the organic Jewish community and the spiritual universe of normative Jewish tradition. Moreover, as nominal Christians in Spain and Portugal they had enjoyed full access to the mainsprings of Western theological, philosophic, and scientific learning. In a time when Jews were barred from most European universities, or allowed only sporadic attendance at some, former Marranos were alumni of Coimbra, Salamanca, Alcalá, or even Toulouse and Paris.

The interest in Marrano history has been further stimulated by the fascinating intellectual challenge which it poses. Like all Jewish historians, the student of Marranism must master two bodies of information and learning; he must know the life of Spain and Italy and Turkey, along with the nuances of Jewish experience as well. While this is difficult enough, the task of reconstructing the Marrano past is grievously complicated by its essentially secret nature. Yerushalmi again puts the matter well by indicating that "few phenomena can be more elusive of historical scrutiny than a secret religion whose subterranean life has been documented largely by its antagonists." It is no surprise that Marranism has been one of the most hotly debated issues in recent Jewish historiography.

Finally there is the sheer romance of Marranism—hidden conventicles, inquisition and torture with attendant cravenness and courage, dramatic flight, brilliant Jewish spokesmen, troubled Jewish heretics, unbridled messianic enthusiasm. Few books of Jewish scholarship have been read with the same breathless excitement as the late Cecil Roth's *History of the Marranos,* whatever its scholarly merits or shortcomings.

In order to uncover some of the high points and ambiguities of Marrano history, Professor Yosef Yerushalmi has selected a leading Marrano figure and has utilized a detailed investigation of one life as a vehicle for illuminating aspects of the group experience. Yerushalmi himself explains that, "while adhering to a biographical framework, this study is not, strictly speaking, a biography. It is rather, as the subtitle indicates,

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a study of 17th-century Marranism and Jewish apologetics—as reflected in the life of one man." The choice of Isaac (*né* Fernando) Cardoso as the focus for such a study is a felicitous one, for he is intrinsically interesting and important, while at the same time reflective of key facets of the Marranism of his epoch; Yerushalmi's reconstruction both of the life and of the era is superb.

Born in Trancoso, Portugal, in 1603/4, Cardoso studied arts and medicine at Salamanca and Valladolid, completing his doctorate at the latter university. Sometime between 1627 and 1630, Dr. Fernando Cardoso abandoned his teaching post at Valladolid in favor of a career in Madrid. In the capital, supporting himself through his medical practice, he quickly penetrated the most distinguished intellectual circles. Under the patronage first of the Admiral of Castile and later of the Prime Minister of Spain, Cardoso wrote a number of scientific works, including a discussion of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius and a widely-praised treatise on the medicinal uses of water and melted snow. He was a devotee of the arts as well, contributing a sonnet to a volume lauding Philip IV for shooting a brave bull and another to a collection in memory of Lope de Vega. Coincidentally Lope's last public appearance had been at "a lecture on certain theses of medicine and philosophy, which were being sustained for three days by Doctor Fernando Cardoso, a great philosopher and very learned in the higher disciplines."

As Yerushalmi makes clear, however, beneath the glittering successes of Cardoso's years in Madrid lay constant reminders of grave dangers. The year of publication of Cardoso's first major work, the tract on Vesuvius, saw the public burning of six New Christians accused of beating an image of Christ crucified. A number of the victims happened to be neighbors of Cardoso on the Calle de las Infantes; a passage published by Cardoso forty-seven years later shows that the incident remained with him for the rest of his life. Sometimes the danger was more immediate yet. On March 7, 1634, Cardoso appeared before an inquisitorial tribunal investigating the affairs of a wealthy young merchant named Bartolemé Febos. While nothing untoward developed out of this contact with the Inquisition, it had to leave even a man as well-placed as Cardoso uncomfortable.

There was more than danger; there was, for a sensitive New Christian, an unending series of insults and affronts. The contact between Lope de Vega and Cardoso has already been mentioned. In addition to the sonnet, Cardoso published a long and admiring eulogy for the deceased dramatist. Yet the same Lope had penned a vicious poem as part of the wave of indignation over the alleged flagellation of the Christ image in 1632. Another important personage in the Madrid circles frequented by Cardoso was Dr. Juan de Quinoñes de Benavente, a government official, a dilettante scholar, a patient of Cardoso, and the author of a vituperative anti-Semitic tract on the supposed menstruation of Jewish males. These are the associates and colleagues with whom Cardoso lived constantly. As Yerushalmi observes, "outwardly all is politeness and gracious conviviality. And all the while the real thoughts and attitudes, the contempt he must have felt are concealed beneath a smile and locked in the recesses of the heart."

In 1648, Cardoso turned his back on both the splendor and the sham of Madrid. He and his younger brother Miguel surfaced in Venice, overtly proclaiming their Jewishness and taking the new names Isaac and Abraham respectively. Isaac Cardoso remained in Venice for less than five years, eventually settling in Verona in 1652, as physician to the Jewish community.

Adjustment of returning Marranos to Jewish life was far from a simple matter, as the life histories of Uriel da Costa, Spinoza, and a host of minor figures attest. Isaac Cardoso's acceptance of Judaism, however, was marred by no discernible loss of intellectual equilibrium. None of his subsequent writings, carefully examined by Yerushalmi, reveals any signs of vacillation and doubt. In fact, the major thrust of Cardoso's intellectual activity during the years in Verona was toward an elucidation of the faith which he had espoused, a vigorous defense of that faith, and an assertion of its compatibility with the best of 17th-century philosophy as he knew it.

The first of his two most significant works, *Philosophia libera,* was published in Venice in 1673. It is a large volume, covering more than 750 folio pages. Cardoso's goal is formulated in the following terms: "We shall investigate Nature and its Founder, so that from the world and its multitude of things, as if by a ladder, with enlightened and instructed mind, we may be lifted to God its Maker." The book is rich with the broad learning amassed by its author in Spain and Italy and is suffused with the unabashedly Jewish leanings that characterized his life in the years after 1648. His second *magnum opus, Las excelencias de los Hebreos,* was published six years later in Amsterdam and had as its purpose a presentation of the true dignity of Israel. "The nations who see Israel brought low, despised, and without any human succor, judge it abhorred and rejected by its God. They see it externally disfigured, but it is beautiful within. . . . The beauty is unknown because of its troubles, and the affliction of its captivity; it is punished, but never abhorred, loved forever, and castigated temporarily." There follows a concerted effort to expose this beauty and, at the same time, to dispel the ugly web of slanders woven about it.

Despite the lack of wavering in Isaac Cardoso himself, as a prominent ex-Marrano he could not fail to be touched by the problems of his fellow-returnees. In his case, these issues were extremely close to home. Perhaps the most moving chapter in Yerushalmi's book is the description of the tension between Isaac and his younger brother Abraham, the latter a major Sabbatian spokesman in the wake of the conversion of that supposed Messiah. Yerushalmi shows how the Marrano background of the brothers worked in complex ways, drawing Abraham toward the image of a Messiah who had been sullied by apostasy but who was destined to reappear in his

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fullest glory, and conversely strengthening Isaac in the resolute rejection of such a blatantly Christological figure. "In essence the drama of Isaac's clash with Abraham was a repetition of one whose final act he had already resolved within himself before he left Spain. The issues which Abraham now raised in connection with Sabbatai Zevi were essentially the same that Isaac had already hammered out with regard to Christ, and on which he had staked his existence."

From Spanish Court to Italian Ghetto is a model of erudition and scholarly thoroughness. In tracking down his elusive subject Yerushalmi ranges from the baptismal records of Celorico, to the archives of the University of Valladolid, to the dossiers of the Inquisition, to the archives of the Jewish community of Verona, not to mention the often obscure references and allusions he has managed to locate and elucidate in the rich literature of 17th-century Madrid and in Cardoso's own extensive writings on diverse subjects. The result of his painstaking and imaginative investigation into the complexities of Marrano existence is a major contribution to our understanding of this small band of 17th-century Jews who exercised such a disproportionate influence on modern Jewish life and thought.

Philosopher as Scientist

PROBLEMS AND PROJECTS. By NELSON GOODMAN. *Bobbs-Merrill. 463 pp. $15.00.*

Reviewed by ROGER WERTHEIMER

NELSON GOODMAN refers to Hume as "the greatest of modern philosophers"--an assessment sufficiently peculiar to suggest a peculiar set of preferences. The preferences can be seen guiding Goodman's own work, which strikingly resembles Hume's.

One superficial similarity is that they are among the appallingly few philosophers who can be read with pleasure as well as profit; both have the gift of discussing abstruse matters with style and clarity. But after two centuries, matter, style, and standards of clarity have altered considerably. Goodman's style is crisp and witty. (Alas, his celebrated concision is too often the brevity of indecent impatience, and his charms rely too much on a cuteness that works against him by being overworked.) Moreover, like every other subject, philosophy has become increasingly technical and specialized. What enables Goodman to be the clearer and more precise writer (e.g., the progress of philosophical debate, the employment of symbolic logic, specialization itself) bars comprehension of some of his work to the lay reader. Yet much of his work presupposes no more specialized training than does Hume's. This could be said of one or more major essays in most of the ten sections of *Problems and Projects*. Even so, Goodman, like Hume, is not easy reading because the issues are highly abstract and inherently difficult, and the discussion sophisticated and rigorous.

With regard to content, the obvious analogy lies in the problem of induction: Hume discovered it, and Goodman has made what is widely if not universally judged the single most important advance on the problem since Hume. The seminal achievements of both are within the philosophy of science. Of course, philosophers frequently dabble elsewhere than their central concerns, but the results are usually uninteresting, if not embarrassing. Hume is exceptional in this respect; so too is Goodman, for there are few issues he writes about that he does not significantly contribute to, and his writings span not simply the philosophy of science, but also philosophy of language, and the broader issues of metaphysics, epistemology, and aesthetics.

But such comparisons are uninstructive. Nor does it help to add that Goodman calls himself an empiricist, someone working in the tradition of Hume. That self-description is, on its face, unintelligible, since Goodman's favorite critical targets are the characteristic tenets of traditional empiricism. True, he calls himself a nominalist, but his version of nominalism is tenuously related to Hume's. True, too, he develops a form of phenomenalism, but his version claims no special genetic, epistemological, or metaphysical priority. True, again, he shares a deep skepticism of all dogmas, religious, political, or commonsensical, but his skepticism encompasses the traditional doctrines of empiricism as well. However, his critique of empiricism is also a critique of rationalism and much of pragmatism, for he rejects not only the empiricist description of cognition as a passive process, rather than an active one in which experience becomes knowledge only in and through its systematization by means of conceptual structures; more, he rejects the very terms of the description that constitute the common vocabulary of all forms of epistemological absolutism and their metaphysical counterparts: namely, the conceptions of *a priori* knowledge and of irreducible, incorrigible givens in experience.

For Goodman there simply is no necessary truth, no *a priori* knowledge, innate or conventional. Our conceptual structures do not comprise or contain a permanent or rigid framework defining the limits of possible experience; they are to be understood as scientific theories and evaluated and modified accordingly. They are revisable, not only or even primarily because of their possible conflict with experience, but for reasons which make such conflict possible, most notably considerations of simplicity and internal coherence. Goodman views simplicity as the essence of systematization, the organization of experience that constitutes the essence of science, and of our comprehension of the world.

Moreover, the world no more compels us to accept a particular content of experience than we are compelled to impose a particular structure upon it. There is no absolute given, and no one way that the world "really" is. All experience is variously describable by means of various systems of description, and, for that same reason, no description of experience is immune to doubt or denial

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if it conflicts with the system we employ. Experience itself cannot conflict with a theory or system; only certain descriptions of an experience can. Such conflicts are adjudicated, not by reference to some alleged indubitable character of a law or an experience, but by principles of simplicity, coherence, and the like, which regulate the structure of a system and thus the description of experience.

But Goodman does not simply exchange the traditional "certainties" for another set of fixed beliefs, the principles of system construction. Instead, he opens new fields in his attempts to formulate theories about those constructional principles we presently employ, and, consistent with the principles he is systematizing, he is sometimes led to revise or reject some of them. By calling this particular enterprise "the science of science," he signals his ties to Hume for whom philosophy in general was "the science of man." Goodman's essential continuity with Humean empiricism lies here in the shared conception of the philosopher as a scientist studying man and his systems of belief; the discontinuities are due to Goodman's radical break with Hume's naive positivistic conceptions of science and the scientific method. No doubt, since the general public still accepts Hume's picture of science, they are likely to suppose smugly that a philosopher *qua* scientist is ill-equipped to explore the full panorama and subtle nuances of human phenomena. A reading of some Goodman essays in aesthetics would disabuse many nice people of their preconceptions about philosophy, science, and art all at once.

Alas, when a philosopher styles himself "scientific," he is usually about to flout common sense outrageously while using the progress of science as a handy—and misleading—model of how once-popular beliefs can come to be recognized as ridiculous. (I speak as a practitioner of this rhetoric.) Goodman is no exception; like Hume, he is notorious for devising arguments as deft as their conclusions are daft. Sometimes the daffiness is only apparent; his new riddle of induction is as genuine a discovery about induction as Russell's paradox is about set theory. In other instances his results are sports of logic, as unacceptable as they are novel: e.g., that no two words are synonymous or that a musical performance deviating by even one note from a score is not in fact a performance of the work in question. Goodman, like Hume, prefers to pose as the impartial researcher driven willy-nilly to such conclusions by the logic of arguments revealing incoherences in our presently accepted systems of belief; the paradoxical character of his solutions to the problems thus posed is supposedly an unavoidable consequence of paradoxes latent in our existing beliefs. But, as with Hume, one suspects Goodman of being delighted in being so "driven." If he is driven, it is only by a desire to be as provoking as possible, even as regards the formulation of his conclusions. Take, for example, his claim that no words are synonymous. The claim presupposes extensionalism, the denial of intensionalism, the denial that words have a meaning which is something distinct from a word's denotation. Since his gibes at intensionalism are altogether too glib to be probative, what he really proves, if anything, is that extensionalism cannot make good sense of the claim that some word pairs are synonyms. To express that platitude by saying that no words are synonymous is like explaining the effect of sterilization in terms of the nonexistence of identical twins.

Moreover, the talk of science here is pure cant. In their structure Goodman's arguments are no more distinctively scientific than Zeno's "proofs" of the impossibility of motion. They are, forgive the expression, *a priori*. They do not proceed, e.g., by an inventory of word pairs in every lexicon, and they do not conflict with what is properly described as a widely held opinion, but rather wth norms which form the structure of our systems of belief. The isolated and spectacular instances in which scientists attempt conceptual revision are impressive, but not as analogs here: e.g., it's not as though Einstein's arguments against simultaneity showed that I can't talk *while* I walk. Goodman attacks common sense (what he calls "our common nonsense") as though it were a body of beliefs, what people call common knowledge. But a man lacking in common sense is defective not so much in *what* he thinks as in the *way* that he thinks (judges, decides, etc.), and the defect may be undetectable by the canons of deductive logic. Not surprisingly, philosophers are often thought to be such men.

Goodman may rightly insist that the conflict of his claims with common "belief" is no refutation; so, too, a wiggled toe would leave Zeno unmoved. And he may insist that it is possible that our belief, for instance, in the possibility of synonymy is mistaken; so too it is possible that our belief in the possibility of motion is mistaken. Fat chance! (The parallel is, however, imperfect. It is not altogether unlikely that an adequate non-extensionalist linguistic theory would drop our present notions of meaning, synonymy, and the like in favor of a more manageable set of concepts which collectively covered the same ground. Our notion of motion seems far more secure.) Even if Goodman's arguments were as clever as Zeno's we would be no more compelled to accept his conclusions than Zeno's. On the contrary, given the conclusions, we are compelled to wonder how the arguments go wrong. The arguments may yet be important if their refutations are difficult and instructive: after 2,500 years of attempts by the best philosophical and mathematical minds, the fallacies of Zeno's "proofs" have not been decisively determined. Goodman ranks as one of the more important philosophers of this quarter century partly because of his talent for devising such puzzles. Hume's rank is comparably based, though incomparably greater partly because his paradoxes are incomparably more fundamental and instructive. One further point: while Goodman, like Hume, realizes that his solutions are believable only by a philosopher and only while he is doing philosophy, Hume, unlike Goodman, also realized that that fact constitutes a problem for those solutions.

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In the New World

AMERICA'S JEWS. By MARSHALL SKLARE. *Random House. 234 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

THE United States, it has often been noted, was the first society in history to have been founded consciously as a nation, its own history, in effect, being the evolution of the social processes that forged national unity. Moreover, as these things go, America's history spans but a moment in time, lacking the centuries-old accretions of traditions and tensions—social, political, economic, religious, and cultural—that mark European polities. There is a further distinction. Brief as American history may be, in its entirety it belongs to only a part of its citizenry—to the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, to be precise. For America is preponderantly a nation of immigrants and in the main has only part-time heirs, so to speak, of its past. At the time of the Civil War the American population numbered some 31 million, but in the period between 1865, when the war ended, and 1925, when the restrictive immigration laws went into effect, America took in over 32 million immigrants—which is to say that close to half of the present-day U.S. population, the descendants of the immigrant masses, have no direct ancestral memories or family traditions that trace back to the Civil War.

The children of the immigrants learned about America's past from teachers and from books and not as part of inherited family traditions. Thus were they assimilated into the American ethos, the process of assimilation itself becoming a factor in American history. The history of America which the immigrants and their children might themselves recount was, in all likelihood, not the history they had learned at school, but that of their own acculturation, of the immigrant struggles and adjustments and accommodations which form the very center of the American historical experience.

It is this experience as it affects American Jews that Marshall Sklare has undertaken to describe in his latest book, *America's Jews*. The focus of the work is on Jewish identity—its private and public faces, its normal and pathological aspects, the formal and informal means through which it is transmitted and reinforced. From this central investigation Sklare proceeds to an exploration of American Jews in relation to the two basic forces acting upon them: the influences of world Jewry, past and present, and the countervailing influences of America, Christian, secular, and pluralist. The result is sociological topography of a very high order, comprising an imaginative mapping of the American Jewish experience in all its facets.

SKLARE uses the term "Jewish identity" to signify the Jew's acceptance of his Jewishness and of his sense of belonging to the Jewish group. In America, Jewishness is a matter of personal choice, in contrast to most pre-war European states where Jews became members at birth of a legally-constituted and officially-defined Jewish community having governmental status. A Jew could take his leave from such a community only by submitting a formal petition to the municipality; upon approval, the petitioner was then classified as a "nonbeliever." In Poland, where the Ministry of Religion did not recognize "nonbelievers" as a category, the only effective way of withdrawing from the Jewish group was through conversion. But America, as they say, is different. Here group membership is considered strictly a private matter and nonidentification with the Jewish group involves no communal penalty or public sanction since it requires no public declaration of disaffiliation (as in Weimar Germany, for instance, where the local Jewish communities, informed by the municipality of Jewish withdrawals, used to publish notices in the newspapers under the heading "*Austritte aus dem Judentum*"). Nevertheless, as Sklare hastens to point out, even though in America the state is neutral on the matter of group identity, the decision to be or not to be a Jew (or a member of any other minority group) is not entirely a matter of individual choice; for the choice must be legitimated not only by the individual's own group, but also by the larger society. The discrepancies between self-definition and external legitimation are often at painful variance—as witness the case of those black Jews who are full-fledged Jews by all the criteria of rabbinic law, yet are rejected as such by most American Jews and are regarded simply as blacks by society at large.

Given this situation, where the decision of Jewish affiliation is a personal and voluntary one, the extraordinary thing is that the overwhelming majority of America's Jews do in fact identify themselves as such and, for the most part, try to give shape and substance to that identity. The most common form which this takes is organized religion, though religious observance, as we all know, is not practiced too scrupulously.

SECULARIZATION, as Sklare explains, has made greater inroads in Judaism than among other religions in America, and this is due to the special nature of the Jewish sacred system which, more than any other, encompasses almost the entire round of diurnal activity. But even before the mass immigration to America, secularization, abetted by urbanization and industrialization, had begun to invade traditional Jewish society and to chip away at the traditional patterns of faith. In America the process was hastened by an eagerness to acculturate to American society. Thus, many Jewish observances came to be seen, in Sklare's phrase, as "disharmonious with the environment"; the Judaism practiced in the Old World underwent a series of adjustments to accord with the American situation, where, as Sklare indicates, the Jew "is guided by a new personalism rather than by an old prescriptionism." (He is quick to note, however, that the personalism in question is not all that individualistic, but is determined by the prevailing environment.) Speculating on

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ's *most recent contribution was a review of the late Maurice Samuel's* In Praise of Yiddish *(December 1971).*

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why some observances have been retained and others dropped, Sklare concludes that the highest degree of retention occurs when a ritual "is capable of effective redefinition in modern times," when it "does not demand social isolation or the adoption of a unique life style," when it "accords with the religious culture of the larger community while providing a 'Jewish' alternative when such is felt to be needed," and when it "is centered on the child."

Traditionally, it was the family that was charged with the responsibility of transmitting a sense of Jewish affiliation to the child and of imbuing Jewish values in the young. But most American-Jewish parents, lacking even rudimentary knowledge of Judaism or familiarity with the Jewish past, are not able to fulfill their traditional task. Consequently, they have transformed the functions of certain communal institutions—primarily the synagogue and the school—and given them a surrogate parental role. It is not altogether a discouraging development, for, as Sklare writes, "community persists, because identity persists." Once having been brought into existence, the community and its institutions operate out of a dynamic of their own, and while serving the need for identity, they also stimulate and foster it.

To be sure, wherever Jews have lived, the synagogue has been the central Jewish institution. In this respect America is not different, yet in America the synagogue has undergone a profound sea-change. In its European habitat, the synagogue was primarily a place of worship and of religious study. In America it vastly expanded its functions to become a communal center as well, thus accommodating the needs and desires of its members to maintain and transmit their Jewish identity.* The behavior of American Jews indicates that their choice of this religious identity does not necessarily affirm a personal commitment to Judaism, but rather of membership in the Jewish people.

The gaping discrepancy between some of the more egregious Jewish practices and the historic Jewish tradition they are meant to represent is an easy target for adolescent rebels and self-righteous literalists. But the form which Jewish identity has taken, whether one likes it or not, is the heritage of the modernism that Jews have been trying to live with ever since the late 18th century, when the French revolutionary National Assembly reluctantly enfranchised the Jews at the price of membership in their own corporate communities. It is a heritage fraught with paradox. The "enlightened" Jews of the period, who had already begun to abandon religious observance, were the very ones who hastened to accept a religious definition of the Jewish polity in deference to the demands of the modern nation-state. The traditionalist Jews, on the other hand, insisted on a national or ethnic dimension in defining themselves as Jews.

SELF-CONSCIOUS and sensitive, because for two centuries they were harassed for being both a religious entity and a nationality (and stateless to boot), Jews still tend to forget that this nexus of identity is not an exclusive Jewish property. Even today Northern Ireland and the Indian subcontinent bear out Leopold von Ranke's observation of a hundred years ago that "in most periods of world history nations were held together by religious ties alone." Nor could Arab nationalism muster any dynamism without the rallying power of Islam. Yet how many people in Ireland, Bangladesh, Syria, or Egypt fully believe in the teachings of their respective religions? Still, their religious loyalties remain, and it is these that shape and strengthen national identity.

So too with American Jews. The overwhelming majority of Jews in America today—all, except for a handful of unreconstructed secularists—define Jews as members of a religious faith, even if they regard that faith as merely a buttress to communal survival. This is in accordance with the American pattern of pluralism which, as Will Herberg had occasion to write some years ago, is largely defined in religious terms. Efforts to retain a national/ethnic group identity without a religious framework have been singularly unsuccessful. Out of this understanding of America, Marshall Sklare concludes, American Jews have constructed a community which, although it may not hold true to all the particulars of the Jewish tradition, still has set the historic Jewish faith as the cornerstone of its existence.

Written with an insider's commitment and a scholar's expertise, *America's Jews* succeeds admirably in maintaining objectivity and distance. Without a doubt it is now the best single work we have about American Jews. Still, it is a popular work—to be consumed, so to speak, by college students and a mass Jewish audience. The really definitive sociology of American Jews still needs to be written, and one hopes that Professor Sklare will turn to that task soon.

*But not only in America. In the Soviet Union young Jews—totally secularized and totally ignorant of Judaism—congregate outside local synagogues on the festival of Simhat Torah to demonstrate their Jewish affiliation. Their behavior is reminiscent of that of the Jewish secular radicals in Czarist Russia, who returned, after the trauma of the pogroms of 1881, to the Jewish community.

Mon Général

FELLED OAKS: CONVERSATIONS WITH DE GAULLE. By ANDRE MALRAUX. Translated by Linda Asher. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 160 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by EDWARD GROSSMAN

WITHOUT any false modesty, Malraux remarks in the introduction to this short book that "we possess no dialogue between a man of history and a great artist." Though it may be easier to say whether a politician or soldier will be remembered—whether he will have "left his mark"—than to decide whether an artist deserves to be called "great," it is easy enough to give Malraux, the author of *Man's Fate*, the benefit of the doubt. Besides, in their different ways, both Malraux and de Gaulle aspired to great, heroic action, and on occasion, they achieved it. A proper dialogue between two such men

EDWARD GROSSMAN'S *"Henry James and the Sexual-Military Complex" appeared in our April number.*

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would be interesting. For various reasons, however (which are interesting in themselves, if not surprising), what follows Malraux's immodest introduction is not really a dialogue, and this partly accounts for his book's seeming to be much longer than it is.

The so-called dialogue which Malraux records and comments on took place before, during, and after lunch one day in December 1969, at the General's famous country house at Colombey. Earlier that year, de Gaulle had dared the French to do without him, as he had often done in the past. This time, for a change, the results of the referendum obliged him to go. He devoted his retirement to writing his memoirs, and it was in the midst of this work that he invited his former Minister of Culture to visit him. As it turned out, although de Gaulle did not die for another year, this was the last time Malraux saw the man who had given his life its focus.

It seems that the talk that day was not exactly informal. "Intimacy with [de Gaulle] did not mean talking about himself, a taboo subject, but about France (in a certain way) or about death," Malraux says. Homely touches are kept at a minimum—the General's cat curled up in a corner of his study, lunch with Madame de Gaulle, and a few jokes are about all the familiarity that the reader is allowed. For the rest, both de Gaulle and Malraux definitely have "a certain way" of expressing themselves, that conveys the feeling of the book's title well enough, but kills any chance for the sort of interplay that "dialogue" is supposed to involve.

The "felled oaks" of the title allude to Victor Hugo's lines, "Ah, what a dreadful sound they make in the waning light,/The oaks being felled for Hercules's pyre!" The feeling is one that attends the death of god-like heroes, a mythological image more Germanic than French. Malraux makes it explicit, and if he reports de Gaulle's words accurately, the General felt much the same way. Malraux, in fact, without seeming to realize that he is contradicting what he said in the introduction, declares later on that "My purpose was to set down not a dialogue between General de Gaulle and myself, but a dialogue between a will that held France at arm's length, and the snow which covered the vast forests, empty of villages since the Great Invasions, and which the General was wearily folding about him."

This poetic type of commentary is similar, at least in method, to that employed by Malraux in his previous book, *Anti-Memoirs,* published in 1967. He coined the term "anti-memoirs" to signify writing that is not confessional, trivial, or in a strict sense even personal, but deals with large philosophical and historical issues like death and revolution through the medium of the writer's experience. What triggered these often abstract speculations in *Anti-Memoirs,* according to Malraux's stylistic device, were the memories of talks the writer had had over a period of forty years with various men, from the famous (Stalin, Mao, Nehru, etc.) to the obscure (a Parisian pimp in Malraux's tank company in 1940).

In *Anti-Memoirs* as well, there was an air of brooding melancholy. Nothing that Malraux remembered did not have a profound, and usually lugubrious, significance. Not unconvincingly, he harped on that old idea, the decline of European civilization, which was supposed to be ineluctable and final in spite of the individual heroic Europeans who might still live and act. He kept staging dramatic confrontations—both realistic and metaphorical—that seemed to come complete with lights and sounds, like the nocturnal spectacles he arranged at Versailles and the Arc de Triomphe during his regime as de Gaulle's Minister of Culture. Yet *Anti-Memoirs* was a work of art that capitalized on the risks it took, and measured up to Malraux's better novels, while *Felled Oaks* (which is actually just a small advance section of the second volume of the *Anti-Memoirs,* the remainder to be published after Malraux's death) is an interesting failure.

It fails on its own terms. Evidently Malraux wanted to move his readers with the portrait of a hero who has been deprived of his leading role and is now patiently, tragically, awaiting death. Also, he must have wished to associate himself with de Gaulle's noble anguish, as he had associated himself with the General's politics for more than twenty-five years. But because their talk is a dialogue of the deaf, with each man pronouncing epigrams and epitaphs that the other doesn't seem to hear, and responds to only as if by accident, and because the pronouncements are often pointless or worse, the picture that emerges is far from satisfactorily tragic.

"Malraux, really, between you and me, is it worthwhile?" de Gaulle sighs, after offering an Olympian overview of the last several centuries of French history. The question is a *non sequitur,* and at any rate Malraux doesn't bother to try to answer it. Any sentence in the interrogative that either man utters is rhetorical, the answer being contained in the question. There may as well be an identity of views between the man of history and the artist.

On two closely related matters they do seem to be in perfect agreement: the French are demoralized, and nothing heroic should be expected of them. In such a state of affairs, a man who has had quite different dreams for his countrymen is best advised to be stoical. "Character," de Gaulle declares, "is above all the ability to disregard insults or abandonment by one's own people."

It is hard to believe that de Gaulle, fresh out of power, was making a purely impersonal observation. Much of the biographical evidence on him shows that he was extremely sensitive to "insults," real or imaginary, directed at him or at "France" (the two were confused in his mind), and that he seldom forgot or forgave. At the same time, he characteristically courted "insults or abandonment" with his inflexibility, which Malraux was struck by as early as 1944. The stated reason for de Gaulle's abdication in 1969 was that the voters had not supported some relatively minor reform proposals of his by a great enough percentage; for de Gaulle, however, it must have confirmed his worst fears, and his low opinion of the French, all over again. Power passed to his protégé,

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Georges Pompidou, whom de Gaulle distrusted. In his self-exile at Colombey he maintained an outward stony serenity while he wrote his memoirs, as he had done between 1945 and 1958, when he had known how to wait. But now he was an old man, and even if slightly senile must have understood that this really was the end. Did he have nothing to say about Pompidou and the other Gaullists?

Most of the French have heard that in private de Gaulle could exercise a cruel, slashing wit, as much at the expense of his followers as his enemies, and that he could be nearly as vulgar as Lyndon Johnson (who in almost every other respect is the General's opposite). The following bit of gossip reported by Malraux from that day in the country is the only sign that de Gaulle possessed these qualities:

> [Malraux reminds de Gaulle that de Gaulle said to him after coming back from John Kennedy's funeral, concerning Jacqueline Kennedy] " 'She is a brave woman, and very well brought up. As to her fate . . . she is a star, and she will end up on the yacht of some oil baron.' "
>
> "Did I say that? Well, well!. . . Actually I would sooner have thought she would marry Sartre. Or you!"

Instead of this kind of thing—which is, after all, a sort of dialogue, even if only between a "straight man" and a comic—Malraux concentrates on the exchange of high-flown epigrams. Maybe he was motivated in part by a resolve not to indulge the crowd's universal, sordid desire to see its heroes unbuttoned. The effect, however, is not sublime but merely pompous. "There is a pact twenty centuries old between the grandeur of France and the liberty of others," de Gaulle intones, and Malraux nods agreement, although this "pact" would have come as news to Goya, about whom Malraux once wrote a book. Even the near-gossip sounds like something that might have been made up by the anti-Gaullist satirists at the weekly journal, *Le Canard Enchainé*:

> I asked him, "What impression did Indira Gandhi make on you?"
>
> "Those fragile shoulders on which the huge destiny of India rests—and they don't shrink from the burden! Besides, what does it matter?"

The possibility that de Gaulle was showing his age, was beginning to lose his grip, should not be ruled out. "*Le gouvernement a perdu contrôle de ses facultés,*" *Le Canard Enchainé* headlined during the university uprisings of May 1968. Malraux, also, has not been well for some years. But if, by the time this "dialogue" took place, both men had crossed that strange, shifting line that separates the tragic from the ridiculous or pathetic, maybe the fact that they found themselves suddenly and finally on the sidelines was as much to blame as physical degeneration. They had led adventurous, dangerous, heroic lives. From 1958 to 1969, they had been at the center of what power there is in France. Malraux gave every indication of relishing it. He initiated and supervised projects in education, the arts, archaeology, etc., traveled to many continents, and threw himself into political campaigns on the Gaullist side—an effective speaker at mass meetings, Malraux knew how to get a crowd on its feet. When de Gaulle left the stage, there was no question of Malraux remaining. Both then entered on what may be the most dangerous phase of all in a hero's life: the years of his old age, when he has been put out to pasture, having been deprived of the luck and glory of dying in action. Unintentionally Malraux gave an eloquent hint of how damaging such leisure can be for a man of his genius when he made the gesture—intended to be heroic, but actually ridiculous—of offering to go to Bangladesh to command a tank regiment at the age of seventy. Unlike the gestures of a younger man, which only seem hopeless but are really bound to be vindicated (like de Gaulle's speech over the radio from England in June 1940), these motions of the aged hero are spastic, and they only interrupt briefly his preoccupation with distant memories, his brooding on his approaching death from absurd, "natural" causes. "Dying has never interested me—nor you either," Malraux says to de Gaulle with heavy irony.

It is impossible to be afflicted with such a frame of mind and still keep in touch with the rest of the world. Nothing illustrates this better than de Gaulle's and Malraux's misunderstanding of the causes of the national crisis of 1968. In the words of the two old men, the young people at the Sorbonne who demonstrated in May, sparking a general strike, were "misguided," and their leaders were "nihilistic." But the implicit sense is that in the eyes of de Gaulle and Malraux the students were contemptible, and not because their politics were wrong or their principles nonexistent or even destructive, but because the students were not heroic—because they were pint-sized, or at most, human-sized, and did not make worthy opponents. The most impressive personality to have sprung up during the "events" was Daniel Cohn-Bendit. He must have seemed, to men who may be remembered above all for defying the Nazis, like nothing so much as a worrisome clown. Yet Cohn-Bendit, by taking some of the glow off the legendary hero, helped to hasten his exit. De Gaulle knows this, but he does not wish to, or cannot, face the implications. There is a bitter, stupid note in his complaint to Malraux, "What we wanted (between you and me, why not give it its true name—greatness) is ended."

A historian undoubtedly could find that this complaint is made in every generation. It is no less false coming from a man who can lay rightful claim to having achieved greatness once. The complaint, betraying intolerance and a lack of empathy, is all the more unattractive coming from someone who was once considered, almost universally, a misfit with a botched career. In fact, most of the Free French and the non-Communist *Résistants* were oddballs and outsiders to begin with. Maybe not too surprisingly, power had its well-known effect on some of them, and age finished the job.

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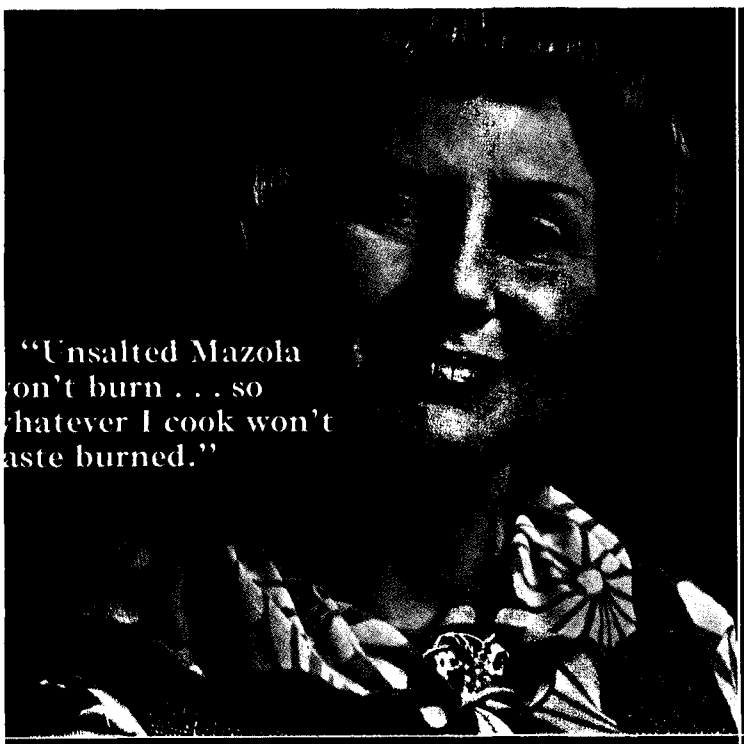

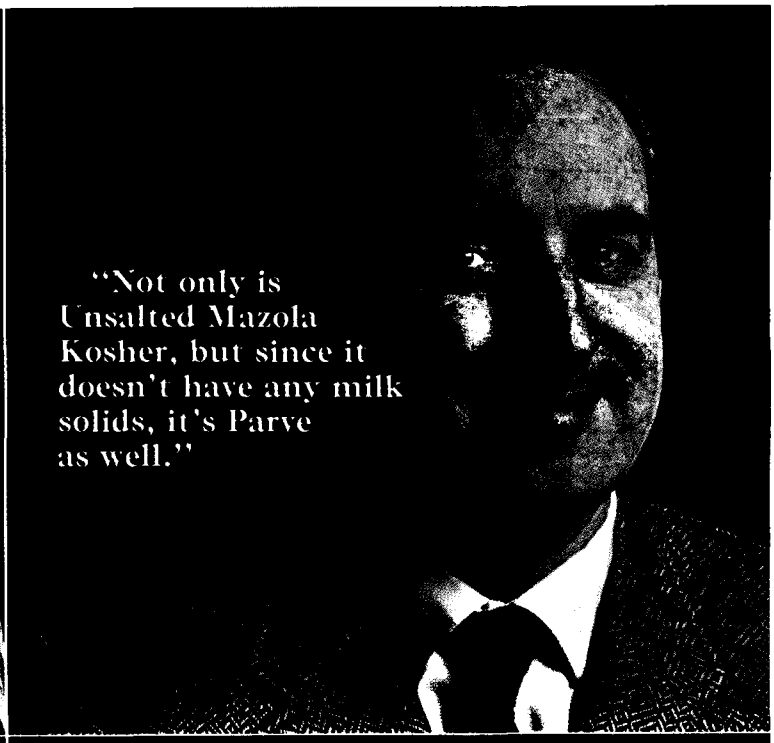

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